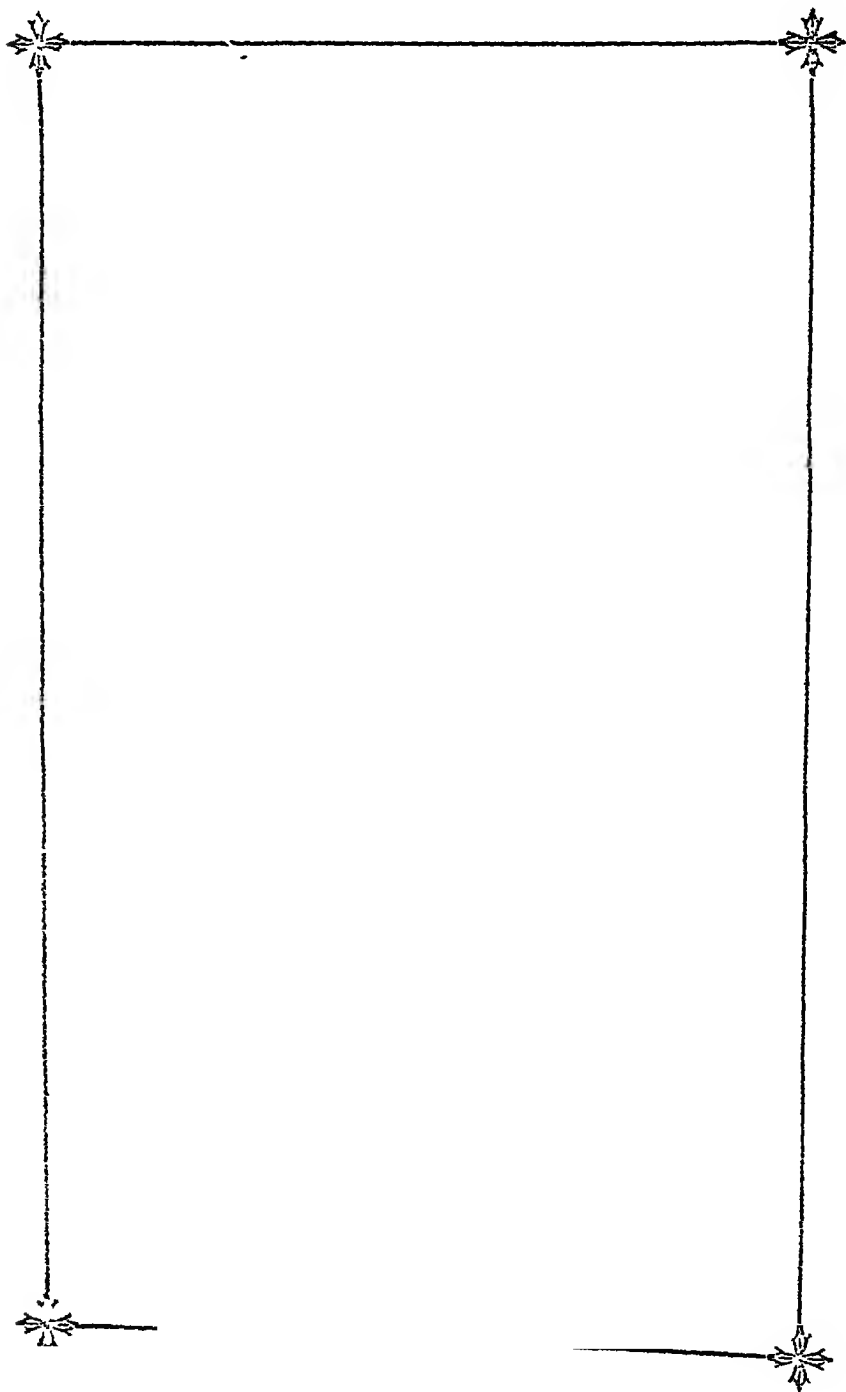


THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.







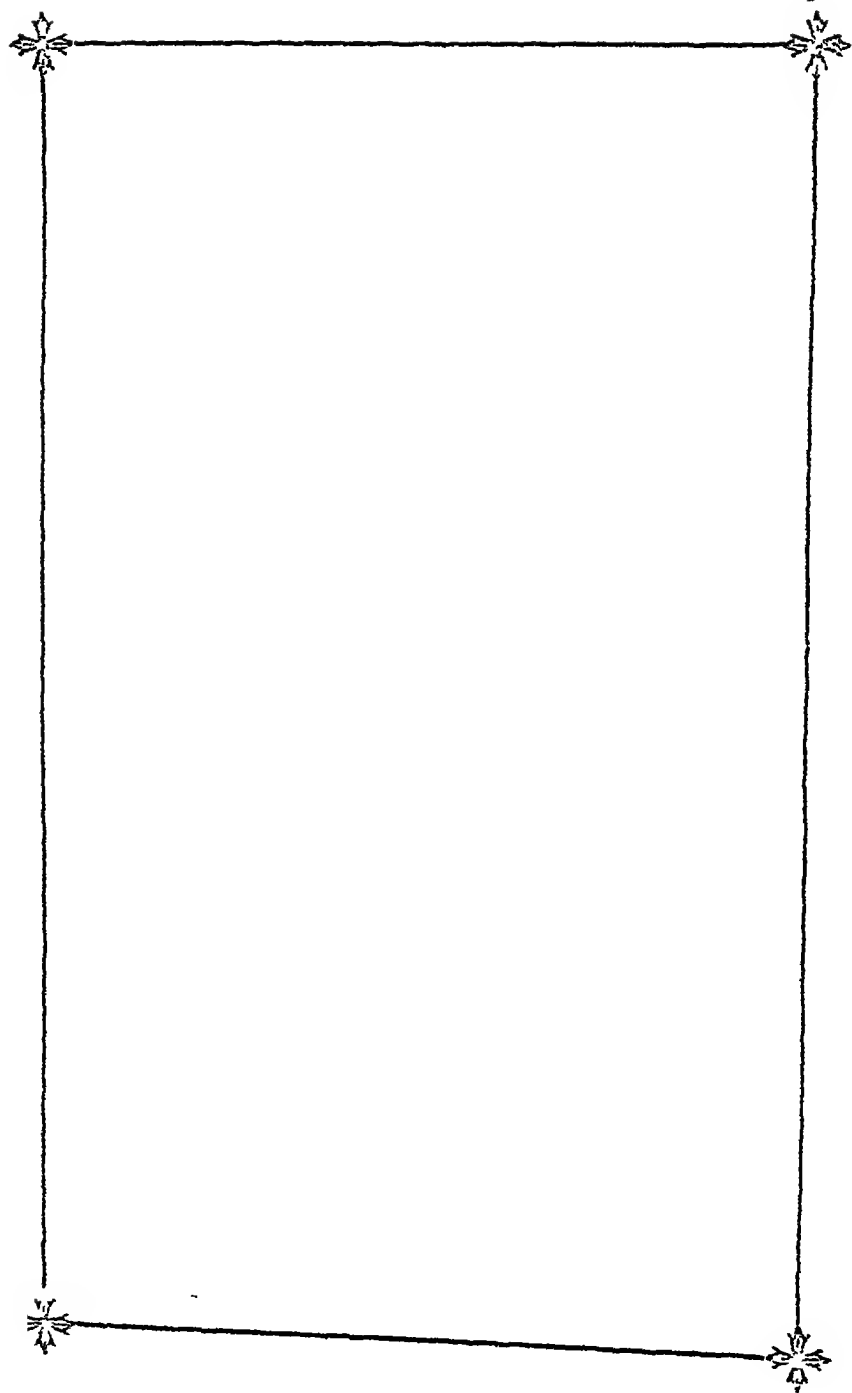
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.

EDITED, WITH A CRITICAL MEMOIR,
BY
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ILLUSTRATED BY
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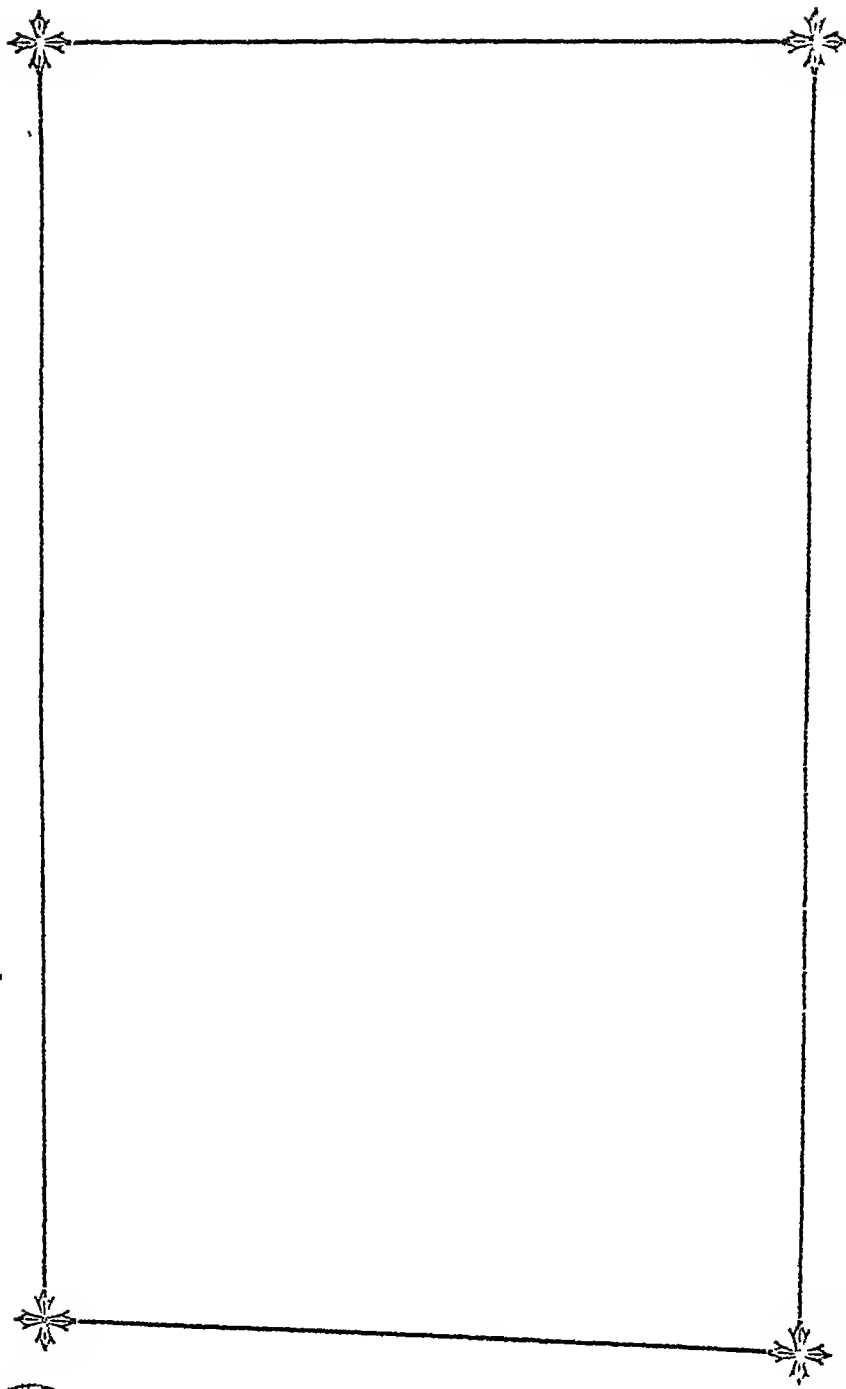
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PREFATORY NOTICE.

A POET of an artificial age, and of artificial life, who is truly a poet, is a possession to be proud of. England can claim in Pope such a poet of her own. The question whether Pope was a poet was already familiar to critical readers in the time of Dr. Johnson, and was re-debated with some acrimony about half a century ago. Some very able and acute writers of that time, such as Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb, fervid with admiration for our older authors, and able to appeal to so great an authority as Wordsworth, and to so strong a manifestation as Keats of very different influences in actual poetic production, were then prominent, and not inclined to allow much in favour of such conceptions and methods as Pope had more especially exemplified. The chief champion, however, of the anti-Pope sect was the Rev. Mr. Bowles, himself an accredited writer of verse. With him Byron did battle, and few things speak more strongly for the intrinsic sanity and toughness of Byron's judgment than the fact that he, a poet whose genius developed in such entirely different forms, stood up vigorously and unyieldingly for the poetic name and fame of Pope. It may indeed be said that he somewhat overdid the thing, and expressed for "the little Queen Anne's man" an excep-

tional and enthusiastic homage which might certainly have been tendered with more absolute appropriateness to some other among the great names of England's and the world's literature. But, however this may be, Byron stemmed a flood of semi-sincere and semi-discerning cavils against the object of his worship, and we should all be grateful to him for having done so, and thus vindicated—across the lapse of a century, and the inevitable changes in direction of thought and models of writing—the essential and indefeasible communion of poetic mind. After Byron, no one need be ashamed to confess, in the face of all idealists, subtilizers, adorers of *coulens locale* or "word-painting," votaries of Nature, mediæval romanticists, or classical purists (and among these classes will be found all orders of mind, from the most exalted to mere hocuspocus-mongers), that he regards Pope as a poet, and even a great one. To consider merely antecedent likelihood, a strong case might be made out for the probable assumption of Pope's being a poet. He was recognized as such by his own generation, and even the most inveterate objectors may be expected to allow that, between the days of Dryden and those of Blake and Burns, there was no one to contest the palm of supremacy with Pope.¹ Now it is *primâ facie* by no means likely that, in a period which we all know to

¹ I suppose the names that would most nearly be put in competition are those of Allan Ramsay, Thomson, Gray, Collins, Cowper, and by some persons Chatterton (dates of birth ranging from 1686 to 1752), scarcely Young or Goldsmith (1684, 1731). These names I must leave to the suffrages of their respective zealots, conscious that something might be said in favour of Gray, and certain that something *would* be said in favour of Cowper, upon whom, as the reviver of "nature" in poetry, there has been a considerable run for many years past. For my own part, I could not at all allow the claims of Cowper as making head against those of Pope; but it may farther be observed that the period of Cowper's poetic activity began in fact *after* that of Blake, and only four years before that of Burns, so that he is barely to be reckoned in the comparison, even in point of date.

have been one of great literary exertion, more than two generations of men should have passed away without producing one v^eritable poet, which nevertheless we affirm to have been the case in our country, if we say that Pope beats all his verse-writing competitors between Dryden and Blake or Burns, and yet was himself no poet after all. Perhaps the sum of intellect, and the potentialities of its achievement, are very nearly the same in any one generation as in another; and, after the literary sense has been thoroughly aroused in a country, and the poetic art shown forth and even consummately realized, it is difficult to suppose that the very best man of his time, practising poetry with all the ardour of a genuine vocation, with a corresponding conviction on his own part, with boundless acceptance from his contemporaries, and with uncontested and utterly incontestable skill and mastery of both the intellectual and technical kinds, should nevertheless have been something other than a poet—devoid of that single faculty, or exquisite and inexpressible integer of faculties, which severs the poet from the many men of letters, and qualifies him to be the singer for his own time, and for long processionary years ensuing. The fact is that, in a very artificial age (and such was the age of Pope), an artificial poet is the truest poet attainable his very artificiality of matter and style is his authentication as poet. This may sound like a paradox yet it is hardly more paradoxical than the statement that a gold coin is equally gold, whether stamped with the effigy of Alexander the Great or of Louis Quinze, of Cromwell or of Charles the Second, of Napoleon the First or Napoleon the Third. The only condition, then, on which we can have real poets in an artificial age, is that they also should be in a measure artificial on that condition we can have them, and in Pope England had one truly supereminent The artificiality of

the age he lived in was to him not wholly factitious it was his atmosphere, and partly his nature That he should have been as natural as Theocritus, as terrible as Æschylus, as austere as Lucretius, as supernal as Dante, as knightly as Chaucer, as noble as Milton, was simply and totally impossible nay, had it even been possible, such a result would in him have been in some degree spurious, for it could only have ensued from his prepensely and pertinaciously going out of his age and of himself—and that is not the process which makes a poet, or ever did make one. There seems to be something both shortsighted and ungracious in denying the laurel to Pope shortsighted, for the conditions which affected his poetic position are intrinsically the same which must operate in any and every highly artificial age, and to reject Pope would go far towards the temerity of banning poetry out of all such recurrent periods, ungracious, for he gave us the best outcome of the best mind of his time, and in the best of its forms. Let us then (if I may assume to speak for the reader as well as myself) rest contentedly and gratefully in the conviction that Pope was a poet—the only sort of poet that we were likely to get out of the reigns of Anne and George the First, and moreover, not only the sole sort forthcoming, but an ample good sort for all persons who would enlarge instead of restricting the area of the art, and would fain contemplate the mighty Poetic Spirit working marvellously in all guises and disguises rather than only uttering remote inspirations in some iterated monotone.

Alexander Pope was born in Lombard Street, London, on the 21st of May 1688 His father, named also Alexander, was a linen-draper in the Strand, and acquired a handsome competence. It has been said that he belonged to the same

family of which the Earl of Downe was the head : the connexion, however, is dubious, and must at any rate have been extremely remote. The mother, Edith Turner, was a daughter of the Lord of the Manor of Towthorpe, Yorkshire she was one of seventeen children, and survived all the others—as indeed she well might, seeing that she died at the immense age of ninety-three, living no day too long for the tender affection with which her illustrious son cherished and surrounded her. *He* did not slight her for being “a poor feeble-minded thing,” if indeed she was such, nor count her “unworthy any one’s care or esteem.” These not very feeling expressions are the description of old venerable Mrs. Pope handed down to us by Mrs Piozzi. Both Pope’s parents were Roman Catholics, the father being a devout religionist. Some have alleged, but no one has furnished proof, that he was a convert to Catholicism. Of the large Turner brood, some had been brought up as Catholics, including Mrs. Pope, others as Protestants. The family had been strenuous royalists in the time of Charles I.

Alexander was an exceedingly delicate boy from his birth, and in childhood noted for gentleness. He was “protuberant behind and before,” and remained so stunted in stature that, when grown up, he could not sit at table without a raised seat. he was also very nearsighted. In a word, his outer man was a deplorable sample of Nature’s handiwork, and, if we stop short of calling him dwarfish and deformed we concede as much to courtesy as to truth. Yet his face in manhood, lit up with very vivid eyes, could not be called displeasing. The attenuated features were sufficiently harmonious, and in an eminent degree expressive and intellectual. His smile was sweet, but to see him laugh was a rarity indeed.

Pope’s father retired from trade on his earnings towards

the date of the Revolution of 1688, still at a comparatively early age. At first he lived at Kensington, and then moved off to Binfield, in the district of Windsor Forest. His fortune was about £20,000. As he had conscientious scruples against investing it in Government securities, now that the adversaries of Catholicism were so greatly in the ascendant, he simply kept his money by him in a chest, and used it as occasion arose, and a great part of it had naturally disappeared at the time of his death.

The child showed extraordinary precocity to which perhaps an aunt of his intended to bear her witness when she made him, at the age of five, the reversionary legatee of all her books, pictures, and medals. By the age of seven or eight, up to which time, it appears, he had not gone to school, he was a great devourer of books. When about eight years of age, he was placed under a priest named Banister, in Hampshire, and began learning Latin and Greek. Thence he went to a school at Twyford, near Winchester, and afterwards to another near Hyde Park Corner, having left the Twyford establishment in some disgrace, caused by his writing a versified lampoon upon the master—an incident truly predictive of his after career, if the facts have been stated with unembellished accuracy. At the London school he made a kind of play out of Ogilby's Homer, eked out with some verses of his own—another omen, as it might seem, this dramatic cento was acted by his schoolfellows. When about fifteen years old, after an interval of a couple of years at home, he returned to London for some further schooling in French and Italian. It is doubtful, however, whether at any date he fully mastered either language, although he could read a French book with ease. Indeed, it should be understood that, apt pupil as he proved under all his masters, Pope, as a grown up man, was

mainly self-educated, and was never to be called a scholar, whether in modern or classical literature, or any other study. No doubt, the little Roman Catholic schools to which, under the legal oppressions then in force, he was practically restricted, were far from being of such a grade as to make the utmost of his shining natural abilities. After a few more months in London, he returned to his family at Binfield, and then followed five or six years of close study, mostly of the ancient and English poets Pop
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Pope began writing verses so early that he could not afterwards remember how far back the beginning dated Melody, indeed, seemed inborn in the mis-shapen body, for in boyhood his voice was so sweet as to earn him the appellation of "the Little Nightingale." in later years, nevertheless, he appeared to be indifferent to music. When he returned home to Binfield from his first London school, aged about twelve, he already aimed to become a poet, making Dryden his chief model of versification and his father seems never to have thwarted the lad's inclination, whatever direction of literary or other culture it may have pointed in. One of Pope's earliest poems was an epic on *Alcander, Prince of Rhodes*, begun about his thirteenth year. He wrote some 4000 lines of this ponderous performance; then dropped it, and finally burned the manuscript. Some of the lines, however, appear, and they were good enough to appear unaltered, in the *Essay on Criticism* and the *Dunciad*. His earliest composition, preserved in a complete form, is apparently the *Ode to Solitude*, which is hardly distinguished by any rawness from the mature work of Pope himself, or of poetic writers generally. This preceded rather than succeeded the *Alcander*. Another juvenile effort was the translation of the 1st Book of the *Thebais* of Statius, executed at the age of fourteen, but even this had been fore- led

stalled by other renderings from the same poet, beginning as far back, it is stated, as Pope's ninth year! Other works, the modernizations from Chaucer, a lost comedy and tragedy, might further be cited among the products of his precocity but to enlarge on this matter were now superfluous

At the age of sixteen or seventeen Pope wrote his Pastorals these were at once shown about and admired, but their publication only ensued after an interval of five years (1709) Sir William Trumball, of East Hamstead near Binfield, was perhaps the first person to recognize Pope's great literary promise, in 1705, he introduced him to the aged dramatist Wycherley, who so far valued and confided in his juvenile friend as to entrust him with the revision of his miscellaneous poems The task was probably too faithfully executed, and the natural consequence followed—ruffled self-esteem and alienation. Besides Trumball, Walsh, the poetical writer and critic, encouraged Pope and his Pastorals, also Henry Cromwell, an amateur critic and country gentleman, partly domiciled in London, whose acquaintance Pope made towards 1708, and with whom he carried on a correspondence which afterwards had an important influence on the current of the poet's celebrity and conduct. It was at the age of seventeen that he precluded his public appearance among literary adventurers by frequenting the noted rendezvous of such personages—Will's Coffeehouse in Russell Street, Covent Garden

The history of Pope's writings is the history of his quarrels He was far too conspicuously gifted to be an object of indifference to other men of letters, whether mag-nates, aspirants, or pretenders those who looked down upon his person with derision had to look up to his pen with envy or with trepidation. And he himself, supremely

touchy, splenetic, and dauntless, and endowed with a terrific power of the lash, of which he was naturally as conscious as were all the victims who writhed beneath it, was no sooner touched than he was touched to the quick on his thin skin a scratch was a scarification, and woe be to the wretch who, in spite, wantonness, or inadvertence, happened to inflict it. As we have seen already, he could not so much as oblige Wycherley by annotating the margins of his verse without offending him and his first publication, the *Pastorals*, soon generated an amount of bad blood such as seems to have been uniformly and surprisingly absent from the Doric competitions of Corydon and Menalchas. These poems were published in Tonson's *Poetical Miscellany*, which volume contained a few other pieces by Pope, and the *Pastorals* of Ambrose Philips. The last-named performances were reviewed with great applause in *The Guardian*, a paper with which Philips, as a zealous Whig, stood in high favour. Pope was nettled at this, and, with a delicious ingenuity of malice (which both the moralist and the prudentialist must, however, note with displeasure, as showing that Pope it was who took the first step, equally superfluous and irretrievable, in that lettered and personal warfare which, passing on from skirmish to skirmish, and from ambush to mêlée, lasted out the remainder of his life) he wrote another review of Philips, contrasting the merits of his *Pastorals* with those of Pope's own, and professing throughout to give the palm to Philips, although the contrast really presented is manifestly, to a discerning reader, in Pope's favour. The irony was so finely masked that Steele supposed the whole thing to be *bona fide*, and, receiving the anonymous article, withheld it out of regard to Pope. It was however published in 1713, also in *The Guardian* and, its true drift being soon recognized, as well as the hand

from which it came, the critique so exasperated Philips that, in an ulterior stage of the quarrel, he hung up a rod at Button's Coffeehouse, threatening to punish his detractor with it. The latter, we may be sure, was not behindhand in hostilities, and incited his easy-going friend Gay to write his well-known *Shepherd's Week* in ridicule of his foe.

The foremost critic of the day, John Dennis, is said to have regarded Pope's *Pastorals* slightly. With him therefore the poet, in his next publication, the *Essay on Criticism*, tried a fall. This work, written in 1709, was issued in 1711, and Dennis naturally retaliated. Next came the ever fresh and fascinating masterpiece, *The Rape of the Lock*, written in 1711. In its original form, this poem was in only two cantos, which Pope executed in a fortnight; its publication ensued in 1712. It was at a later date that he conceived and carried out the poetical machinery of the sylphs and gnomes—"airy nothings" created by a fancy which has almost passed into frivolity, and all the more genuine for that, in their relation to the entire poetical scheme of the work. Addison, now the arch-ruler in the world of letters, more especially in all its Whiggish regions, to whom Pope was introduced in 1712, and with whom he was on very friendly terms, advised him against introducing this supernatural by-play, and (if we regard merely the structural value of the poem, without being biased by the question of its dimensions, and consequent elaboration and importance) I am not certain but that most readers of the present day would agree with Addison. The author however stood firm, and carried the public with him, some degree of ruffled *amour propre*, arising from this incident, may perhaps have conducted to the after-breach of amity between the two eminent allies. The briefest reference to the facts whereon the poem of the *Rape of the Lock* was founded must here suffice.

The real heroine of the incident, which had recently produced a few wrinkles of excitement on the surface of that shallow pool Fashionable Society, was Miss Arrabella Fermor the author of the "rapê" itself was Lord Petie—both belonging to the Catholic aristocracy. Miss Fermor, who shortly afterwards became Mrs Perkins, was naturally elated by so splendid a celebration of her charms; elated, and yet it would seem also partly offended that a mere nobody of a poet should have made so free in print with her adventures—In 1713 the poem of *Windsor Forest*, partly written at the age of sixteen, was published. It was about this time that Pope made some attempts in the art of painting, being inclined to add that accomplishment to his more special gift of verse. He studied under the portrait-painter Jervas, and got some of his friends to sit for their likenesses: but he never proceeded far in this occupation, his near-sightedness being a serious obstacle.

The great undertaking of Pope in the translation of the *Iliad*, which led to the most overt acts of his hostility with Addison, was preceded by some other incidents telling in the same direction. In his writing a prologue to Addison's *Cato* (1713) there was indeed nothing but friendliness and handsome literary support; nor yet in his shortly afterwards, when his old enemy Dennis had fallen foul of the pompous tragedy of the Whig dramatist, writing and publishing anonymously *The Narrative of Dr Robert Norris on the Frenzy of John Dennis*—Norris being a quack physician of the time, and the idea of the skit boldly borrowed from that of Swift upon the prophet Partridge. But it was not quite pleasant to Pope to find Addison (who may or may not have known the real authorship of the pamphlet, and who had at any rate a right to dislike an excess of volunteered zeal which ran over into scurrility) writing to the publisher to

express disapprobation of the performance. The publication of the Homeric translation was definitely projected in the same year, 1713, the work having been commenced in 1712. the first four Books issued from the press in 1715, and the whole came to a conclusion in 1720. The Rev William Broome and some others helped Pope in the notes. The poet obtained 575 subscribers for his work, and received from it the large sum of £5320 4s this relieved him from many difficulties, and was usefully invested in annuities on his life. The year 1715, which witnessed the publication of the first four Books of Pope's version, saw also the appearance of the first Book in a translation executed by Addison's familiar friend and literary *protégé* Tickell. A far less suspicious coincidence would have sufficed to fire Pope's mind with jealous and angry misgivings. He attributed the rival publication to Addison's influence, and even to the latter's own pen, sneakingly active under the name of Tickell and in fact Addison did so far espouse the cause of the less famous bard as to affirm that Tickell's *Iliad* "had more of Homer"¹. However, it is not now believed that Addison had any direct concern in Tickell's work. Besides this supposed cause of offence, Pope fancied that Addison had set on a Mr Gildon to malign him. Embittered by these ideas, he wrote off the memorable lines on "Atticus"—or rather the first draft of them—now forming a portion (verses 193 to 214) of the *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot*, published in 1735, and he sent the manuscript to his distrusted friend. Whether through shame, fear, or let us prefer to believe through his own sub-

¹ No one perhaps knows at the present day—I at any rate do not—whether Addison was right or wrong in this assertion, for Tickell's translation proved but an abortive embryo, which, overpowered by the popularity of Pope's, lived no longer than its first Book. But, as Pope's version has little indeed of Homer, Tickell's might certainly have had more, and yet have been a very poor performance.

statual guiltlessness, "Mr Addison used me" (so said Pope) "very civilly ever after." indeed, he wrote in the *Fraser* of Pope's *Iliad* as competing with Dryden's *Æneid*. The bond of cordiality however was broken, not to be re-knit. Steele endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between the two - but Addison proved to be distant in a personal interview, and Pope was haughty. The translation of the *Iliad* was enormously admired, and gave its writer such a position in the world of letters as perhaps none of his own original poems, however brilliant and popular, would wholly have availed to procure him. It was followed by the version of the *Odyssey*, completed in 1725 : the contract for this work was somewhat less advantageous than that for the *Iliad*, nor were Pope's personal labours upon it equally great. Broome and Elijah Fenton, who received between £700 and £800 for their work, while Pope retained about £3700, were his confederates in the translation, the former writing also the notes : twelve Books alone are the work of Pope.¹ Having achieved this task, he determined to translate no more. Between these two translations, he had brought out, in 1721, his edition of Shakspeare. It was far from being the work of a thorough scholar in the literature of that period, and, as a standard edition, has sunk into deserved disregard. nevertheless it contains many acute remarks and suggestions, including several conjectural emendations which have been generally adopted. Theobald pointed out the defects of the work this mortified Pope, and he regretted having ever engaged in so extraneous an undertaking. Neither had Theobald, after a while, much reason to congratulate himself upon having intermixed in it.

¹ 1 & Book 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, 17, 21, 22, 24 Books 2, 6, 8, 11, 12, 16, 18, 23, are by Broome, and 1, 4, 19, and 20, by Fenton

We have reached the year 1725, the thirty-eighth of Pope's life, and will now take a brief glance at his domestic circumstances. In 1715 he had persuaded his father to sell the estate at Binfield, and he himself purchased a house at Chiswick, to which he removed with both his parents and in no great literary personage does deep unaffected filial piety, in the ordinary wear and tear of life, shine brighter and purer than in Pope, the exasperated satirist, courted associate of geniuses and of princes. The father died in October 1717. The mother, then, in 1718, removed with the poet to a house in Twickenham, of which he bought the lease—being the villa, with its grounds of five acres, which became so famous to contemporaries and to posterity. The grounds received great alterations, and the addition of a “grotto,” from Pope's assiduous care, the house itself underwent but little change. Mrs. Pope, as we have already seen, survived till the age of ninety-three, expiring in 1733, when the life of Pope himself was within eleven years of its term. The other enduring affection of his life (apart from friendships with men of letters or of society, among whom he had several close intimates) was with Miss Martha Blount. His relation to this lady has been matter of much speculation, conjecture, scrutiny, and suspicion. The Blounts were a Roman Catholic family at Mapledurham in Oxfordshire, with whom Pope had been familiar in early youth, from the year 1707. The head of the family was Mr Lister Blount his two daughters, ¹⁶⁸⁸ Teresa and ¹⁶⁹⁰ Martha, were born respectively in 1688 and 1690, and were therefore of very much the same age as the poet. He, it seems, had at first shown a predilection for the elder and handsomer sister, Teresa, and this continued for some years, but eventually he taxed her with prudishness, and also with the very opposite misdemeanour of intriguing with a married

man, and his strong liking turned into distinct aversion. Martha then ruled supreme; although indeed at one time, towards 1722-23, Pope appeared to be somewhat enamoured of Miss Judith Cowper, the niece of the Lord Chancellor. She married another person in the latter year. His intimacies with Martha Blount, who in his later years was to be found domiciled in his house from time to time, were a topic of scandal with many, and the opinions even of his more recent biographers have differed as to the facts, or probable facts, of the case. On the whole, the more likely opinion appears to be that the crippled valetudinarian was not in this instance either a gay Lothario or an *amoureux transi*: he regarded Martha Blount with a sentiment in which love coloured but did not absorb friendship, and she responded with kindred feelings—not, it may well be believed, strictly untrue or self-interested, although it has been strongly affirmed that towards the close of his life she treated him with careless, and on occasion even with callous, neglect. There seems to be no adequate ground for the story that on his deathbed he offered her marriage. What is certain is that he left her the bulk of his property, “out of sincere regard and long friendship for her,” as his will said; and what is reluctantly surmised by those who tender his good-name is that on one occasion, wishing to make an investment for Martha’s benefit, he descended to accepting a sum of £1000 from the Duchess of Marlborough, as hush-money to escape the publication of attacks which he had written against the Duke, and probably against the Duchess herself as well. The ineffaceable lines on “Atossa” (*Characters of Women*) were perhaps cheaply bought off by her Grace at £1000: they were suppressed during the author’s lifetime, but at his death were found to be already in print, in preparation for a new edition.

The complicated affair of Pope's letters next demands our attention it still remains in some degree mysterious, but unfortunately the leading facts are now understood only too clearly for the poet's reputation The less the mystery, the less the respect which can be accorded to him In 1726 Pope's early letters addressed to Mr. Cromwell were published by one of the notoriety of the day, the piratical bookseller Curll, to whom they had been consigned by Cromwell's mistress In 1735 the same foul bibliopolical hands ushered into the world a volume of the correspondence that had passed between Pope and various friends The poet—poor injured undesigning creature—tried the effect of a prosecution of the publisher before the House of Lords for breach of privilege, as letters from some of the Peers were included in the volume but this effort failed. Then Pope, denouncing the inaccuracy of the surreptitious edition, as well as the wrongful interference with his privacy, professed that the only course open to him for self-vindication was to bring out another authorized and correct edition and this he accordingly produced in 1737 These letters overflowed with friendship, philanthropy, moral rectitude, and the finest sentiments in the repertory they reflected the highest credit upon Pope in the eyes of an admiring and believing public, and subserved his literary fame as well—the publication of any series of letters, and such well-composed letters to boot, being at that time an innovation But what if it should turn out that the whole affair of the garbled piratical edition was a got-up scheme of Pope's own—a mere device to satisfy his itch for applause, by paving the way to the production of his own nominally enforced, but in reality forecast and eagerly desired, edition—a plot conceived with as much tortuous disingenuousness as it was based on uneasy vanity, and carried out with

effrontery? This, doleful to relate, is what *does* turn out Curll, and the respectable bookseller Lintot, who was Pope's accustomed publisher, testified that they had received simultaneous clandestine offers of the correspondence, before Curll closed with the proposal, and issued the pirated edition: and a painter named Worsdale professed to have been the messenger who sought out Curll, and this at the instance of Pope himself. When the minutiae of the authorized edition are examined, this correspondence proves to be hardly more honourable to the writer than the petty scheming connected with the original issue both equally evince his readiness to adopt any small arts which would assist him in posing for effect. For instance, he induced one of his friends, a Sussex squire of no particular importance named Caryll, to send back to Pope the letters which the latter had addressed to him, on the pretext of the danger of their falling into the hands of Curll or some other such pirate. and these same letters appear in the authorized edition, nominally directed to persons of greater worldly consequence than Caryll. In other letters he not only altered passages, but even changed them into the precise contrary of their original purport. The whole of this affair, in its planning, execution, and details, is alike discreditable to Pope but, while frankly and emphatically allowing thus much, we should guard against an excess of censure, such as some of the most recent investigators of the facts seem to lapse into. Pope, it is plain, plumed himself on his letter-writing (which indeed so good a judge as Thackeray has viewed with cordial admiration, though he does not deny its being in some degree artificial); he felt inclined to produce it to the world, and, not finding any obvious straightforward grounds for doing so, he schemed and finessed until the thing was managed, traversing in the pro-

cess many quaking bogs of equivocation, verbal and acted, and plunging every now and then into a too undeniable quagmire of mendacity. The small and pertinacious trickiness, in its main purpose unharmful enough, deserved punishment, and has amply received it. for this is, of all the transactions of Pope's contentious life, the one which to the present day raises the greatest clamour of disdain and reprobation

Another unpleasant episode is his quarrel with Lady Mary Wortley Montague. This handsome and brilliant lady made his acquaintance soon after his removal to Chiswick in 1715, at which date she was about twenty-five years of age. For a while they saw one another with mutual delight; and Pope ventured to address her ladyship by letter in a style more befitting a lover than a literary intimate of the infirmer physique. It was probably on account of this very personal insignificance, as well as in unison with the manners of the age, that Lady Mary tolerated such a mode of address, to which she replied with a bantering reciprocity. for at the present day no taint of real scandal clings round the connexion, whatever uncertainties may in earlier times have existed. She returned from abroad to England in 1718, and the friendship continued. Finally, however, it ceased whether brought to a sudden close (as some have intimated) by an open and mortifying repulse on some occasion when Pope's expressions of gallantry exceeded a reasonable measure, or gradually worn away by recurring collisions and contradictions in the commerce of society. Pope, in ceasing to be a friend, became a spiteful enemy, and no one can count to his praise the verses wherein he insulted Sappho (see the *Moral Essays*, Epistle 2) nor was Lady Mary wanting in animus when she retorted.

To return to the sequence of Pope's literary labours. In 1727 his prose work *The Art of Sinking in Poetry* was pub-

lished in a volume of Miscellanies, wherein Swift also bore a part. A number of authors' names are here given under their initial letters only. those who perceived the cap to fit put it on, and complained of Pope's malicious attack—which he however denied, alleging that the initials meant nobody in particular, and had been inserted at random. It is no marvel that this plea lacked believers. The assailed became in their turn assailants, and numerous diatribes against Pope flowed from the press. The armoury of his satire now furnished forth in revenge the most terrible of all its weapons, *The Dunciad*. This splendid *chef-d'œuvre* was published in 1728, and in that edition Theobald, who had censured Pope's editorship of Shakspeare, figured as the arch-Dunce. some of the notes were written by Pope's intimate friend, the highly estimable Dr Arbuthnot. The effect of the satire was gradual, but extremely detrimental to its victims. Thackeray indeed has expressed his opinion that this work, and the others in which Pope and Swift attacked the smaller fry of writers, on whom they fixed the nickname of "Grub Street authors," caused a real direct lowering of the social position of professional literary men, reducing their emoluments, and originating the conception, till then only casual and indeterminate, of the "ragged author." The *Dunciad* was followed up by a series of further attacks on various persons in the paper entitled the *Grub Street Journal* for 1730 to 1737. In 1742 Pope added to the *Dunciad* a fourth Book using up certain materials which had long been in his mind, but which he now, owing to asthma and other increasing infirmities, abandoned the project of moulding into an independent poem. His idea had been to write a series of Epistles as a kind of sequel to the *Essay on Man*, exhibiting the limits of human reason, the different capacities and tendencies

of individuals, and other the like subject-matter This fourth Book of the *Dunciad* was particularly severe on Colley Cibber, the dramatist, now poet laureate Cibber replied in a pamphlet, tracing back Pope's animosity to a somewhat remote date, 1717, and trivial circumstance Pope had in that year been concerned in a play named *Three Hours after Marriage*, which found no favour with the audience, chiefly through the *fiasco* of an incident of two lovers disguising themselves in a mummy and a crocodile Cibber, in afterwards acting the character of Bayes in *The Rehearsal*, made a sufficiently harmless allusion to this topic of the day, by way of "gag," and thereby roused the ire of Pope, who had an immediate altercation with him behind the scenes Cibber's pamphlet now proved a fresh cause of offence, and Pope, issuing one more edition of the *Dunciad*, substituted Cibber as its hero for Theobald—not however taking the trouble of readapting to the frivolous playwright the accessory details which had been drawn up to suit the ponderous commentator This was the last literary act of Pope, occurring in 1743, only a year before his death.

It remains for us to mention the other works of Pope, intermediate between the first and the last editions of the *Dunciad* His poem regarding *The Use of Riches* (Epistle Four of the *Moral Essays*), published in 1731, was regarded as attacking the Duke of Chandos under the name of Timon This would have been—or we must probably say was—an ungrateful and wanton act on the poet's part, as the Duke had been at any rate civil and obliging to him, if indeed not munificent, as there is some reason to think severe reflections were made upon Pope's misdeed, but he denied, without convincing any one, that he had aimed his shaft against Chandos In 1733, before the appearance of the surrepti-

tious edition of his letters, Pope brought out anonymously the first Part of the *Essay on Man*, a grandiose undertaking which he had been meditating for probably not less than eight years The real authorship of the poem was not at first divined, many precautions having been taken against identification of it, and consequent hostility: it attained, even in its anonymous stage, a large measure of success The second and third Epistles of this work followed, the authorship being still unavowed, but now more and more shrewdly suspected when the fourth came out in 1734, Pope's name appeared on the title-page. Lord Bolingbroke, with whom the poet was now extremely intimate, prompted the general philosophical scheme of the poem: he is said to have laughed at Pope for not perceiving that its positions, if followed out to their logical consequences, were antagonistic to Christian revelation This was discerned by M. Crousaz, a Swiss professor, who wrote a criticism attacking the principles of the *Essay on Man* as being nothing better than natural religion The Anglican clergyman, Dr Warburton, afterwards a Bishop, came forward unsolicited to defend Pope in the journal named *The Republic of Letters* So opportune a service became the origin of a close intimacy between the two writers Pope founded Warburton's fortunes, saw in his last years more of him than of any other friend, and left him the copyright of all such published works of his as Warburton had then already annotated, or should thereafter be concerned with In 1733 Pope brought out his Epistle on *The Use of Riches*, the only writing which hints at his being a Catholic; in 1734 that on *The Characters of Men*, followed by the singularly powerful and fine one on *The Characters of Women*. He projected treating in blank verse an epic subject which seems hardly adapted to his genius—the fabulous legend of King Brut of Britain .

he also had an idea of composing a History of British Poetry These designs were not to be fulfilled

At the time when Pope had first begun publishing in 1709, the literary men of the Tory party were in favour his own early patrons, however, were chiefly Whigs, and the Whig statesman Lord Halifax, subsequently to the fall of the Tories in 1714, offered the poet a pension, which he had sufficient independence of spirit to decline In the latter portion of his life he was definitely and even closely connected with the Tories, more especially with Bolingbroke after the return of the latter in 1723 from his first exile, and he had ready access to Frederick Prince of Wales, then the hope of all who craved after a change in the politics of George the Second's reign It may with truth be said that Pope was more of a Tory in his later years than he had been of a Whig in his youth but in fact he was from first to last alien from politics, and, if he adopted anything of a party tone, it came from his surroundings more than from himself, nor did he at any time commit himself so far with either faction as to become obnoxious to those of the other with whom he was personally in contact The year 1723, when Bolingbroke returned from exile, was the same in which Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was banished as being concerned in a plot favouring the Pretender on that occasion Pope, who knew him well, appeared in court, as a witness in his behalf As his political opinions, so also Pope's religious views appear to have been somewhat indistinct A strict and unbending Roman Catholic he assuredly was not, and certainly at times his attitude of mind regarding the general body of Christian dogma was more sceptical than orthodox to call him a resolute unbeliever would however be going too far, and he may perhaps on the whole be termed a Christian conformist, who sincerely

respected and accepted "the religious idea," and acquiesced in the form which this has received from Christianity, and, in a minor degree, from the Catholic Church. Atterbury pressed him to relinquish the Catholic for the Anglican form of the faith but this he refused, being in especial unwilling to pain his mother, then still living. On his deathbed he expressed confidence in a future state and, being asked whether a Catholic priest should be called in, he promptly assented, though he added that he did not regard such a course as essential. In 1729 he had written to Swift "I am of the religion of Erasmus, a Catholic so I live, so I shall die, and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutchenson, in heaven" This is a wide extent of comprehension. It is not ecclesiastically orthodox, but neither is it anti-religious, and it is at least charitable

In 1744 the frail unsightly frame which had for fifty-five years been kindled with so bright and mounting a spirit was visibly wearing away. Pope was always so weak that he wore stays (or, as Thackeray expresses it, "was sewed up in a buckram suit every morning") when in a boat on the river, he sat in a sedan chair. On one occasion, being overturned into the water as his coach was crossing a bridge, he had had a narrow escape with his life. He compared his own form to a spider's. his loving friend Lord Orrery, going a step further, wrote of him one of the most ill-natured designations on record, "Mens curva in corpore curvo" He used to suffer especially severe headaches, which were somewhat mitigated by inhaling the fumes of coffee. He was extremely sensitive to cold. One of his sides was contracted, and he could not dress or get to bed without help. With such a person and constitution, Pope's physical enjoyments must necessarily have been few it

seems he took what he could get, and was too indulgent to his appetite, more particularly as regards eating. Some have even said that the immediate cause of his death was a surfeit of potted lampreys, eaten from a silver saucepan which he regarded with predilection. This is more than dubious, but Dr King at any rate opined that Pope had shortened his days by partaking of high-seasoned dishes and by drinking spirits. In May 1744 life was flickering down. The poet had attacks of delirium, and was peculiarly distressed by an inability to fix his thoughts. Bolingbroke viewed him with keen commiseration. Spence, the author of the well-known *Anecdotes*, told this sympathizer that Pope, when still rational, was always saying something kind of his friends, and Bolingbroke replied, "I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind"—a judgment which should be counted as some considerable testimony to the poet's credit, as the intriguing and battered politician was not exactly the man to be hoodwinked by mere verbal platitudes of philanthropic geniality. Pope received the last sacraments according to the rites of his church, he afterwards said, "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship is only a part of virtue." On the evening of the 30th of May 1744 he expired, so placidly that the moment when his breath ceased was not observed. He is buried at Twickenham.

Pope appointed Lord Bolingbroke and the Earl of Marchmont his executors, the former being entrusted with his manuscripts and unprinted papers. These were not given to the public, partly, it appears, because Lord Bolingbroke took great offence at finding that Pope had caused to be printed not only, as authorized, a few copies, but an entire

and copious edition, of the pamphlet written by his Lordship named *The Patriot King* That Pope exceeded his instructions in the matter, and violated his promise, is undeniable it is not however apparent that he had any interested or mean, still less any hostile or treacherous, motive in this act,—which may therefore most fairly be ascribed to his secretive and scheming habit of mind, as summed up in the phrase quoted by Dr Johnson, "He hardly drank tea without a stratagem" On the whole he was a faithful friend, and had some genuine attachments—none more so than in the cases of Gay and Swift he survived the body of the former, and the mind of the latter. In his own family he was, and deserved to be, greatly beloved. His half-sister Mrs Rackett spoke up for his courage, saying he knew not what fear was, nor is there anything in his career to belie this domestic attestation. Too capable though he certainly was of shuffling and circumventing to attain any aim in view, he never hung back from attacking when an object for his pugnacity presented itself like that most gallant of small beasts, the hamster, he took all antagonists as they came—mouse, rabbit, horse, bull, wild-cat, wolf, or bear, all were equally fawned at and pinned. Yet he was placable too to a fallen foe. In 1733, poor old John Dennis, with whom he had had many a tooth-and-nail encounter, being blind and in distress, Pope wrote a prologue for his benefit-night and the reader who turns to it in our pages will not, I think, agree with those who consider it sneering and ungenerous. Some banter, no doubt, there is in it but this appears to be the kindly banter of one who pities and forgives.

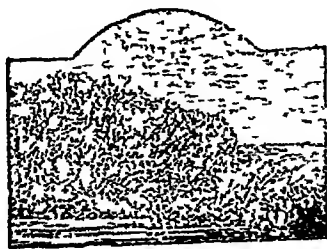
Notwithstanding his brilliant powers of wit and of expression, Pope was not distinguished in conversation, nor had he the taste, so prevalent in his time, for card-playing, and other such social if trivial pastimes He had a fine memory

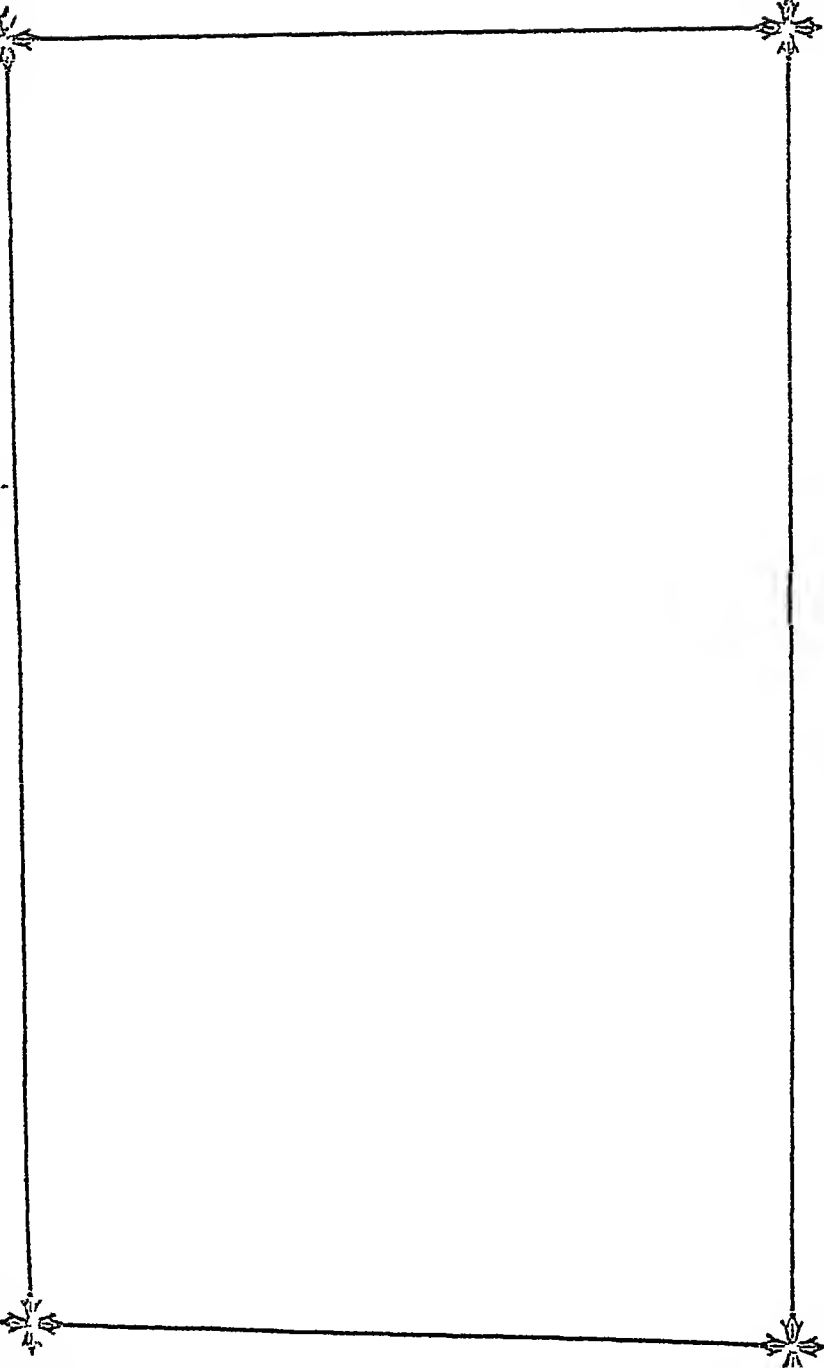
and great diligence, sparing no pains in the revision and polishing of his compositions. It is said that he never printed anything till some two years from the writing of it had elapsed and in the interim he would pay heed to the suggestions of friends, as well as to his own second thoughts He was a great admirer of Dryden, and to some extent took that poet's *Mac Flecknoe* as the model of his *Dunciad* Frugality was one of Pope's characteristics, but certainly not miserliness. He wrote his *Iliad*, as he went along translating, on the backs of letters addressed to him and there was some degree of stint in the table he spread before his ordinary guests, although at times he would give a truly handsome dinner, well supported in all respects His income standing at £800 a year, he systematically bestowed £100 in charity. That in his maturer years he lived on terms of great familiarity with many men of high rank and station was no more than the fact. It was open to all people to say as much, and to himself among others, although he may have proclaimed it with increasing frequency, and self-complacency rather more than needful but he did, and most truthfully could, add the affirmation that he had purchased and secured these intimacies by no sort of servility. Disregard of his own poetry, and indifference to criticism, are two favourite themes in his letters, one as veracious as the other

“ Pope may be termed the Poet of the Understanding, not merely in the limited though strictly true acceptation in which Johnson says that good sense was the fundamental principle of his intellect, but in something of the same spirit in which Kant distinguishes the Understanding, as the faculty for knowledge in man, from the Reason, as the primary or intuitional cognitive power. The range of the

author of the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Eloisa to Abelard*, the *Dunciad*, the *Essay on Man*, and the Homeric translations, was certainly not a narrow one, though it appears to the reader more restricted than it really is, seeing that the writer passed all his subject-matter through a somewhat uniform and inexpansive mould of execution. but alike in these several excellent works the Understanding predominates—everything is brought to the test of the judging and comparing mind. We can all say, and say with the utmost truth that a great creative or emotional nature has a larger share in what is highest in poesy. the riches and strength of Pope were not in that direction His it was to discern to analyse and to express This he did with admirable force of mind and of speech, and with amplest possession and skilfullest use of such means of poetry as were more specially germane to his time He will always occupy a great position—the position of that one among the Understanding Intellectuals who has most clearly appreciated his own true province in Poetic Art, and has wrung from a reluctant and partly a hostile goddess the largest results, conformable wholly to his own mental nature, and in no disproportionate measure to hers

W. M. ROSSETTI







POPE'S POETICAL WORKS.

PREFACE

I am inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest, so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point and can it then be wondered at, if the poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed, poetry and criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage

than a bad critic for a writer's endeavour, for the most part is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment, but such a critic's is to put them out of humour, a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets. What we call a genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and applying to the judgment of others now if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write, and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere, and the rest of the world in general is too well bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents, and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world, and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame, when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a prince, or a beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming

a coxcomb • if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise, since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority, for it is with a fine genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities, and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him. a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone, the privilege of being admitted into the best company, and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth, and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these trifles by prefaces, biassed by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author, I wrote because it amused me, I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write, and I published because I was told I might please such as it was

a credit to please To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant, I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent, and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality though if we took the same care, we should still lie under a farther misfortune they wrote in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the ancients and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times, and what we call learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers and indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading, that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living, that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies but the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live one may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together, and what

critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves, and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and *vice versa* a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts, and it must be this (if anything) that can give me a chance to be one For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned, but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must farther acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any miscellanies or works of other men, a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

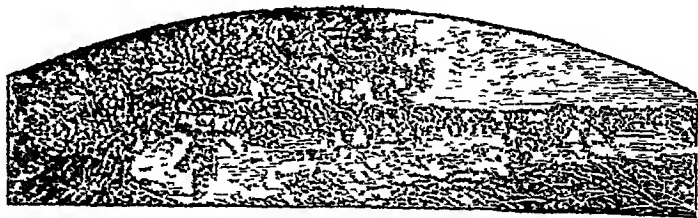
If time shall make it the former, may these poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or self-interest, the gratification of public prejudices, or private passions, the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my

remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses, without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings, not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that everybody should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, that there are very few things in this collection, which were not written under the age of five and twenty so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if anything was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language, or when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves, and a *memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov 10, 1716.





AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCIX.

1. 'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
But, of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share ;
Both must alike from heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
1 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too ?
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind 20
Nature affords at least a glimmering light ;
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,

Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
 So by false learning is good sense defaced.
 Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
 And some made colcombs nature meant but fools
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn critics in their own defence.
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30
 Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write

Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
 Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last
 Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass
 Those half-learned wtlings, numerous in our isle, 40
 As half-formed insects on the banks of N'r,
 Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal
 To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a critic's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go,
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet

Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
 And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains,
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,

The solid power of understanding fails ;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit, 60
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confined to single parts
 Like kings we lose the conquests gained before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more,
 Each might his several province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand

First follow nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same .
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright, 70
 One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of art.
 Art from ~~her~~ fund each just supply provides,
 Works without show, and without pomp presides :
 In some fair body thus the informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains ;
 Itself unseen, but in the effects, remains
 Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse, 80
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use ,
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed ,
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed ,
 The winged courser, like a generous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
 Are nature still, but nature methodized ,

Nature, like liberty, is but restrained 90
 By the same laws which first herself ordained
 Hear how learned Greece her useful rules indites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she showed,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod,
 Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
 And urged the rest by equal steps to rise
 Just precepts thus from great examples given,
 She drew from them what they derived from Heaven
 The generous critic fanned the poet's fire, 100
 And taught the world with reason to admire
 Then criticism the muse's handmaid proved,
 To dress her charms, and make her more beloved
 But following wits from that intention strayed,
 Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid,
 Against the poets their own arms they turned,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned
 So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
 By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoiled so much as they
 Some dully plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away
 You then whose judgment the right course would
 steer,
 Know well each Ancient's proper character,
 His fable, subject, scope in every page, 120
 Religion, country, genius of his age

Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Can you may, but never criticise¹
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night,
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
 bring,

And trace the muses upward to their spring
 Still with itself compared, his text peruse,
 And let your comment be the Mantuan muse

When first young Maro in his boundless mind² 130
 A work to outlast immortal Rome designed,
 Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law,
 And but from nature's fountains scorned to draw:
 But when to examine every part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same
 Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design,
 And rules as strict his laboured work confine,
 As if the Stagirate o'erlooked each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
 To copy nature is to copy them 140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles poetry, in each

¹ The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has, however, omitted in all the editions —

Zoilus, had these been known without a name,
 Had died, and Perault ne'er been damned to fame;
 The sense of sound antiquity had reigned,
 And sacred Homer yet been unprofaned
 None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
 To modern customs, modern rules confined,
 Who for all age writ, and all mankind

² It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in heroic poetry.

Pride, where wits fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense. 210
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day
 Trust not yourself, but your defects to know,
 Make use of every friend—and every foe

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring
 Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again
 Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts, 220
 While from the bounded level of our mind
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind,
 But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we try
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 'The eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last,
 But, those attained, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthened way, 230
 The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit,
 With the same spirit that its author writ
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind,
 'Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow, 240
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep,

We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not the exactness of peculiar parts,
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result' of all
 Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and even thine, O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to the admiring eyes; 250
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear,
 The whole at once is bold, and regular

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In every work regard the writer's end,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due;
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 To avoid great errors, must the less commit. 260

Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise
 Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the whole depend upon a part:
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,
 And all to one loved folly sacrifice

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight,¹ they say,
 A certain bard encountering on the way,
 Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage, 270
 Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.

¹ The incident is taken from the second part of Don Quixote, st written by Don Alonzo Fernandez de Avellanada.

Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
 Produced his play, and begged the knight's advice,
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities; what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.
 "What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;
 Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite 280
 "Not so by Heaven" (he answers in a rage),
 "Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
 So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain
 "Then build a new, or act it in a plain"

Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
 Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
 Form short ideas, and offend in arts,
 (As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glittering thoughts struck out at every line, 290
 Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus, unskilled to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover every part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed,
 Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind 300
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
 For works may have more wit than does them good,
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.
 Others for language all their care express.

And value books, as women men, for dress.
 Their praise is still,—the style is excellent:
 The sense, they humbly take upon content
 Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found,
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
 The face of nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:
 But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;
 A vile conceit in pompous words expressed, 320
 Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs with country, town, and court
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense,
 Such laboured nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze the unlearned, and make the learned smile
 Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,¹
 These sparks with awkward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday, 330
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:
 Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside

¹ See Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*



But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong
 In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire, 340
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds, as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,¹
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes,
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze," 350
 In the next line, it "whispers through the trees"
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep."
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song.
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
 along
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow,
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learned to dance
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,

¹ The beauty of Waller's versification is impaired by the very frequent use of the expletive *do*

And the smooth stream in smother numbers flows ,
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw, 370
 The line too labours, and the words move slow ;
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
 main

Hear how 'Timotheus' varied lays surprise,¹
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise '
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow .
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound '
 The power of music all our hearts allow,
 And what 'Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes , and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleased too little or too much
 At every trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shows great pride, or little sense ,
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move , 390
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve
 As things seem large which we through mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ,
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize

¹ See *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music* , an Ode by Mr Dryden 'Timotheus the dithyrambic poet of Miletus really died three years before the birth of Alexander, in 359

Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
 To one small sect, and all are damned beside.
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes,
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last,
 Though each may feel increases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days
 Regard not then if wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the town;
 They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent
 Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men
 Of all this servile herd the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with quality.
 A constant critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
 What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me?
 But let a lord once own the happy lines, 420
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines
 Before his sacred name flies every fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err,
 As oft the learned by being singular;
 So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong,
 So schismatics the plain believers quit,

And are but damned for having too much wit
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
 But always think the last opinion right 431
 A muse by these is like a mistress used,
 This hour she's idolised, the next abused,
 While their weak heads like towns unfortified,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side
 Ask them the cause, they're wiser still, they say,
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so
 Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread, 440
 Who knew most sentences, was deepest read,¹
 Faith, gospel, all, seemed made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted.
 Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain;²
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.³
 If faith itself has different dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?
 Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit;
 And authors think their reputation safe, 450
 Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh
 Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men

¹ *I.e.* Passages from the fathers. Peter Lombard who made a collection of these received the name of "the Master of the Sentences"

² The greatest of the schoolmen were the Dominican Thomas Aquinas, and the Franciscan Duns Scotus

³ A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield

Parties in wit attend on those of state,
 And public faction doubles private hate
 Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux,¹
 But sense survived, when merry jests were past, 460
 For rising merit will buoy up at last
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores² and new Milbourns³ must arise
 Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue,
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true,
 For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
 The opposing body's grossness, not its own,
 When first that sun too powerful beams displays, 470
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays,
 But even those clouds at last adorn its way
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
 His praise is lost, who stays, till all commend
 Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When patriarch-wits survived a thousand years
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost, 480
 And bare threescore is all even that can boast;
 Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be

¹ The parson alluded to was Jeremy Collier, the author of *A Short View, &c, of the English Stage*, the critic and beau was the Duke of Buckingham, the author of the *Rehearsal*

² Sir Richard Blackmore, the author of a philosophical poem called *The Creation*

³ The Rev Mr Luke Milbourn.

So when the faithful pencil has designed
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand,
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light,
When mellowing years their full perfection give, 470
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away !

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost .
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but even in blooming dies
What is this wit, which must our cares employ ? 500
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy ;
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required ,
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with
ease,

Sure some to vex, but never all to please ,
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe !
Of old, those met rewards who could excel, 510
And such were praised who but endeavoured well
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down ,

And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill author is as bad a friend
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
 Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise!
 Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
 To err is human, to forgive, divine

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
 Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain;
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times
 No pardon vile obscenity should find, 530
 Though wit and art conspire to move your mind,
 But dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as impotence in love
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large increase.
 When love was all an easy monarch's care,
 Seldom at council, never in a war
 Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ,
 Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit
 The fair sat panting at a courtier's play, 540
 And not a mask went unimproved away¹
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And virgins smiled at what they blushed before
 The following licence of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;

¹ Alluding to the custom in that age of ladies going in masks to the play

1 Then unbelieving priests reformed the nation,²
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;
 Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute :
 Pulpits their sacred satire learned to spare, 550
 And vice admired to find a flatterer there !
 Encouraged thus, wit's Titans braved the skies,
 And the press groaned with licensed blasphemies
 These monsters, critics¹ with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice ;
 All seems infected that the infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye

III

LEARN then what morals critics ought to show, 560
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join,
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine .
 That not alone what to your sense is due
 All may allow , but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense ,
 And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence .
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so ,
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past, 570
 And make each day a critic on the last.

'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true ,
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ,

1 The author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a national reflection, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any people whatever

2 Viz the "Latitudinarian" divines of the Low Church party.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
 Without good breeding, truth is disapproved,
 That only makes superior sense beloved
 Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
 For the worst avarice is that of sense
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust, 580
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise,
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.
 'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
 And stares, tremendous, with a threatening eye,¹
 Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry
 Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensured, to be dull,
 Such, without wit, are poets when they please, 590
 As without learning they can take degrees
 Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
 And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain
 Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write?

¹ This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic for, as to the mention made of him in ver 270, he took it as a compliment and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this abuse of his person. Dennis is alluded to by the name of Appius in consequence of his tragedy of Appius and Virginia which was damned in 1709.

Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep, 600
And lashed so long, like tops, are lashed asleep,
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Even to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Stram out the last dull droopings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence

Such shameless bards we have, and yet 'tis true, 610
There are as mad abandoned critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's fables down to Dufey's tales
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy,
Garth did not write his own Dispensary¹
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend, 620
Nay, showed his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard.²
Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead.
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes,

¹ A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed—and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten.

² Before the fire of London, St Paul's churchyard was the headquarters of the booksellers.

But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And never shocked, and never turned aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide 630

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiassed, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learned, well-bred; and though well-bred
sincere,

Modestly bold, and humanly severe.
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind 640
Generous converse, a soul exempt from pride,
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics, such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew,
The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore
He steered securely, and discovered far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star
Poets, a race long unconfined, and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650
Received his laws, and stood convinced 'twas fit,
Who conquered nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ
Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire,

His precepts teach but what his works inspire. 660
 Our critics take a contrary extreme,
 They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm .
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
 By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,¹
 And call new beauties forth from every line
 Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
 The justest rules, and clearest method joined : 670
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All ranged in order, and disposed with grace,
 But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
 Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus¹ all the nine inspire,
 And bless their critic with a poet's fire
 An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws ,
 And is himself that great sublime he draws 680

Thus long succeeding critics justly reigned,
 Licence repressed, and useful laws ordained.
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew ;
 And arts still followed where her eagles flew ;
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
 With tyranny, then superstition joined,
 As that the body, this enslaved the mind ,
 Much was believed, but little understood,
 And to be dull was construed to be good , 690

¹ Of Halicarnassus

A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finished what the Goths begun

At length Erasmus, that great injured name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame ¹)
Stemmed the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage

But see ¹ each muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her withered bays,
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head 700
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leaped to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung,
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung ¹
Immortal Vida on whose honoured brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow.
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame ¹

But soon by impious arms from Latium chased,
Their ancient bounds the banished muses' passed, 710
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourished most in France
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised,
And kept unconquered, and uncivilized,
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy the Romans, as of old
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presumed, and better knew, 720
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,

¹ Chiefly known by his *Art of Poetry*

And here restored wit's fundamental laws
 Such was the muse, whose rules and practice tell,¹
 "Nature's chief master-piece is writing well"
 Such was Roscommon, not more learned than good,
 With manners generous as his noble blood,
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And every author's merit, but his own.
 Such late was Walsh—the muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend, 730
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart
 This humble praise, lamentéd shade¹ receive,
 This praise at least a grateful muse may give
 The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
 Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing,

¹ *Essay on Poetry* by the Duke of Buckingham Our poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this essay, and its noble author Mr Dryden had done it very largely in the dedication to his translation of the *Æneid*: and Dr Garth in the first edition of his *Dispensary* says,—

"The Tiber now no courtly Gallus sees,
 But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys

Though afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in politics The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church of England party, yet an enemy to the extravagant measures of the court in the reign of Charles II On which account after having strongly patronized Mr Dryden, a coolness succeeded between them on that poet's absolute attachment to the court, which carried him some lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of This nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr Dryden before,

"The muse's friend,
 Himself a muse In Sanadri's debate
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state"

Abs and Achit

Our author was more happy, he was honoured very young with his friendship, and it continued till his death in all the circumstances of a familiar esteem.

(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries ·
Content, if hence the unlearned their wants may view,
The learned reflect on what before they knew · 740
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame,
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.





THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis¹

MART, *Epigr* vii 84.

TO MRS ARABELLA FERMOR.²

MADAM,—It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their

¹ It appears, by this motto, that the following poem was written or published at the lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr Caryl (a gentleman who was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II, whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's *Miscellanies*) originally proposed the subject to him in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The author sent it to the lady, with whom he was acquainted, and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch (we learn from one of his letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two cantos only, and it was so printed, first, in a miscellany of Bern, Lintot's, without the name of the author. But it was received so well that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the sylphs, and extended it to five cantos.

This insertion he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his *skill* and *art* as a poet — *Warburton*

² Miss Arabella Fermor was, in 1714, married to Francis Perkins, Esq of Upton Court, Berks. Her portrait is still preserved at her father's seat, Tusmore.

sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons are made to act in a poem. For the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady, but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders. The gnomes or demons of earth delight in mischief, but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best conditioned creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end, (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones, and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion

of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem, Madam, Your
most obedient, humble servant,
A POPE

The original idea of this poem was confessedly due to Pope's friend Caryl, and the characters which carry on its action all belong to the circle of Catholic families in which Pope at the time moved. Thalestris was Mrs. Morley, and Sir Plume her brother Sir George Brown. In its original form it was published in 1712, in its present complete form, containing the addition of the machinery of the sylphs, in 1714. *The Key to the Lock*, put forth in the following year by "Esdras Barnevelt Apollo," which explained the whole poem as a covert satire upon Queen Anne and the Barrier Treaty, was only mystification.

CANTO I.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl,¹ Muse! is due
This, even Belinda, may vouchsafe to view.
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

10

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake.
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,

¹ John Caryl, a gentleman of an ancient Catholic family in Sussex, and till his death in 1736 a most intimate friend of Pope's

And the pressed watch returned a silver sound
 Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest 20
 'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
 The morning-dream that hovered o'er her head,
 A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau,
 (That even in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
 Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say —

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
 If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught; 30
 Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers,
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below
 Some secret truths, from learned pride concealed,
 To maids alone and children are revealed!
 What though no credit doubting wits may give?
 The fair and innocent shall still believe.

Know, then, unnumbered spirits round thee fly,
 The light militia of the lower sky
 These, though unseen are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to these of air. 50

Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead,
 Succeeding vanities she still regards.
 And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
 And love of ombre, after death survive
 For when the fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their souls retire.
 The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea
 The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air

Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced:
 For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please 70
 What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
 Though honour is the word with men below

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face
 For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace. 80
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdained, and love denied.
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,

While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
 And in soft sounds, your grace salutes their ear
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant-checks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expelled by new
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from every part,
 They shift the moving toyshop of their heart, 100
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
 strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive
 This erring mortals levity may call,
 Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name
 Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror¹ of thy ruling star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend, 110
 But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where
 Warned by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!

¹ The language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of spirits, &c.

This to disclose is all thy guardian can :

Beware of all, but most beware of man !

He said ; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,

Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue

'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,

Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux ,

Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner real,

But all the vision vanished from thy head

120

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,

Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,

With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.

A heavenly image in the glass appears,

To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ,

The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,

Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride

Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here

The various offerings of the world appear ,

130

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,

And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The tortoise here and elephant unite,

Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,

Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.

Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ,

The fair each moment rises in her charms,

140

Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,

And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;

Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,

And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes

The busy sylphs surround their darling care,¹
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
 And Betty's praised for labours not her own

CANTO II

Not with more glories, in the 'ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames
 Fair nymphs, and well-dressed youths around her shone,
 But every eye was fixed on her alone
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those 10
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide.
 If to her share some female errors fall, 20
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind 20

¹ Ancient traditions of the Rabbis relate, that several of the fallen angels became amorous of women, and particularise some, among the rest Asael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noth, or of Ham, and who continuing impenitent, still presides over the women's toilets Bereshit Rabbi in Genesis vi 2



"But every eye was fixed on her alone"

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In equal curls, and well ^{combined} conspired to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains
 With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous baron the bright locks admired,
 He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired. 30
 Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray,
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
 Propitious Heaven, and every power adored,
 But chiefly love—to love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves, 40
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize
 The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
 The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides :
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And softened sounds along the waters die,
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play
 Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
 All but the sylph—with careful thoughts opprest,

The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons strait his denizens of air,
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath
 Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold, 60
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While every beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel placed, 70
 His purple pinions opening to the sun,
 He raised his azure wand, and thus begun —

Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
 Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned
 By laws eternal to the aerial kind
 Some in the fields of purest ether play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky 80
 Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne 90

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care,
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale ;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers ;
 To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
 A brighter wash, to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs,
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow 100

This day, black omens threat the brightest fair,
 That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care,
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight,
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or some frail China jar receive a flaw ;
 Or stain her honour or her new brocade,
 Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade,
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball,
 Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock must fall 110
 Haste, then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair
 The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care,
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine,
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock,
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
 We trust the important charge, the petticoat .
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,

Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of
 whale, 120

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
 And guard the wide circumference around
 Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
 Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins,
 Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye.
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain, 130
 Or alum styptics with contracting power
 Shrink his thin essence like a riveled flower.
 Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below !

He spoke, the spirits from the sails descend,
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend,
 Some thrird the mazy ringlets of her hair,
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear 140
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom

Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home ,
Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court , 10
In various talk the instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ,
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen ,
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray , 20
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine ,¹ .
The merchant from the exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom ;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine 30
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card
First Ariel perched upon a matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore ,
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place

¹ From Congreve.—*Warton*

Behold, four kings in majesty revered,
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard,
 And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flower,
 The expressive emblem of their softer power, 40
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads and halberts in their hand,
 And parti coloured troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care
 Let spades be trumps¹ she said, and trumps they were

Now move to war her sable matadores,¹
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors
 Spadillio² first, unconquerable lord!

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board 50

As many more Manillio³ forced to yield,
 And marched a victor from the verdant field
 Him Basto⁴ followed, but his fate more hard
 Gained but one trump and one plebeian card
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,

The hoary majesty of spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
 The rest his many-coloured robe concealed
 The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage 60

Even mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew⁵
 And mowed down armies in the fights of lu,⁶

¹ The whole idea of this description of a game at ombre, is taken from Vida's description of a game at chess, in his poem entitled *Scacchia Ludus* — Warburton

² The ace of spades, the first trump at ombre

³ The deuce of trumps when trumps are black, the seven when they are red The second trump at ombre

⁴ The ace of clubs, third trump at ombre These three principal trumps are called Matadores

⁵ At certain games the knave of clubs is called Pam — Chatto

⁶ The game of loo, in which Pam is the highest card.

Sad chance of war¹ now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade¹

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of spades
The club's black tyrant first her victim dyed,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride : 70
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread ;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace ,
The embroidered king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combined
Of broken troops an easy conquest find
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierced battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (O shameful chance !) the queen of hearts.
At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look , 90
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin and codille¹

¹ Codille, a term in ombre and quadrille When those who defend the pool make more tricks than those who defend the game, they are said to "win the codille."

And now (as oft in some distempered state)
 On one nice trick depends the general fate
 An ace of hearts steps forth The king unseen
 Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen -
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky ;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply 107

O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatched away,
 And cursed for ever this victorious day

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ,
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp , the fiery spirits blaze
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide 110
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band ;
 Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain 120
 Ah cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate !
 Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,

How soon they find fit instruments of ill !
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edged weapon from her shining case
 So ladies in romance assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight 130
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends,
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near
 Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought ; 140
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
 He watched the ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
 Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
 To inclose the lock ; now joins it, to divide.
 Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interposed, 150
 Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again ¹)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.

¹ See Milton, lib vi of Satan cut asunder by the angel Michael, D

Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
 When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last,
 Or when rich China vessels fallen from high,
 In glittering dust and painted fragments lie ! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The victor cried) the glorious prize is mine !
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read,¹
 Or the small pillar grace a lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live ! 170
 What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate !
 Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
 And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy ;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground
 What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs should feel
 The conquering force of unresisted steel ?

CANTO IV

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,
 And secret passions laboured in her breast

¹ A famous book written about that time by a woman full of court, and party-scandal, and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste of the better vulgar — *Warburton* By Mrs. Manley As a political journalist she co operated with Swift.

Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin ! for thy ravished hair 10

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reached the dismal dome
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows 20
Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and mephitic at her head

Two handmaids wait the throne alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face
Here stood ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed ,
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is filled , her bosom with lampoons 30

There affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to hiss, and hang the head aside,
Faints into air, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,

Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies ,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise , 40
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines

Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by spleen
Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent , the handle this, and that the spout 50
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks ,
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks ,¹
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids turned bottles, call aloud for corks

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand
Then thus addressed the power "Hail, wayward queen !
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric, or poetic fit, 60
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays ,
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains

¹ Alludes to a real fact, a lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition

But oh ! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game , 70
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease .
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen "

The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer 80
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ,
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound 90
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent .
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire
"O wretched maid !" she spread her hands, and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid !" replied)
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare ?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,

For this with torturing irons wreathed around? 100
 For this with fillets strained your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
 Honour forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
 Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow,
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!" 120

She said, then raging to Sir Plume repairs,¹
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,
 And thus broke out—"My lord, why, what the devil?
 "Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!

¹ Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the party who took the thing seriously. He was angry, that the poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense, and, in truth, one could not well blame him — *Warburton*

Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapped his box. 130

"It grieves me much" (replied the peer again)

"Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.

But by this lock, this sacred lock I swear,

(Which never more shall join its parted hair,

Which never more its honours shall renew,

Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew)

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,

This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear"

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread

The long-contended honours of her head 140

But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so,

He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow

Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,

Her eyes half-languishing, half-drowned in tears,

On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,

Which, with a sigh, she raised, and thus she said.—

"For ever cursed be this detested day,

Which snatched my best, my favourite curl away!

Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,

If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen! 150

Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,

By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed

Oh, had I rather unadmired remained

In some lone isle, or distant northern land,

Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,

Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!

There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,

Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die

What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?

Oh, had I stayed, and said my prayers at home! 160

'Twas this, the morning omens seemed to tell,

Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell
 The tottering China shook without a wind,
 Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of fate,
 In mystic visions, now believed too late!
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what even thy rapine spares:
 These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck, 170
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own,
 Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands
 Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V

SHE said the pitying audience melt in tears,
 But fate and Jove had stopped the baron's ears
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assaults,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain
 Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan,
 Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began —

"Say, why are beauties praised and honoured most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
 Why decked with all that land and sea afford,
 Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux?
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?

How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains :
That men may say, when we the front-box grace :
' Behold the first in virtue as in face !'
Oh ! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away ; 20
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint
But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay,
Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to grey ;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid ,
What then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose ? 30
And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued ;
Behinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude
" To arms, to arms !" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies
All side in parties, and begin the attack ;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack , 40
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass, and treble voices strike the skies
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage ,
'Gainst Pallas, Mars , Latona, Hermes arms ,

And all Olympus rings with loud alarms :
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound . 50
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapped his glad wings, and sate to view the fight .
Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song 60
"O cruel nymph ! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down
Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown,
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair ,
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ,
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside

See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes
Nor feared the chief the unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued 80

Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw.
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings, which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown.
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew,
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears)

"Boast not my fall" (he cried), "insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low,
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive"

"Restore the lock!" she cries, and all around
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain.
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,

Since all things lost on earth are treasured there
 There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
 And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dried butterflies, and tones of casuistry

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
 Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes.
 (So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
 To Proculus alone confessed in view)
 A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair
 Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
 The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light. 130
 The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleased pursue its progress through the skies

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray
 This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,¹
 When next he looks through Galileo's eyes,
 And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome 140

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair,
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,

¹ John Partridge was a ridiculous star-gazer, who in his Almanacs every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English.

Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost
 For, after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die.
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
 This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name

150

IMITATIONS.

CANTO I

Ver 54, 55

"Quæ gratia curram
 Armorumque fuit viuis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos"
 Virg *Æn* 11, ver 653-5

Ver 101

"Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
 Ense minax ensis, pede pes et cuspidè cuspis," &c.
Stat Warburton

CANTO II

Ver 28—*With a single hair*

In allusion to those lines of *Hudibras*, applied to the same purpose—

"And though it be a two-foot trout,
 'Tis with a single hair pulled out"

*Warburton*Ver 45—*The powers gave ear.*Virg *Æn* xl, ver. 794-5

Ver 119

—"clypei dominus septemplex Ajax." *Orid Warburton*
Metam lib xiii v 2

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Ver 121 — *About the silver bound*

In allusion to the shield of Achilles,—

" Thus the broad shield complete the artist crowned,
 With his last band, and poured the ocean round
 In living *silver* seemed the waves to roll
 And beat the buckler's *verge*, and bound the whole "

Warburton Iliad, bk xviii

CANTO III

Ver 101

" Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,
 Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis '
 Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
 Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque
 Oderit "

Virg Warburton Æn v 501-5

Ver 163, 170

" Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt "

Virg Warburton Ecl v 76, 8

Ver 177

" Ille quoque aversus mons est, &c
 Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant? "

Catull de com Berenices

CANTO IV

Ver 1

Virg Æn iv ver 1

" At regina gravi, " &c.

Ver 51 — *Homer's Tripod walks*See Hom *Iliad* xviii of Vulcan's walking Tripods *War-*
*burton*Ver 133 — *But by this lock*In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer, *Il* 1

CANTO V

Ver 35 — *So spoke the dame*

It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech,—

" So spoke—and all the heroes applauded "

Ver 53—*Triumphant Untried*

Mirera, in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the
suitors in *Odys* perche on a beam of the roof to behold it

Ver 64—*77 scents are made so killing*

The words of a song in the opera of *Car illa*.

Ver. 65—*Thus on M-erari's fir very marginal lies.*

"S c ubi sita vacent, udis abjectus in herbis,

Ad rula Maxandri concommit albus odor"

On. *Ep* Herod. L. vii, ver 2

Ver. 72

Vid. Homer *Il.* viii, and Virg. *Æn* xii.

Ver. 83—*The games direct*

These two lines added for the above reason

Ver 82—*The note, fu ci c'er' perswege to deck*

In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer.
Il i.

Ver. 128

"Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite cinem

Stella mæcal" On. *Metem* lib. xvi. ver. 849-50

VARIATIONS

CANTO II

Ver. 1—*Launched on the bosom*

From hence the poem continues, in the first edition, to ver 46—

The rest the winds dispersed in empty air,

2^d after, to the end of this canto, being additional

CANTO III

Ver. 24—*And the long leboirs of the toilet cease*

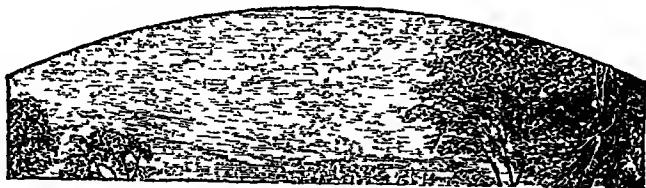
All that follows of the same at *Or. bre*, was added since the first
edition, till ver 105, which connected thus. Sudden the board, &c.

CANTO V.

Ver. 7—*Then grace Clarissa, &c*

A new character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open
more clearly the moral of the poem, in a parody of the speech of
Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer *Iliad* bk xii





MORAL ESSAYS.

AN ESSAY ON MAN

TO H ST JOHN LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) come home to men's business and bosoms, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature and his state, since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body, more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myself that this essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious, that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards; the other may seem odd, but is true. I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more practically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: if any man can write all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general map of the land, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, and leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

Of man in the abstract — I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, &c. — II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c. — III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c. — IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause

of man's error and misery The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations, ver 109, &c —V The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver 131, &c —VI The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes, though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver 173, &c.—VII That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason, that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver 207 —VIII How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us, were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, ver 233 —IX The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver 250 —X The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver 281, &c., to the end

EPISTLE I

AWAKE, my St John¹ leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of kings
 Let us (since life can little more supply)
 Than just to look about us and to die)
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man,
 A mighty maze¹ but not without a plan,
 A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit
 Together let us beat this ample field,

Try what the open, what the covert yield, 10
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar,
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise,
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
 But vindicate the ways of God to man

I Say first, of God above, or man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know?
 Of man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
 Through worlds unnumbered though the God be
 known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What varied being peoples every star,
 May tell why Heaven has made us as we are
 But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Looked through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou
 find,

Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less?
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade? 40

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove
Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong? 50

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain,
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal,
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole 60

When the proud steed shall know why man
restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end,
Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled, and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault,
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought 70
His knowledge measured to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
 The blest to-day is as completely so,
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III Heaven from all creatures hides 'the book
 of fate,

All but the page prescribed, their present state.
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits
 know

Or who could suffer being here below? 80

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood
 Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,

And now a bubble burst, and now a world 90

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,
 Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast
 Man never is, but always to be blest
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come

Lo the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind, 100
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way,
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,

Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven,
 Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold
 To be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire, 110
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company

IV Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence,
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much.
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust,
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there 120
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the god of God
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies,
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of Order, sins against the Eternal Cause 130

V Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine
 For me kind nature wakes her genial power,
 Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower
 Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
 The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew,

Aspirings in heaven for

For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings,
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs,
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise,
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies " 140

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No ('tis replied), the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
The exceptions few, some change since all began
And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates, and can man do less? 150
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires,
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's
design,

Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind 159
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs,
Account for moral, as for natural things
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here,
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discomposed the mind

But all subsists by elemental strife,
 And passions are the elements of life 170
 The general order, since the whole began,
 Is kept in nature, and is kept in man
 VI What would this man? Now upward will
 he soar,
 And little less than angel, would be more,
 Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper powers assigned, 180
Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;¹
 All in exact proportion to the state,
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own
 Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?
 The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind, 190
 No powers of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear
 Why has not man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, man is not a fly
 Say what the use, were finer optics given,
 To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,

¹ It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for strength, their swiftness is lessened, or as they are formed for swiftness, their strength is abated

To smart and agonize at every pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200

If nature thundered in his opening ears,
 And stunned him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
 The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII Far as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
 Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass. 210
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,¹
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green.
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew? 220
 How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
 Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier,
 For ever separate, yet for ever near!

¹ The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this at their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

Remembrance and reflection how allied,
What thin partitions sense from thought divide
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line !
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ? 230
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one ?

VIII See, through this air, this ocean, and this
earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth
Above, how high, progressive life may go !
Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach, from infinite to thee, 240
From thee to nothing — On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed.
From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall 250
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky,
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world,
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God

All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—Oh, madness! pride! impiety!

IX What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head? 260
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks of pains,¹
The great directing mind of all ordains

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul,
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame, 270
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns
To him no high, no low, no great, no small,
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all 280

X Cease then, nor order imperfection name
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee
Submit—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,

¹ See the prosecution and application of this in Ep 17

Or in the natal, or the mortal hour
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee,
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see, 290
 All discord, harmony not understood,
 All partial evil, universal good.
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO
 HIMSELF, AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

- I The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties, ver 1-19 The limits of his capacity, ver 19, &c.—II The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, ver 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver 67, &c. Their end the same, ver 81, &c.—III The passions, and their use, ver 93-130 The predominant passion, and its force, ver 132-160 Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, ver 165, &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, ver 177—IV Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature, the limits near, yet the things separate and evident What is the office of reason, ver 202-216—V How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver 217—VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, ver 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, ver 241 How useful they are to society, ver 251 And to the individuals, ver 263 In every state, and every age of life, ver 273, &c
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EPISTLE II

I Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is man

Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great.
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between, in doubt to act, or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err; 10
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused,
Still by himself abused, or disabused,
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all,
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wondrous creature! mount where science
 guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides, 20
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun,
Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God,
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun
Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! 30
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton as we show an ape

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! man's superior part
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art, 40
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide,
First strip off all her equipage of pride,
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress
Or learning's luxury, or idleness,
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain,
Expunge the whole, or lop the excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts, 50
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the times to come!

II Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain,
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul,
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole 60
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot,
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroyed
Most strength the moving principle requires,

Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Formed but to check, deliberate, and advise 70
Self-love still stronger, as its object's nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie
That sees immediate good by present sense,
Reason, the future and the consequence
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend
Attention, habit and experience gains,
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains 80

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite,
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire,
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower, 90
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good

III Modes of self-love the passions we may call,
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all
But since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care,
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name 100

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fixed, 'tis fixed as in a frost,
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest.
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
For God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind 110

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mixed and softened, in his work unite
These 'tis enough to temper and employ,
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind 120
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike,
On different senses different objects strike,
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame, 130
And hence once master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,

Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
strength.

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul: 140

Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some favourite still obey. 150
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made.

Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong.
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
'The doctor fancies he has driven them out. 160

Yes, nature's road must ever be preferred.
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard.
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe.
A mightier power the strong direction sends,

And several men impels to several ends :
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease, 170
Through life 'tis followed, even at life's expense,
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side

The eternal art educing good from ill,
Grants on this passion our best principle :
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fixed,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mixed,
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one interest body acts with mind 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear,
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
Even avarice, prudence, sloth, philosophy,
Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind, 190
Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learned or brave,
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame
Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will

The fiery soul abhorred in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine . 200

The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave
This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
What shall divide ? The God within the mind
Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use ;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice 210

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace 220

But where the extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed
Ask where's the north ? at York, 'tis on the Tweed ,
In Scotland, at the Orcades , and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he ,
Even those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own ,
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,

Few in the extreme, but all in the degree,
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
 And even the best, by fits, what they despise
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill,
 For, vice or virtue, self directs it still,
 Each individual seeks a several goal,
 But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole
 That counter-works each folly and caprice,
 That disappoints the effect of every vice, 240
 That, happy frailties to all ranks applied,
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief,
 That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
 Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common interest, or endear the tie
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here,
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those interests to resign,
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away 260

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or self, *richer*
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself
 The learned is happy nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more,



*"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw*

The rich is happy in the plenty given,
 The poor contents him with the care of heaven
 See the blind beggar dance; the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
 The starving chemist in his golden views
 Supremely blest, the poet in his muse. 270

See some strange comfort every state attend,
 And pride bestowed on all, a common friend,
 See some fit passion every age supply,
 Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die
 Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
 Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite.
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age: 280
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
 'Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er

Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
 Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
 And each vacuity of sense by pride.
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
 In folly's cup still laughs the bauble, joy;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain,
 And not a vanity is given in vain, 290
 Even mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
 'Tis this, Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

I The whole universe one system of Society, ver 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver 27 The happiness of animals mutual, ver 49 —II Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, ver 79 Reason or instinct operate also to society, in all animals, ver 109 —III How far Society carried by Instinct, ver 115. How much further by Reason, ver 128 —IV Of that which is called the State of Nature, ver 144. Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of Arts, ver 166, and in the Forms of Society, ver 176 —V Origin of Political Societies, ver 196 Origin of Monarchy, ver 207 Patriarchal government, ver 212 —VI Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle, of Love, ver 231, &c Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear, ver 237, &c. The influence of Self-love operating to the social and public Good, ver 266 Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle, ver 285 Mixed Government, ver 288 Various Forms of each, and the true end of all, ver 300, &c

EPISTLE III

HERE then we rest "the universal cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws"
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day,
But most be present, if we preach or pray

Look round our world, behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place

- Formed and impelled its neighbour to embrace,
 See matter next, with various life endued,
 Press to one centre, still, the general good.
 See dying vegetables life sustain,
 See life dissolving vegetate again .
 All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
 Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return 20
- Nothing is foreign · parts relate to whole ,
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least ,
 Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;
 All served, all serving nothing stands alone ;
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown
 Has God, thou fool ! worked solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn : 30
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer 40
 The hog, that ploughs not nor obeys thy call .
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all
 Know, nature's children all divide her care ,
 The fur that warms a monarch, warmed a bear

While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
 "See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose
 And just as short of reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all

Grant that the powerful still the weak control,
 Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole. 50

Nature that tyrant checks, he only knows,
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?

Man cares for all to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods,
 For some his interest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride 60
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 The extensive blessing of his luxury

That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves,
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest,
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favoured man by touch ethereal slain¹

The creature had his feast of life before,
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er! 70

To each unthinking being Heaven, a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end
 To man imparts it, but with such a view

¹ Several of the ancients, and many of the orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.

As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
 The hour concealed, and so remote the fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
 Great standing miracle¹ that Heaven assigned
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind

II Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
 Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best, 80
 To bliss alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportioned to their end
 Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,
 What Pope or council can they need beside?
 Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
 Stays till we call and then not often near,
 But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
 Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit ;
 While still too wide or short is human wit ; 90
 Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier reason labours at in vain,
 This too serves always, reason never wrong,
 One must go right, the other may go wrong
 See then the acting and comparing powers
 One in their nature, which are two in ours,
 And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food? 100
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as Demoi^rvre,¹ without rule or line?

¹ This famous mathematician was born at Vitry in Champagne in 1667 The allusion in the text is to his fame in trigonometry

Who did the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III God in the nature of each being found;

Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds 110
But as he framed a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness
So from the first, eternal order ran,
And creature linked to creature, man to man
Whate'er of life all quickening ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace,
They love themselves, a third time, in their race
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend,
The young dismissed to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care,
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race 130
A longer care man's helpless kind demands,
That longer care contracts more lasting bands
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest, and the love,
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn,
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn,
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,

That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These natural love maintained, habitual those 140
 The last, scarce ripened into perfect man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
 Memory and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combined,
 Still spread the interest, and preserved the kind.

IV. Nor think, in nature's state they blindly trod,
 The state of nature was the reign of God.
 Self-love and social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of man 150
 Pride then was no ; nor arts, that pride to aid,
 Man walked with beast, joint tenant of the shade,
 The same his table, and the same his bed,
 No murder clothed him, and no murder fed
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,
 All vocal beings hymned their equal God
 The shrine with gore unstained, with gold undrest,
 Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest
 Heaven's attribute was universal care,
 And man's prerogative to rule, but spare 160
 Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb,
 Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds,
 And every death its own avenger breeds ; -
 The fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turned on man a fiercer savage, man
 See him from nature rising slow to art?
 To copy instinct then was reason's part, 170

Thus then to man the voice of nature spake—
 "Go, from the creatures thy instructions take
 Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield,
 Learn from the beasts the physic of the field,
 Thy arts of building from the bee receive,
 Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave,
 Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale
 Here too all forms of social union find,
 And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind 180
 Here subterranean works and cities see,
 There towns aerial on the waving tree
 Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 The ant's republic, and the realm of bees,
 How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 And anarchy without confusion know,
 And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
 Their separate cells and properties maintain
 Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
 Laws wise as nature, and as fixed as fate 190
 In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 Entangle justice in her net of law,
 And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
 Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong
 Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
 Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,
 And, for those arts mere instinct could afford,
 Be crowned as monarchs, or as gods adored"

V Great nature spoke, observant man obeyed,
 Cities were built, societies were made 200
 Here rose one little state, another near
 Grew by like means, and joined, through love or fear
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,

And there the streams in purer rills descend ?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
And he returned a friend, who came a foe
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were formed, the name of king unknown,
'Till common interest placed the sway in one. 210
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a sire the sons obeyed,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI Till then, by nature crowned, each patriarch
sate,
King, priest, and parent of his growing state ;
On him, their second providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wandering furrow called the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood, 220
Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound,
Or fetch the aerial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sickening, dying they began
Whom they revered as God to mourn as man :
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explored
One great first father, and that first adored.
Or plain tradition that this all begun,
Conveyed unbroken faith from sire to son ;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one ; 230
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure, trod,
And owned a father when he owned a God
Love all the faith, and all the allegiance then ,

For nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God, and understood
A sovereign being but a sovereign good
True faith, true policy, united ran,
This was but love of God, and this of man 240

Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
The enormous faith of many made for one,
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counter-work its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law,
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made
She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rocked the mountains, and when groaned the
ground, 250

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they.
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise
Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest abodes,
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods,
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust,
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would believe 260
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride,
Then sacred seemed the ethereal vault no more,
Altars grew marble then, and reeked with gore
Then first the Flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smeared with human blood,
With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,

And played the god an engine on his foe

So drives self-love, through just and through unjust,

To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust 270

The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause

Of what restrains him, government and laws

For, what one likes if others like as well,

What serves one will, when many wills rebel?

How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,

A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?

His safety must his liberty restrain :

All join to guard what each desires to gain.

Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,

Even kings learned justice and benevolence 280

Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,

And found the private in the public good

'Twas then, the studious head or generous mind,

Follower of God or friend of human-kind,

Poet or patriot, rose but to restore

The faith and moral nature gave before ;

Re-lumed her ancient light, not kindled new ;

If not God's image, yet his shadow drew

Taught powers due use to people and to kings,

Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings, 290

The less, or greater, set so justly true,

That touching one must strike the other too ,

Till jarring interests, of themselves create

The according music of a well-mixed state

Such is the world's great harmony, that springs

From order, union, full consent of things ,

Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made

To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ,

More powerful each as needful to the rest,

And, in proportion as it blesses, blest, 300
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king
 For forms of government let fools contest,
 Whate'er is best administered is best
 For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity.
 All must be false that thwart this one great end,
 And all of God, that bless mankind or mend 310
 Man, like the generous vine, supported lives,
 The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun,
 So two consistent motions act the soul,
 And one regards itself, and one the whole
 Thus God and nature linked the general frame,
 And bade self-love and social be the same

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO
HAPPINESS

- I False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from ver 19 to 77 —II It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, ver 30 God intends happiness to be equal, and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, ver 37 As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external good should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, ver 51 But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two

passions of hope and fear, ver 70 —III What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world, and that the good man has here the advantage, ver 77 The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, ver 94 —IV The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, ver 121 —V That we are not judges who are good, but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver 133 &c.—VI That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of virtue, ver 165 That even these can make no man happy without virtue instanced in riches, ver 183 Honours, ver 191 Nobility, ver 203 Greatness, ver 215 Fame, ver 235 Superior talents, ver 257, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, ver 267, &c —VII That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver 307, &c That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, ver 326, &c.

EPISTLE IV

O HAPPINESS ! our being's end and aim !
 Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name :
 That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool, and wise
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deignest to grow ?
 Fair opening to some Court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ?
 Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reaped in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ?—where grows it not ? If vain our toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere,

'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere,

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,

And fled from monarchs, St. John¹ dwells with thee

Ask of the learned the way? The learned are blind,

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind, 20

Some place the bliss in action,¹ some in ease,

Those call it pleasure, and contentment these,

Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;

Some swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;

Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,

To trust in every thing, or doubt of all

Who thus define it, say they more or less

Than this, that happiness is happiness?

Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave,

All states can reach it, and all heads conceive, 30

Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell,

There needs but thinking right, and meaning well,

And mourn our various portions as we please,

Equal is common sense, and common ease

Remember, man, "the universal cause

Acts not by partial, but by general laws,"

And makes what happiness we justly call

Subsist not in the good of one, but all

There's not a blessing individuals find,

But some way leans and hearkens to the kind

¹ 1 Those who place happiness, or the *summum bonum*, in pleasure, such as the Cyrenaic sect 2 Those who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmness of mind, such as the Democritic sect 3 The Epicurean 4 The Stoic. 5 The Protagorean, which held that man was the measure of all things, for that all things which appear to him are, and those things which appear not to any man are not, so that every imagination or opinion of every man was true 6 The Sceptic — *Walsburton*

No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern hermit, rests self-satisfied.
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink
 Each has its share; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain

Order is heaven's first law, and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50
 More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense
 Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness.
 But mutual wants this happiness increase,
 All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace
 Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend 60
 Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul
 But fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
 And each were equal, must not all contest?
 If then to all men happiness was meant,
 God in externals could not place content

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy called, unhappy those,
 But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are placed in hope, and these in fear 70
 Nor present good or ill, the joy or curse,
 But future views of better, or of worse

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,

By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?
 Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys;
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise
 Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence. 80
 But health consists with temperance alone,
 And peace, oh, virtue! peace is all thy own
 The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain,
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
 Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
 Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains 90
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good
 Oh, blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest
 But fools the good alone unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all
 See, Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust! 100
 See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
 Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
 Lamented Digby!¹ sunk thee to the grave?

¹ The Hon Robert Digby, third son of Lord Digby, who died in 1724

Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
 Why, full of days, and honour, lives the sire?
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,¹
 When nature sickened, and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?

110

What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
 God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
 Short, and but rare, till man improved it all
 We just as wisely might of heaven complain
 That righteous Abel was destroyed by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease
 Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause
 Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws?

20

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
 On air or sea new motions be imprest,
 Oh, blameless Bethel² to relieve thy breast?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

130

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)

¹ M de Belsance was made bishop of Marseilles in 1709. In the plague of that city, in the year 1720, he distinguished himself by his zeal and activity, being the pastor, the physician, and the magistrate of his flock, whilst that horrid calamity prevailed. He died in the year 1755 — *Warton*

² Mr Hugh Bethell, a Yorkshire gentleman, and one of Pope's intimate friends

Contents us not A better shall we have?
 A kingdom of the just then let it be
 But first consider how those just agree
 The good must merit God's peculiar care,
 But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
 One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell,
 Another deems him instrument of hell,
 If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
 This cries there is, and that, there is no God 140
 What shocks one part will edify the rest,
 Nor with one system can they all be blest
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your virtue, punish mine
 Whatever is, is right — This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too
 And which more blest? who chained his country, say,
 Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day?

“But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed”

What then? Is the reward of virtue bread? 150
 That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil,
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gam
 The good man may be weak, be indolent,
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
 “No—shall the good want health, the good want
 power?”

Add health, and power, and every earthly thing,
 “Why bounded power? why private? why no king?”
 Nay, why external for internal given? 161
 Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive

God gives enough, while he has more to give
Immense the power, immense were the demand,
Say, at what part of nature will they stand

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix?

Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.

170

Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?

The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sighest thou now for apples and for cakes?

Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife
As well as dream such trifles are assigned,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind

180

Rewards, that either would to virtue bring

No joy, or be destructive of the thing.

How oft by these at sixty are undone

The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!

To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?

Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold

O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,

The lover and the love of human-kind,

190

Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise,

Act well your part, there all the honour lies

Fortune in men, has some small difference made,

One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade,

to prefer the honest to the rich

The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl;
 I'll tell you, friend ' a wise man and a fool
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow,
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings
 That thou mayest be by kings, or whores of kings
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece,
 But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great 210

Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young,
 Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness, say where greatness lies?

"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede, 220
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind?

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose

No less alike the politic and wise,

All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,

'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great: 230

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,

Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,

Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,

Like good Aurelius let him reign or bleed

Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,

A thing beyond us, even before our death

Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown

The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240

All that we feel of it begins and ends

In the small circle of our foes or friends;

To all beside as much an empty shade

An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead,

Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,

Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;

An honest man's the noblest work of God

Fame but from death a villain's name can save,

As justice tears his body from the grave, 250

When what to oblivion better were resigned,

Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.

V. All fame is foreign, but of true desert;

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:

One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs

Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;

And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,¹

Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels

In parts superior what advantage lies?

¹ M Marcellus, one of the most determined opponents of Julius Cæsar, had fled to Mitylene after the battle of Pharsalus By Marcellus, Pope was said to mean the Duke of Ormond

Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own,
' Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too

Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
Make fair deductions , see to what they mount 270
How much of other each is sure to cost ,
How each for other oft is wholly lost ,
How inconsistent greater goods with these ,
How sometimes life is risked, and always ease .
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall ?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy :
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?

Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife 280
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind
Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame !
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient-story learn to scorn them all
There, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete !
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy ! those to ruin, these betray 290
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose,

In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that raised the hero, sunk the man.
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stained with blood, or ill exchanged for gold
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plundered provinces ¹ .

Oh, wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame ! 300

What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife.
 The trophied arches, storied halls invade
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.

Alas ! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
 Compute the morn and evening to the day ;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale, that blends their glory with their shame !

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)

"Virtue alone is happiness below." 310

The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;

Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ,

The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain.
 Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
 And but more relished as the more distressed .

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,

Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears : 320

Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
 For ever exercised, yet never tired,
 Never elated, while one man's oppressed ;

¹ Meaning the great Duke of Marlborough — *Watson*

Never dejected, while another's blessed,
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since be to wish more virtue, is to gain

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find; 330
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through nature up to nature's God,¹
 Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
 Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine,
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below,
 Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;
 And knows, where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end, in love of God, and love of man 340

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul,
 Till lengthened on to faith, and unconfined,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind
 He sees, why nature plants in man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present, she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss, 350
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest
 Self-love thus pushed to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine

¹ Verbatim from Bolingbroke's Letters to Pope — Warton

Is this too little for the boundless heart?

Extend it, let thy enemies have part.

Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence :

Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,

And height of bliss but height of charity.

360

God loves from whole to parts but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,

As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,

Another still, and still another spreads,

Friend parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;

His country next, and next all human race,

Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind

Take every creature in, of every kind; -

370

Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,

And heaven beholds its image in his breast

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;

Oh, master of the poet, and the song!

And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,

To man's low passions, or their glorious ends

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,

To fall with dignity, with temper rise,

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer

From grave to gay, from lively to severe,

380

Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,

Intent to reason, or polite to please

Oh! while along the stream of time thy name

Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,

Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,

Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 390
 That urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart,
 For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
 Showed erring pride, whatever is, is right;
 That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
 That true self-love and social are the same;
 That virtue only makes our bliss below,
 And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.¹

DEO OPT MAX

FATHER of all¹ in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
 Thou Great First Cause, least understood.
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind,

¹ Concerning this poem, it may be proper to observe, that some passages in the preceding essay having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards fate and naturalism, the author composed this prayer as the sum of all, to show that his system was founded in free-will, and terminated in piety, that the First Cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the universe as the Creator of it, and that, by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the Essay), was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along with a blind determination, but a religious acquiescence and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight and reality, the poet chose for his model the Lord's Prayer, which of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to this paraphrase — *Warburton*

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will

10

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away,
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

20

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness led me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand words are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.

30

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 . To hide the fault I see,
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me

40

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quickened by thy breath;
 Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death

This day, be bread and peace my lot.
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou knowest if best bestowed or not;
 And let thy will be done

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all being raise,
 All nature's incense rise!

50

MORAL ESSAYS

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
 Impediat verbis lassis onerantibus iures
 Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
 Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ,
 Interdum urbani, parentis vinibus, atque
 Extenuantis eas consulto —HOR. *Sat* I v 17-22

THE Fifth Epistle of the *Moral Essays* (to Addison) was written in 1715 The Fourth Epistle (to the Earl of Burlington) was published in 1731, under the title *Of Taste*, subsequently altered to *Of False Taste*, and ultimately to *Of the Use of Riches* The Third Epistle (*Of the Use of Riches*, to Lord Bathurst) followed in 1732

In the same year appeared the first two Epistles of the *Essay on Man*, the Third succeeding in 1733. In this year also came out the Epistle *On the Knowledge and Characters of Men*, addressed to Lord Cobham, now the first of the *Moral Essays*. The Epistle (now the Second of the *Moral Essays*) to a Lady, *On the Characters of Women*, appeared in 1735.

EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.¹

ARGUMENT

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN

That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract. books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, ver 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c., ver 31. The shortness of life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men, to observe by, ver 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver 71. Unimaginable weakness in the greatest, ver 70, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and nature, ver 95. No judging of the motives from the actions, the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ver 100.—II. Yet to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree. The utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy, ver 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver 135.

¹ Sir Richard Temple, created Viscount Cobham by George I in 1718, and made a field-marshal in 1742, was on intimate terms with Pope during the latter part of the poet's life.

And some reason for it, ver 140 Education alters the nature, or at least character of man, ver 149 Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change No judging by nature, from ver 158 to 178—III It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver 175 Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver 179 A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver 210 Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver 222, &c,

YES, you despise the man to books confined,
 Who from his study rails at human kind,
 Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
 Some general maxims, or be right by chance
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,¹
 That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
 Though many a passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no philosopher at all

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read as well as books, too much 10
 To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for the observer's sake,
 To written wisdom, as another's, less
 Maxims are drawn from notions, those from guess
 There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
 Some unmarked fibre, or some varying vein
 Shall only man be taken in the gross?
 Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss

¹ A fine turned allusion to what Philostratus said of Euxenus, the tutor of Apollonius, that he could only repeat some sentences of Pythagoras, like those coxcomb birds who were taught their *εὐπρόσθε* and their *Ζεὺς ἔλεως*, but knew not what they signified—*Warburton*

That each from other differs, first confess ,
 Next, that he varies from himself no less 20
 Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
 And all opinion's colours cast on life

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
 On human actions reason though you can,
 It may be reason, but it is not man .
 His principle of action once explore,
 That instant 'tis his principle no more.
 Like following life through creatures you dissect,
 You lose it in the moment you detect 30

Yet more ; the difference is as great between
 The optics seeing, as the object seen.
 All manners take a tincture from our own ,
 Or come discoloured through our passions shown.
 Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
 Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
 It hurries all too fast to mark their way .
 In vain sedate reflections we would make,
 When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take 40
 Oft, in the passions' wild rotation tost,
 Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
 Tired, not determined, to the last we yield,
 And what comes then is master of the field
 As the last image of that troubled heap,
 When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
 (Though passed the recollection of the thought,)
 Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought :
 Something as dim to our internal view,
 Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do 50
 True, some are open, and to all men known,

Others so very close, they're hid from none ,
 (So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
 Thus gracious Chandos¹ is beloved at sight ,
 And every child hates Shylock, though his soul
 Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole
 At half mankind when generous Manly raves,²
 All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves .
 When universal homage Umbra pays,³
 All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise 60
 When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,⁴
 While one there is who charms us with his spleen
 But these plain characters we rarely find ,
 Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind
 Or puzzling contraries confound the whole ,
 Or affectations quite reverse the soul
 The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy ,
 And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie
 Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise ;
 The fool lies hid in inconsistencies 70
 See the same man, in vigour, in the gout ;
 Alone, in company , in place, or out ,
 Early at business, and at hazard late ,
 Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate .

¹ James Brydges, first Duke of Chandos, whose hospitality and supposed personal munificence to Pope the latter was accused of having requited, by satirising the decorations and furniture of the duke's house at Canons in the epistle which now stands the fourth of the series, *Of the Use of Riches* See lines 97 and following. Pope denied the pecuniary obligation, and defended himself against the charge of having alluded to the duke's house. The duke accepted the explanation, and Pope has recorded his gratified feeling in the above praise of "gracious Chandos"

² Manly is the hero of Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*. The author himself was commonly known by the title of Manly Wycherley

³ Bubb Doddington

⁴ Supposed to refer to Queen Caroline.

Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball,
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius¹ is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then, prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without 80

Who would not praise Patritio's high desert,²
His hand unstained, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head¹ all interests weighed,
All Europe saved, yet Britain not betray
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
New-market-fame, and judgment at a bet

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron¹)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,³
A godless regent tremble at a star?⁴ 90
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,⁵
Faithless through piety, and duped through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, God and Nature only are the same.
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game,
A bird of passage¹ gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground

¹ Charles Darlineuf

² Lord Godolphin

³ Louis XI of France wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by, he feared to break his oath

⁴ Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV, superstitious in judicial astrology, though an unbeliever in all religion — *Warburton*

⁵ Philip V of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for religion, resumed it to gratify his queen, and Victor Amadeus II King of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and trying to reassume it, was imprisoned till his death.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
 Would from the apparent what conclude the why, 100
 Infer the motive from the deed, and show,
 That what we chanced was what we meant to do
 Behold ! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
 Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns .
 To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
 This quits an empire, that embrouls a state
 The same adust complexion has impelled
 Charles to the convent, Philip to the field

Not always actions show the man we find
 Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind , 110
 Perhaps prosperity becalmed his breast,
 Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :
 Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great
 Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
 His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ,
 Take the most strong, and sort them as you can 120
 The few that glare each character must mark,
 You balance not the many in the dark
 What will you do with such as disagree ?
 Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?
 Must then at once (the character to save)
 The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave ?
 Alas ! in truth the man but changed his mind,
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined
 Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat ?
 Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat 130

Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk? ¹

Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk

But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove

One action conduct, one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn,

A saint in crape ² is twice a saint in lawn,

A judge is just, a chancellor juster still,

A gownman, learned, a bishop, what you will;

Wise, if a minister, but, if a king,

More wise, more learned, more just, more everything 140

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,

Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate.

In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,

They please as beauties, here as wonders strike

Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays

Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,

We prize the stronger effort of his power,

And justly set the gem above the flower

'Tis education forms the common mind,

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined

150

Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire,

The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar,

Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave,

Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave

Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power

A Quaker? sly a Presbyterian? sour

A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour

Ask men's opinions Scoto ³ now shall tell

¹ Cleopatra.

² *Te* in the gown of an ordinary clergyman

³ In the first edition "J——n now shall tell," meaning perhaps Johnston, the Scottish secretary, a neighbour of Pope's at Twickenham — *Carruthers*

How trade increases, and the world goes well,
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun, 160
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some god, or spirit he has lately found -
Or chanced to meet a minister that frowned.

Judge we by nature? habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place.
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides.
Opinions? they still take a wider range 170
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times

Search then the ruling passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning know,
The fool consistent, and the false sincere,
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest¹
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, 180
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him or he dies,
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?

¹ Philip, Duke of Wharton, after a life of dissipation and adventure, died in the year 1731 in a Spanish convent, in the habit of the monks.

He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too ¹
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
 Enough if all around him but admire, 190
 And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart,
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt:
 His passion still, to covet general praise,
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 A constant bounty which no friend has made,
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade,
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind, 200
 Too rash for thought, for action too refined.
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves,
 A rebel to the very king he loves,
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still ¹ flagitious, yet not great
 Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool
 Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
 Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
 Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 210
 If second qualities for first they take.
 When Catiline by rapine swelled his store,
 When Cæsar made a noble dame ² a whore,
 In this the lust, in that the avarice
 Were means, not ends, ambition was the vice.

¹ John Wilmot, E of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagancies in the time of Charles the Second

² Servilia, the sister of Cato, and the mother of Brutus

That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aimed, like him, by chastity at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm

In vain the observer eyes the buider's toil, 220
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, just when they destroy
Time, that on all things lays his lement hand,
Yet tames not this, it sticks to our last sand
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest nature ends as she begins

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last,
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out, 230
As sober Lanesborough¹ dancing in the gout

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shoved from the wall perhaps, or rudely pressed
By his own son, that passes by unblessed
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate,
The doctor called, declares all help too late.
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!" 240
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl"

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still tries to save the hallowed taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,

¹ An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health, and dispel her grief by dancing

For one puff more, and in that puff expires ¹

"Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke,"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke) ²

"No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face.
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red." 251

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir?"

"I give and I devise" (old Eucio said,
And sighed) "my lands and tenements to Ned"
"Your money, sir," "My money, sir, what, all?"
Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul"
'The manor, sir?'—"The manor ! hold," he cried,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and died 261

And you, brave Cobham ! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
Such in those moments as in all the past,
"Oh, save my country, heaven ! shall be your last

¹ A fact told him by Lady Bolingbroke, of an old countess at Paris — *Warburton*

² This story, as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath. According to Warton, the actress in question was the famous Mrs. Oldfield

EPISTLE II¹

TO A LADY [MARTHA BLOUNT]

OF THE CHARCTERS OF WOMEN

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 "Most women have no characters at all"
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair

How many pictures of one nymph we view,
 All how unlike each other, all how true!
 Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermined pride,
 Is, there, Pastora by a fountain side
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
 And there, a naked Leda with a swan 10
 Let, then, the fair one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalen's loose hair, and lifted eye,
 Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,²
 With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine;
 Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
 If folly grow romantic, I must paint it

Come, then, the colours and the ground prepare!
 Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air,
 Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute 20

¹ This Epistle, as originally published, wanted the portraits of Philomede, Chloe, and Atossa. According to Warburton's statement, Pope communicated the character of Atossa to the Duchess of Marlborough as intended for the Duchess of Buckingham, according to Walpole the reverse.

² Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all. The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance, amongst others, that, where, as in the *Characters of Men*, he has sometimes made use of real names, in the *Characters of Women* always fictitious

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the park,¹
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;²
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
 With Sappho fragrant at an evening masque:
 So morning insects that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun.

How soft is Silia³ fearful to offend,³
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend. 30
 To her, Calista proved her conduct nice;
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice
 Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
 But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose,
 All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,³
 Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
 A park is purchased, but the fair he sees
 All bathed in tears—"Oh, odious, odious trees!" 40

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
 'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe,
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
 Their happy spots the nice admirer take,
 'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarmed,⁴
 Awed without virtue, without beauty charmed,
 Her tongue bewitched as oddly as her eyes,
 Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise,

¹ Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly therefore most consistent, as I in the *Affected*, ver 21

² Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

³ II Contrarieties in the *Soft-natured*.

⁴ III Contrarieties in the *Cunning and Artful*

Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad, 50
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
 As when she touched the brink of all we hate

Narcissa's¹ nature, tolerably mild,²
 To make a wash, would hardly stew a child,
 Has even been proved to grant a lover's prayer,
 And paid a tradesman once to make him stare,
 Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
 And made a widow happy, for a whim
 Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be borne? 60
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame.

Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking citron with his grace and chartres
 Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns,
 And Atheism and religion take their turns,
 A very heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart

See sin in state, majestically drunk,³
 Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk; 70
 Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming mistress, but a barren bride
 What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
 Her head's untouched, that noble seat of thought
 Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
 She sins with poets through pure love of wit
 What has not fired her bosom or her brain?

¹ I have been informed, on good authority, that this character was designed for the then Duchess of Hamilton — *Warton*

² IV In the *Whimsical*

³ V In the *Lewd and Vicious*

Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.

As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,

The nose of Hautgout, and the tip of taste, 80

Criticed your wine, and analysed your meat,

Yet on plain pudding deigned at home to eat ;

So Philomedé,¹ lecturing all mankind

On the soft passion, and the taste refined,

The address, the delicacy—stoops at once,

And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray ,²

To toast our wants and wishes, is her way ;

Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give

The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live." 90

Then all for death, that opiate of the soul !

Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl

Say, what can cause such impotence of mind ?

A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.

Wise wretch ! with pleasures too refined to please ;

With too much spirit to be e'er at ease ;

With too much quickness ever to be taught ;

With too much thinking to have common thought :

You purchase pain with all that joy can give,

And die of nothing but a rage to live 100

Turn then from wits , and look on Simo's mate,

No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate

Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,

Because she's honest, and the best of friends .

Or her, whose life the Church and scandal share,

For ever in a passion, or a prayer

¹ Designed for the Duchess of Marlborough who so much admired Congreve, *ie*, Henrietta (daughter of Sarah), Duchess of Marlborough, and wife of Lord Godolphin

² VI Contrarieties in the *Witty and Refined*

Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)¹
 Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"
 Or how in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of mirth and opium, ratifie and tears, 110
 The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
 To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.
 Woman and fool are two hard things to hit,
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?²
 Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
 Who, with herself, or otheis, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
 Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again
 Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
 The wisest fool much time has ever made
 From loveless youth to unrespected age,
 No passion gratified except her rage
 So much the fury still outran the wit,
 The pleasure missed her, and the scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well 130
 Her every turn with violence pursued,
 Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude
 To that each passion turns, or soon or late,
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate
 Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
 But an inferior not dependant? worse

¹ The Duchess of Montagu — *Watson*

² The Duchess of Marlborough, Sarah Jennings

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive,
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
 But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
 And temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140

Last night, her lord was all that's good and great,
 A knave this morning, and his will a cheat
 Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
 By spirit robbed of power, by warmth of friends,
 By wealth of followers! without one distress
 Sick of herself through very selfishness!
 Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir
 To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
 Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor 150

Pictures like these, dear madam, to design,
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
 Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right.
 For how should equal colours do the knack?
 Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Chloe¹ sure was formed without a spot"—
 Nature in her then erred not, but forgot
 "With every pleasing, every prudent part,
 Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart 160
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
 But never, never reached one generous thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever
 So very reasonable, so unmoved,
 As never yet to love, or to be loved
 She, while her lover pants upon her breast,

¹ Lady Suffolk, mistress of George II

Can mark the figures on an Indian chest,
 And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair 170
 Forbid it, Heaven, a favour or a debt
 She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear,
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear
 Of all her dears she never slandered one,
 But cares not if a thousand are undone
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
 She bids her footman put it in her head
 Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise?
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies 180

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which Heaven has varnished out, and made a queen
 The same for ever¹ and described by all
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball
 Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
 And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill
 'Tis well—but, artists¹ who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight
 That robe of quality so struts and swells,
 None see what parts of nature it conceals 190
 The exactest traits of body or of mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind
 If Queensbury¹ to strip there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen
 From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
 To draw the man who loves his God, or king
 Alas¹ I copy (or my draught would fail)

¹ The Duchess of Queensbury, the correspondent of Swift, and patroness of Gay

From honest Mahomet,¹ or plain Parson Hale²

But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone 200

Our bolder talents in full light displayed,
Your virtues open fairest in the shade
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide,
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue, or a vice

In men, we various ruling passions find,³
In women, two almost divide the kind,
'Those, only fixed, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway 210

That, nature gives, and where the lesson taught⁴
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this, by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take
But every woman is at heart a rake.

Men, some to quiet, some to public strife,
But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens?
Power all their end, but beauty all the means 220

¹ Servant to the late king (George I), said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person

² Dr Stephen Hale, not more estimable for his useful discoveries as a natural philosopher, than for his exemplary life and pastoral charity as a parish priest

³ The former part having shown that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform

⁴ This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly their education, and in some degree by necessity

⁵ What are the aims and the fate of this sex?—I As to *Power*

In youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,
 As leaves them scarce a subject in their age.
 For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam,
 No thought of peace or happiness at home
 But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat,
 As hard a science to the fair as great!
 Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
 Worn out in public, weary every eye,
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 230

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,¹
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view,
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
 To covet flying, and regret when lost
 At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
 It grows their age's prudence to pretend,
 Ashamed to own they gave delight before,
 Reduced to feign it, when they give no more.
 As hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
 So these their merry, miserable night, 240
 Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
 And haunt the places where their honour died

See how the world its veterans rewards!
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
 Young without lovers, old without a friend,
 A sop for their passion, but their prize a sot,
 Alive ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design,²
 To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine! 250

¹ II As to Pleasure

² Advice for their true interest.

That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the
ring,¹

Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.
So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines²

Oh ! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day,
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear,
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear , 260
She, who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ,
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys,
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will ,
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille .
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still 270
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite blest,
Your love of pleasure, or desire of rest.
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ,

¹ The fashionable promenade in the Park, destroyed at the time of the formation of the Serpentine, by order of Queen Caroline

² These four lines were originally addressed to Miss Judith Cowper.

Fixed principles, with fancy ever new,
Shakes all together, and produces—you 280

Be this a woman's fame with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest
This Phœbus promised (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first opened on the sphere,
Ascendant Phœbus watched that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer,
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself
The generous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines, 290
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III¹

TO ALLEN LORD BATHURST²

ARGUMENT

OF THE USE OF RICHES

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes,
avarice or profusion, ver 1, &c. The point discussed, whether

¹ This Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington, at the end of which are these words "I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places, and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries, and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones."

² Allen Apsley Lord Bathurst, a Tory peer

the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, ver 21-77 That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries, ver 89-160 That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, ver. 113, &c., 152 Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver 121-153 That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161-178 How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver 179 How a prodigal does the same, ver 199 The due medium, and true use of riches, ver 219 The Man of Ross, ver 250 The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples, both miserable in life and in death, ver 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, ver 339 to the end

P WHO shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given
That man was made the standing jest of heaven;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely, Heaven and I are of a mind)
Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground.
But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flamed forth this rival to its sire, the sun,
Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven or token of the elect,
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,

To Ward,¹ to Waters,² Chartres,³ and the Devil⁴ 20

B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows,
Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve,
What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)

¹ John Ward, of Hackney, Esq. member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that director's estate, forfeited to the South Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward, but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and to see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the worth of this gentleman, at the several eras of his life, at his standing in the pillory he was worth above two hundred thousand pounds, at his commitment to prison, he was worth one hundred and fifty thousand, but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a worse man by fifty or sixty thousand.

² Mr Waters, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil, capacity, his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his worth may be known more certainly.

³ Fr Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat, he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due, in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned, but the last time not without imprisonment.

Extends to luxury, extends to lust
 Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
 But, dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend. 30

in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c., into the grave along with it. The following epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr Arbuthnot —

Here continueth to rot
 The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
 Who with an inflexible constancy, and inimitable uniformity of life,
 Persisted,
 In spite of age and infirmities,
 In the practice of every human vice ;
 Excepting prodigality and hypocrisy
 His insatiable avarice exempted him from the first,
 His matchless impudence from the second
 Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity of his manners
 Than successful in accumulating wealth
 For, without trade or profession,
 Without trust of public money,
 And without bribe-worthy service,
 He acquired, or more properly created,
 A ministerial estate
 He was the only person of his time,
 Who could cheat without the mask of honesty,
 Retain his primeval meanness
 When possessed of ten thousand a year,
 And having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did,
 Was at last condemned to it for what he could not do
 Oh, indignant reader !
 Think not his life useless to mankind !
 Providence connived at his execrable designs,
 To give to after ages
 A conspicuous proof and example,
 Of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God,
 By his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals
 This gentleman was worth seven thousand pounds a year estate in
 land, and about one hundred thousand in money

⁴ Alluding to the vulgar opinion, that all mines of metal and subterraneous treasures are in the guard of the devil

B It raises armies in a nation's aid

P But bribes a senate, and the land's betrayed
 In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave;
 If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
 Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,¹
 From the cracked bag the dropping guinea spoke,
 And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 "Old Cato is as great a rogue as you"
 Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
 Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings,²
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to a distant shore,³
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
 Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow.
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a king, or buys a queen⁴

40

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
 Still, as of old, encumbered villany!

50

¹ This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III to an unsuspected old patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the king, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there. According to Warburton, this was Sir Christopher Musgrave.

² In our author's time, many princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had disposed of Spain, France had set up a king for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again, King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again, the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

³ Alludes to several ministers, counsellors, and patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that more glorious fate of the Parliament of Paris, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720.

⁴ The allusion seems to be to the Pretender, and to Queen Caroline.

Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfumed and fine,
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
 Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!
 Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you? *B* Say? Why take it, gold and all

P What riches give us let us then inquire
 Meat, fire, and clothes *B* What more? *P* Meat,
 clothes, and fire So

Is this too little? would you more than live?
 Alas! 'tis more than Turner¹ finds they give.
 Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
 Unhappy Wharton,² waking, found at last!
 What can they give? to dying Hopkins,³ heirs;
 To Chartres, vigour Japhet, nose and ears?⁴

¹ One who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach, because interest was reduced from five to four per cent., and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest, which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both clothes and all other expenses.

² A nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his character in the first epistle.

³ A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of Vulture Hopkins. He lived worthless, but died worth three hundred thousand pounds, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir-at-law.

⁴ Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was

Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below ;
 Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
 With all the embroidery plastered at thy tail ? 90
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend ,
 Or find some doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife .
 But thousands die. without or this or that,
 Die, and endow a college, or a cat.¹
 To some indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
 To enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part ?
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart ²
 The grave Sir Gilbert³ holds it for a rule, 101
 That "every man in want is knave or fool .
 God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)

at the same time sued in Chancery, for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased By these means he was worth a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor

¹ A famous duchess of Richmond in her last will left considerable legacies and annuities to her cats

² This epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the Charitable Corporation, but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the house, were expelled By the report of the committee appointed to inquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the directors replied, "Damn the poor" That "God hates the poor," and "That every man in want is knave or fool," &c., were the genuine apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned

³ Sir Gilbert Heathcote, director of the Bank of England

The wretch he starves"—and piously denies :
 But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
 Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care

Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
 Each does but hate his neighbour as himself .
 Damned to the mines, an equal fate betides
 The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides 110

B Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
 Must act on motives powerful, though unknown

P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,
 Some revelation hid from you and me

Why Shylock wants a meal the cause is found,
 He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made directors cheat in South-sea year ?
 To live on venison when it sold so dear¹

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys ?
 Phryne foresees a general excise² 120

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum ?
 Alas ! they fear a man will cost a plum

Wise Peter³ sees the world's respect for gold,
 And therefore hopes this nation may be sold
 Glorious ambition ! Peter, swell thy store,

¹ In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a hunch of venison was from three to five pounds.

² Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation

³ Peter Walter, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dexterous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe conveyancer, extremely respected by the nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation his wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him

And be what Rome's great Didius¹ was before

'The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,²

To just three millions stunted modest Gage.³

But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,

Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold

130

Congenial souls¹ whose life one avarice joins,

And one fate buries in the Asturian mines

Much injured Blunt⁴ why bears he Britain's hate?

A wizard told him in these words our fate.

"At length corruption, like a general flood,

(So long by watchful ministers withstood)

Shall deluge all, and avarice, creeping on,

Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun ;

Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,

Peeress and butler share alike the box,

140

¹ A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

² The two persons here mentioned were of quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realise above three hundred thousand pounds; the gentleman with a view to the purchase of the crown of Poland, the lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturias.

³ A Mr Gage, of the ancient Suffolk Catholic family of that name, and Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of the Marquess of Powis, and of a natural daughter of James II; whence the phrase "hereditary realms"—*Bowles*

⁴ Sir John Blunt, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-sea Company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a dissenter of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a greater believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against avarice in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year

And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
And France revenged of Anne's and Edward's arms?"
'Twas no court-badge, great Scrivener! fired thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
And, nobly wishing party rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace. 150

"All this is madness," cries a sober sage
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still"
Less mad the wildest whimsy we can frame,
Than even that passion, if it has no aim,
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.¹

Hear then the truth "'Tis Heaven each passion
sends,
And different men directs to different ends 160
Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use"
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconciled extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives the eternal wheels to know their rounds
Riches, like insects, when concealed they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly 170

¹ Verbatim from Rochefoucault — *Warton*

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
 Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;
 This year a reservoir, to keep and spare ;
 The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,
 In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
 And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst

Old Cotta¹ shamed his fortune and his birth,
 Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth
 What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
 His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot? 180
 His court with nettles, moats with cresses stored,
 With soups unbought and salads blessed his board?
 If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
 Than Brahmins, saints, and sages did before ,
 To cram the rich was prodigal expense,
 And who would take the poor from Providence?
 Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
 Silence without, and fasts within the wall ,
 No raftred roofs with dance and tabor sound,
 No noon-tide bell invites the country round , 190
 Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
 And turns the unwilling steeds another way ,
 Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
 Curse the saved candle, and unopening door ,
 While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate,
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat

Not so his son , he marked this oversight,
 And then mistook reverse of wrong for right
 (For what to shun will no great knowledge need ;
 But what to follow, is a task indeed) 200

¹ Supposed to be the Duke of Newcastle, who died in 1711, and his son, who became prime minister

Yet sure, of quahties deserving praise,
 More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise
 What slaughtered hecatombs, what floods of wine,
 Fill the capacious squire, and deep divine !
 Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
 His oxen perish in his country's cause ,
 'Tis George and liberty that crowns the cup,
 And zeal for that great house which eats him up
 The woods recede around the naked seat ,
 The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet , 210
 Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands ;
 Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands
 To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
 Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils ?
 In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws

The sense to value riches, with the art
 To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart, 220
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude ,
 To balance fortune by a just expense,
 Join with economy, magnificence ,
 With splendour, charity , with plenty, health ;
 O teach us, Bathurst ! yet unspoiled by wealth !
 That secret rare, between the extremes to move
 Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love

B To worth or want well-weighed, be bounty given,
 And ease, or emulate, the care of Heaven , 230
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
 Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused ,

As poison heals, in just proportion used :
 In heaps, like ambergrise, a stink it lies,
 But well-dispersed, as incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
 The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
 Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
 Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon? 240

Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
 Uncoloured by a gamester, pimp, or player?
 Who copies yours or Oxford's better part,¹
 To ease the oppressed, and raise the sinking heart?
 Where'er he shines, oh fortune, gild the scene,
 And angels guard him in the golden mean !
 There, English bounty yet awhile may stand,
 And honour linger ere it leaves the land

But all our praises why should lords engross?
 Rise, honest muse ! and sing the Man of Ross ² 250
 Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,³
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,

¹ Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford The son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne This nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits He left behind him one of the most noble libraries in Europe

² The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the Man of Ross given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription) was called Mr John Kyrle He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire

³ The river Wye

But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain
Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose? 260
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each hisping babe replies
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread,
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate,
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives 270
Is there a variance, enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race

B Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

P Of debts, and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year 280
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your
blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays

B And what? no monument, inscription stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history,

Enough, that virtue filled the space between ;
 Proved, by the ends of being, to have been 290
 When Hopkins dies,¹ a thousand lights attend
 The wretch, who living saved a candle's end :
 Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
 Belies his features, nay extends his hands ,
 That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
 Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone ²
 Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend ¹
 And see, what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
 The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung, 300
 On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
 With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villiers lies ³—alas ! how changed from him,
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !
 Gallant and gay, in Chiveden's ⁴ proud alcove,
 The bower of wanton Shrewsbury ⁵ and love ;
 Or just as gay, at council, in a ring

¹ Edmund Boulter, Esq, executor to Vulture Hopkins, made so splendid a funeral for him, that the expenses amounted to £7666
 —Becker

² The poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large perruques on bustos, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster and elsewhere

³ This lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, after having been possessed of about £50,000 a year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery

⁴ A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the Duke of Buckingham

⁵ The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The earl, her husband, was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel, and it has been said, that during the combat she held the duke's horses in the habit of a page

Of mimicked statesmen, and their merry king 310
No wit to flatter left of all his store¹

No fool to laugh at, which he valued more
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends

His grace's fate sage Cutler¹ could foresee,
And well (he thought) advised him, "Love like me"
As well his grace replied, "Like you, Sir John?
That I can do, when all I have is gone"

Resolve me, reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a fool, or with an empty purse? 320

Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confessed,
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more blessed?

Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want, he could not build a wall

His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want, he could not pay a dower
A few grey hairs his reverend temples crowned,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound

What even denied a cordial at his end,
Banished the doctor, and expelled the friend? 330

What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel the want of what he had¹

Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
"Virtue¹ and wealth¹ what are ye but a name!"

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepared?
Or are they both, in this their own reward?

A knotty point¹ to which we now proceed
But you are tired—I'll tell a tale— B Agreed

Sir John Cutler, a wealthy citizen of the Restoration period, accused of rapacity on account of a large claim made by his executors against the College of Physicians which he had aided by a loan —*Carruthers*

P Where London's column,¹ pointing at the
 skies,
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies ; 340
 There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
 A plain good man, and Balaam was his name ;
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth ;
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
 An added pudding solemnised the Lord's .
 Constant at church, and change , his gains were sure,
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor
 The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
 And longed to tempt him like good Job of old 350
 But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor
 Roused by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
 The surge, and plunge his father in the deep,
 Then full against his Cornish² lands they roar,
 And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore
 Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
 He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes ,
 " Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word,
 And lo ! two puddings smoked upon the board 360
 Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,

¹ The monument on Fish Street Hill, built in memory of the fire of London, of 1666, with an inscription, importing that city to have been burnt by the papists

² The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives. When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off, to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the people nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities.

An honest factor stole a gem away.¹
 He pledged it to the knight, the knight had wit,
 So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
 Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought,
 "I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat,
 Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
 And am so clear too of all other vice"

The tempter saw his time, the work he plied;
 Stocks and subscriptions poured on every side, 370
 Till all the demon makes his full descent
 In one abundant shower of cent per cent,
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
 Then dubs director, and secures his soul

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
 Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit,
 What late he called a blessing, now was wit,
 And God's good providence, a lucky hit
 Things change their titles, as our manners turn.
 His counting-house employed the Sunday morn, 380
 Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life)
 But duly sent his family and wife
 There (so the devil ordained) one Christmas-tide
 My good old lady caught a cold and died

A nymph of quality admires our knight,
 He marries, bows at court, and grows polite.
 Leaves the dull city, and joins (to please the pair)
 The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air.
 First, for his son a gay commission buys,
 Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies 390

¹ Pope was supposed to allude here to the Pitt diamond brought to England by Thomas Pitt, governor of Madras, about 1700, and sold to the King of France for £20,000. Thomas Pitt was grandfather of the first Earl of Chatham — *Carruthers*



*A nymph of quality admires our knight,
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite "*

His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife ;
 She bears a coronet and pox for life.
 In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
 And one more pensioner St Stephen gains.¹
 My lady falls to play, so bad her chance,
 He must repair it, takes a bribe from France ,
 The House impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ,²
 The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs
 Wife, son, and daughter, Satan¹ are thy own,
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeits to the crown . 400
 The devil and the king divide the prize,
 And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

 EPISTLE IV

 TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON²

ARGUMENT.

OF THE USE OF RICHES

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word taste, ver. 13 That the first principle and foundation, in this as in everything else, is good sense, ver 40 The chief proof of it is to follow nature even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver 50 How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all, and the best examples and

¹ —atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ

JUV III 3—*Warburton*

² The impeachment of Oxford in 1715 was moved by Lord Coningsby

³ Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, obtained fame by his taste in architecture

rules will but be perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous, ver 65, &c, to 92 A description of the false taste of magnificence, the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, ver 97, and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently, ver 105, &c A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments, ver 133, &c Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ver 169. What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men, ver 177, &c., and finally, the great and public works which become a prince, ver. 191, to the end

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy
 Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
 His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
 Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats,
 Artists must choose his pictures, music, meals.
 He buys for Topham,¹ drawings and designs,
 For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins,
 Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne² alone,
 And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane³ 10
 Think we all these are for himself? no more
 Than his fine wife, alas¹ or finer whore
 For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
 Only to show, how many tastes he wanted
 What brought Sir Visto's ill got wealth to waste?

¹ A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings

² Thomas Hearne, the antiquary

³ Two eminent physicians, the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities, both men of great learning and humanity

Some dæmon whispered, "Visto ' have a taste "
 Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
 And needs no rod but Ripley¹ with a rule
 See ' sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
 Bids Bubo² build, and sends him such a guide 20
 A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
 That never coxcomb reached magnificence !

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,³
 And pompous buildings once were things of use
 Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules
 Fill half the land with imitating-fools ,
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
 And of one beauty many blunders make ,
 Load some vain church with old theatric state,
 Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate , 30
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patched dog-hole eked with ends of wall ,
 Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
 That, laced with bits of rustic, makes a front
 Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
 Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ,⁴
 Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
 And, if they starve, they starve by rules of art

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer
 A certain truth, which many buy too dear 40
 Something there is more needful than expense,

¹ This man was a carpenter, employed by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in the art , and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him comptroller of the Board of works

² Bubb Doddington

³ The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the *Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio*

⁴ A door or window so called, from being much practised at Venice, by Palladio and others

And something previous even to taste—'tis sense
 Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
 And though no science, fairly worth the seven.¹
 A light, which in yourself you must perceive,
 Jones and Le Nôtre² have it not to give

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
 To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
 In all, let nature never be forgot

50

But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare,
 Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide -
 He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
 Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds

Consult the genius of the place in all,
 That tells the waters or to rise, or fall,
 Or helps the ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
 Or scoops in circling theatres the vale,
 Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades,
 Now breaks, or now directs, the intending lines,
 Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs
 Still follow sense, of every art the soul,
 Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
 Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start even from difficulty, strike from chance,
 Nature shall join you, time shall make it grow
 A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe³

60

70

¹ The seven sciences of the scholastic *trivium* and *quadrivium*

² Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect, and M Le Nôtre, the designer of the best gardens of France

³ The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire

Without it, proud Versailles¹ thy glory falls,
 And Nero's terraces desert their walls
 The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
 Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake
 Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
 You'll wish your hill or sheltered seat again¹
 Even in an ornament its place remark,
 Nor in a hermitage set Dr Clarke²

Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,
 His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet; 80
 The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
 And strength of shade contends with strength of light,
 A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,
 With silver-quivering rills mæandered o'er—
 Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more,
 Tired of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
 He finds at last he better likes a field

Through his young woods how pleased Sabinus
 strayed,
 Or sat delighted in the thickening shade, 90
 With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
 His son's fine taste an opener vista loves,
 Foe to the dyrads of his father's groves,
 One boundless green, or flourished carpet views,³

¹ This was done in Hertfordshire, by a wealthy citizen, at the expense of above £5000, by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods

² Dr S Clarke's busto placed by the Queen in the hermitage, while, the Dr duly frequented the Court [Dr Clarke, one of Queen Caroline's chaplains, and the author of *Evidences of Religion*, was charged with Arian opinions]

³ The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty, a

With all the mournful family of jews,¹
 The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade
 At Timon's villa² let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!" 100
 So proud, so grand, of that stupendous air,
 Soft and agreeable come never there
 Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
 To compass this, his building is a town,
 His pond an ocean, his parterre a down
 Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
 A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
 The whole, a laboured quarry above ground; 110
 Two cupids squirt before, a lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the northern wind
 His gardens next your admiration call,
 On every side you look, behold the wall!
 No pleasing intricacies intervene,
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene,
 Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other

boundless green, large and naked as a field, or a flourished carpet, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scrolled works and beds, of which the examples are frequent

¹ Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of ever greens (particularly jews, which are the most tonsile) as to destroy the nobler forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as pyramids of dark-green continually repeated, not unlike a funeral procession.

² This description is intended to comprise the principles of a false taste of magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good sense can attain it—See Note on Moral Essays, Lp I ver 54

The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
 Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees, 120
 With here a fountain, never to be played,
 And there a summer-house, that knows no shade,
 Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers,
 There gladiators¹ fight or die in flowers,
 Unwatered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn

My lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen
 But soft,—by regular approach,—not yet,—
 First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat,² 130
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragged your
 thighs,

Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes

His study¹ with what authors is it stored?³
 In books, not authors, curious is my lord,
 To all their dated backs he turns you round.
 These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound
 Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,
 For all his lordship knows but they are wood
 For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
 These shelves admit not any modern book 140
 And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,

¹ The two statues of the *Gladiator pugnant* and *Gladiator moriens*

² The approaches and communications of house with garden, or of one part with another, ill judged, and inconvenient

³ The false taste in books, a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding, some have carried it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood, others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do

That summons you to all the pride of prayer ¹
 Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven
 On painted ceilings² you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre³
 On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
 And bring all paradise before your eye
 To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
 Who never mentions hell to ears polite ⁴ 150

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call,
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall.
 The rich buffet well-coloured serpents grace,⁵
 And gaping tritons spew to wash your face.
 Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
 No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb ⁶
 A solemn sacrifice, performed in state,
 You drink by measure and to minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there 160
 Between each act the trembling salvers ring,

¹ The false taste in music, improper to the subjects, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organist, &c.

² And in painting (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in churches, &c., which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters

³ Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, &c., at Windsor, Hampton Court, &c., and Laguerre at Blenheim Castle, and other places.

⁴ This is a fact, a reverend Dean preaching at court, threatened the sinner with punishment in "a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly"

⁵ Taxes the incongruity of ornaments (though sometimes practised by the ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c., are introduced in grottoes or buffets.

⁶ The proud festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the king
In plenty starving, tantalised in state,
And complaisantly helped to all I hate,
Treated, caressed, and tired, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve,
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever past so ill

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed,¹
Health to himself, and to his infants bread 170
The lab'rer bears . what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies

Another age shall see the golden ear
Embrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has planned,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense. 180

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil,
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed,
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,

* The moral of the whole, where Providence is justified in giving wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad taste employs more hands, and diffuses expense more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I Ep 11 ver 230 7, and in the Epistle preceding this, ver 161, &c

First shade a country, and then raise a town 190

You too proceed¹ make falling arts your care,
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair,
 Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
 And be whate'er Vitruvius was before
 'Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,
 (Proud to accomplish what such hands designed,)
 Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
 Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend,
 Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain, 200
 The mole projected break the roaring main,
 Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
 And roll obedient rivers through the land
 These honours peace to happy Britain brings,
 These are imperial works, and worthy kings

EPISTLE V

TO MR ADDISON

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS

This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr Addison intended to publish his book of medals, it was some time before he was Secretary of State, but not published till Mr Tickell's edition of his works, at which time the verses on Mr Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz, in 1720

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
 The very tombs now vanished like their dead!
 Imperial wonders raised on nations spoiled,
 Where mixed with slaves the groaning martyr toiled.
 Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,

Now drained a distant country of her floods ·
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they ! 10
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire,
Perhaps, by its own ruins saved from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name ,
That name the learned with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due

Ambition sighed . she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust 20
Huge moles, whose shadow stretched from shore to
shore,

Their ruins perished, and their place no more !
Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps ,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps ,
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine ,
A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold 30

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie
With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
The inscription value, but the rust adore
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,

One grasps a Cecrops in ecstasie dreams 40
 Poor Vadius,¹ long with learned spleen devoured,
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scoured,
 And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
 Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride²

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine
 Touched by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine,
 Her gods, and god-like heroes rise to view,
 And all her faded garlands bloom anew
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage,
 These pleased the fathers of poetic rage, 50
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
 And art reflected images to art

Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
 In living medals see her wars enrolled,
 And vanquished realms supply recording gold?
 Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
 There warriors frowning in historic brass?
 Then future ages with delight shall see
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree, 60
 Or in fair series laurelled bards be shown,
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison
 Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
 On the cast ore, another Polho, shine,
 With aspect open, shall erect his head,
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
 "Statesman, yet friend to truth¹ of soul sincere,

¹ See his history, and that of his shield, in the *Memoirs of Scriblerus* — Warburton Aimed at Dr Woodward, the eminent physician and naturalist, who wrote a dissertation on an ancient shield which he possessed — *Carruthers*

² Charles Patin was banished from the court because he sold Louis XIV. an Otho that was not genuine — *Warton*

In action faithful, and in honour clear ,
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend , ' 70
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied by the muse he loved "





SATIRES.

EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS EPISTLE.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune (the authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*) to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle If it have anything pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment, and if anything offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous

Many will know their own picture in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true, but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceedings, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its truth and likeness.

EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John ! fatigued, I said,
 Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
 The dog-star rages ! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide ?
 They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
 By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge 10
 No place is sacred, not the church is free,
 Even Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me,
 Then from the Mint ¹ walks forth the man of rhyme,
 Happy to catch me just at dinner-time

Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza, when he should engross ?
 Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls ? 20
 All fly to Twittenham, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain
 Arthur, ² whose giddy son neglects the laws,
 Imputes to me and my damned works the cause

¹ A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford one another, from the persecution of their creditors — *Warburton*

² Arthur Moore, a leading politician of Queen Anne's time His son, James Moore (afterwards James Moore-Smythe), a small place-man and poetaster

Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope

Friend to my life (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love? 30

A dire dilemma ' either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I '
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head,
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
Thus saving counsel, " Keep your piece nine years " 40

" Nine years ! " cries he, who high in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Obliged by hunger, and request of friends
" The piece, you think, is incorrect? why, take it,
I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it "

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound

Pitholeon sends to me " You know his grace,
I want a patron, ask him for a place " 50
Pitholeon libelled me,—" but here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
He'll write a journal,¹ or he'll turn divine "

¹ Meaning the *London Journal*, a paper in favour of Sir R Walpole's ministry — *Warton*

Bless me ! a packet.—" 'Tis a stranger sues,
 A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse "¹
 If I dislike it, " Furies, death, and rage ! "
 If I approve, " Commend it to the stage "
 There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends, 60
 Fired that the house reject him, " 'Sdeath I'll print it,
 And shame the fools——Your interest, sir, with
 Lintot ! "

Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much .
 " Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch "
 All my demurs but double his attacks ,
 At last he whispers, " Do , and we go snacks "
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a king) 70
 His very minister who spied them first,
 (Some say his queen ²) was forced to speak, or burst
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
 When every coxcomb perks them in my face ?

A Good friend, forbear ! you deal in dangerous
 things
 I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings ,
 Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick ,
 'Tis nothing— P Nothing ? if they bite and kick ?
 Out with it, Dunciad ! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass 80

¹ Alludes to a tragedy called the *Virgin Queen*, by Mr R. Barford, published 1729, who displeased Pope by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his sylphs in an heroi-comical poem called *The Assembly*—Warton.

² The story is told, by some, of his barber, but by Chaucer of his queen. See *Wife of Bath's Tale* in *Dryden's Fables*

The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool
Let peals of laughter, Codrus¹ round thee break,
Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack
Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurled,
Thou standest unshook amidst a bursting world
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb
through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew. 90

Destroy his fib or sophistry in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines¹

Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arched eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord, and whore?
His butchers¹ Henley, his freemasons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?

Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit?² 100

Still Sappho— A Hold¹ for God's sake—you'll
offend,

No names¹—be calm¹—learn prudence of a friend¹

I too could write, and I am twice as tall,

But foes like these— P One flatterer's worse than
all

Of all mad creatures, if the learned are right,

¹ Henley, see *Dunciad* iii 199 and following. His oratory was among the butchers in Newport Market and Butcher Row—*Bowles*

² Boulter, afterwards primate of all Ireland, was Ambrose Philips' great friend and patron—*Bowles*

It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent
Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes . 110

One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
And more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe "

There are, who to my person pay their court
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short,
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir ! you have an eye"—

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters, met in me 120

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head "

And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own ?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed 130

The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life,

To second, Arbuthnot ! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved, to bear

But why then publish ? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write ,
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise ;
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays ,

The courtly Talbot,¹ Somers, Sheffield read,
 Even mitred Rochester² would nod the head, 140
 And St John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
 With open arms received one poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approved!
 Happier their author, when by these beloved!
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the Burnets, Oldmixon, and Cookes³

Soft were my numbers, who could take offence,
 While pure description held the place of sense?
 Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream⁴ 150
 Yet then did Gildon⁵ draw his venal quill,—
 I wished the man a dinner, and sat still
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret,
 I never answered,—I was not in debt
 If want provoked, or madness made them print,

¹ All these were patrons or admirers of Mr Dryden, though a scandalous libel against him entitled, *Dryden's Satire to his Muse*, has been printed in the name of the Lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant

These are the persons to whose account the author charges the publication of his first pieces persons with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at sixteen or seventeen years of age, an early period for such acquaintance The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he wrote the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest*, on which he passes a sort of censure in the lines following,—

While pure description held the place of sense, &c.

² Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester

³ Authors of secret and scandalous history By no means authors of the same class, though the violence of party might hurry them into the same mistakes But if the first offended this way, it was only through an honest warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent understanding The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts still worse

⁴ Meaning the *Rape of the Lock* and *Windsor Forest*—*Warburton* A painted meadow, &c, is a verse of Mr Addison

⁵ Charles Gildon, a converted Roman Catholic

I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint

Did some more sober critic come abroad ,
If wrong, I smiled ; if right, I kissed the rod.

Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160

Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these rihalds,
From slashing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds .

Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,

Even such small critic some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.

Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms ! 170

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry I excused them too ,
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due

A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ,
But each man's secret standard in his mind,

That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify ? for who can guess ?

The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,¹ 180

Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year,

He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left

And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning .

And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,

¹ Ambrose Philips

It is not poetry, but prose run mad
 All these, my modest satire bade translate,
 And owned that nine such poets made a Tate ¹ 190
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe ¹
 And swear, not Addison himself was safe

Peace to all such ¹ but were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease .
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ; 200
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ,
 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged ,
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause , 210
 While wits and templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus ² were he ?

¹ Nahum Tate, the author of the version of the psalms

² It was a great falsehood, which some of the libels reported, that this character was written after the gentleman's death, which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the edition of his works.

Who though my name stood rubric on the walls,
 Or plaistered posts, with claps, in capitals?
 Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?¹
 I sought no homage from the race that write;
 I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight: 220
 Poems I heeded (now be-rhymed so long)
 No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song
 I ne'er with wits or witlings passed my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
 Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down,
 Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouthed, and cried,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side,
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To Bufo left the whole Castilian state 230

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
 Sat full-blown Bufo, puffed by every quill;²
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song
 His library (where busts of poets dead
 And a true Pindar stood without a head,³)
 Received of wits an undistinguished race,
 Who first his judgment asked, and then a place.
 Much they extolled his pictures, much his seat,
 And flattered every day, and some days eat 240
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,

¹ Hopkins, in the 104th psalm

² Roscoe has shown that this cannot refer to Lord Halifax

³ Ridicules the affectation of antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless trunks and terms of statutes, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide *Fulu Uisim* &c

To some a dry rehearsal was assigned,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind
 Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
 Dryden alone escaped this judging eye
 But still the great have kindness in reserve,
 He helped to bury whom he helped to starve¹

May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill !
 May every Bavius have his Bufo still ! 250

So, when a statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
 Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !
 Blest be the great ! for those they take away,
 And those they left me , for they left me Gay ,
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb .
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return

My verse, and Queensbury weeping o'er thy urn ! 260

Oh, let me live my own, and die so too !

(To live and die is all I have to do)

Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,

And see what friends, and read what books I please ,

Above a patron, though I condescend

Sometimes to call a minister my friend.

I was not born for courts or great affairs ,

I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers ,

Can sleep without a poem in my head ,

Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead

270

Why am I asked what next shall see the light ?

Heavens ! was I born for nothing but to write ?

¹ Mr Dryden, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of quality

Has life no joys for me? or, (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
 "I found him close with Swift"—Indeed? no doubt,
 (Cries prating Balbus) something will come out
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will

No, such a genius never can lie still;
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first lampoon Sir Will¹ or Bubo² makes 280
 Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
 When every coxcomb knows me by my style?

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
 Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,
 Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out 290
 That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,
 And show the sense of it without the love,
 Who has the vanity to call you friend,
 Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend,
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray
 Who to the Dean, and silver bell can swear,³

¹ Sir William Yonge — *Bowles* A man whose fluency and readiness of speech amounted to a fault

² Bubb Doddington

³ Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr P meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the epistle on *Taste* See Mr Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter

And sees at canons what was never there, 300
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction, lie
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead

Let Sporus tremble¹— A What? that thing of silk,
 Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
 Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings, 310
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys.
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
 His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss
 And he himself one vile antithesis
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord

¹ John Lord Hervey, eldest surviving son of the Earl of Bristol and author of the *Memoirs of the Reign of George II*. He attained to the office of Lord Privy Seal

A friend in exile, or a father, dead,
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear —
 Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past,
 For thee, fair virtue! welcome even the last!

A But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360

P A knave's a knave, to me, in every state
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
 Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
 If on a pillory, or near a throne,
 He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
 Sappho can tell you how this man was bit,
 This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess 370
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress,
 So humble, he has knocked at Tibbald's door,
 Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhymed for Moore
 Full ten years slandered, did he once reply?¹
 Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie²
 To please a mistress one aspersed his life,
 He lashed him not, but let her be his wife

nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons.

¹ It was so long after many libels before the author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him

² This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr P had occasioned a lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libelled the Duke of Chandos, with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of five hundred pounds the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr P never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from any great man whatsoever. Compare *Dunciad* ii. ver. 207-210

Let Budget charge low Grub Street on his quill,¹
 And write whate'er he pleased, except his will,²
 Let the two Curlls of town and court, abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse³
 Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool

¹ Budget, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bea*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr Tindal, in the *Grub Street Journal*, a paper wherem he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its author. He reappears in the *Dunciad* 11, ver 397

² Alluding to Tindal's will. by which, and other indirect practices, Budget, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him

³ In some of Curll's and other pamphlets, Mr Pope's father was said to be a mechanic, a hatter, a farmer, nay, a bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a nobleman (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity* and the following line—

Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure,

had fallen from a like courtly pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*. Mr Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsey. His mother was the daughter of William Turnor, Esq., of York. she had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles, the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family—Mr Pope died in 1717, aged 75, she in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex —

D O M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE VIRO INNOCVO PROBO PIO

QVI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV OB MDCCXVII

ET EDITHAE CONIVGI INCVLPA BILI.

PIENTISSIMAE QVAE VIXIT ANNOS

XCIH OB MDCCXXXIII

PARENTIBVS BENEMERENTIBVS FILIVS FECIT

ET. SIBI

That harmless mother thought no wife a whore
 Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore¹
 Unspotted names, and memorable long¹

If there be force in virtue, or in song

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—*A* What fortune, pray?—*P.* Their
 own, 390

And better got, than Bestia's from the throne¹
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walked innoxious through his age
 Nor courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie²

Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language, but the language of the heart
 By nature honest, by experience wise, 400
 Healthy by temperance, and by exercise,
 His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan
 O, grant me, thus to live, and thus to die¹

Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I

O, friend! may each domestic bliss be thine¹

Be no unpleasing melancholy mine

Me, let the tender office long engage,

To rock the cradle of reposing age,

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410

Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,

¹ L. Calpurnius Bestia, who here seems to signify the Duke of Marlborough, was a Roman proconsul, bribed by Jugurtha.

² He was a nonjuror, and would not take the oath of allegiance or supremacy, or the oath against the Pope.—*Bowles*

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep awhile one parent from the sky !
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
 Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he served a queen

A Whether that blessing be denied or given,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to heaven.

SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE IMITATED.

ADVERTISEMENT

The occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the clamour raised on some of my *Epistles*. An answer from Horace was both more full and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person, and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers under whom they lived. The satires of Dr Donne I versified, at the desire of the Earl of Oxford while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury who had been Secretary of State, neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knows with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller, whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite

Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus amici.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

SATIRE I

TO MR FORTESCUE¹

P THERE are, (I scarce can think it, but am told,)
There are, to whom my satire seems too bold.
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough
The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,
Lord Fanny² spins a thousand such a day.
Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counsel learned in the law
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice, and (as you use) without a fee 10

F I'd write no more

P. Not write, but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write

F You could not do a worse thing for your life
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip-wine, *probatum est*
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes 20
Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise,
You'll gain at least a knighthood, or the bays

P What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and
fierce,³

¹ The Hon W Fortescue, who became Master of the Rolls

² Lord Hervey

³ Sir Richard Blackmore

With Arms, and George, and Brunswick crowd the
verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budget's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F. Then all your muses softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay, 30
Lull with Amelia's¹ liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear,
They scarce can bear their laureate twice a year,²
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays:
It is to history he trusts for praise

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter 40
Even those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail them?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam
The fewer still you name, you wound the more,
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score

P. Each mortal has his pleasure none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie,³
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see

¹ Princess Amelia, daughter of George II

² Colley Cibber

³ This lover of ham-pie owned the fidelity of the poet's pencil, and said, he had done justice to his taste, but that if, instead of ham-pie, he had given him sweet-pie, he never could have pardoned him — *Warburton* Lord Scarsdale and Charles Dartigue-nave, or Dartineuf, were noted epicures The latter was paymaster of the works.

The doubling lustres dance as fast as she,
 F—— loves the senate,¹ Hockley-hole² his brother,
 Like in all else, as one egg to another 50
 I love to pour out all myself, as plain
 As downright Shippen,³ or as old Montaigne.
 In them, as certain to be loved as seen,
 The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
 Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
 In this impartial glass, my muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends,
 Publish the present age, but where my text
 Is vice too high, reserve it for the next. 60
 My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
 And every friend the less lament my fate
 My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
 Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between,
 Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory
 Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet, 70
 I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors
 Save but our army¹ and let Jove encrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
 Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more⁴

¹ Most likely Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, alluded to in *Epil to Satires*, Dial. 1, ver 71 The brother is Stephen Fox, afterwards Lord Ilchester — *Carruthers*

² The bear-garden at Hockley-in the Hole

³ William Shippen, an outspoken politician and a Jacobite

⁴ Cardinal Fleury, Prime Minister of France

But touch me, and no minister so sore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 Slides into verse, and litches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burthen of some merry song

80

Slander or poison dread from Deha's rage,¹
 Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.
 From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
 Poxed by her love, or libelled by her hate
 Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels,
 Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels,
 'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug,
 And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
 So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
 They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat

90

Then, learned sir! (to cut the matter short)
 Whate'er my fate,—or well or ill at court,
 Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
 Attends to gild the evening of my day,
 Or death's black wing already be displayed,
 To wrap me in the universal shade,
 Whether the darkened room to muse invite,
 Or whitened wall provoke the skewer to write.
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,—
 Like Lee² or Budgel, I will rhyme and print

00

F. Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
 In flower of age you perish for a song!
 Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
 Will club their testers, now, to take your life!

P What? armed for virtue when I point the pen,

¹ Mary Howard, Countess of Deloraine
² Nathaniel Lee, author of the *Rival Queens*

Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men ,
 Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car ,
 Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star ,
 Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
 Lights of the Church, or guardians of the laws ? 110
 Could pensioned Boileau lash in honest strain
 Flatterers and bigots even in Louis' reign ?
 Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and friar engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage ?
 And I not strip the gilding of a knave,
 Unplaced, unpensioned,¹ no man's heir, or slave ?
 I will, or perish in the generous cause
 Hear this, and tremble ! you who 'scape the laws.
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave 120
 To virtue only and her friends a friend,
 The world beside may murmur, or commend
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
 There, my retreat the best companions grace,
 Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place
 There St John mingles with my friendly bowl
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul
 And he, whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,²
 Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines, 130
 Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
 Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain
 Envy must own, I live among the great,

¹ Pope declined the pension offered him early in George I's reign

² Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following with only 280 horse and 900 foot, enterprised and accomplished the conquest of Valentia.

No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
 To help who want, to forward who excel,
 This, all who know me, know, who love me, tell,
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me 140
 This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
 What saith my council, learned in the laws?

F Your plea is good, but still I say, beware!
 Laws are explained by men—so have a care
 It stands on record, that in Richard's times
 A man was hanged for very honest rhymes
 Consult the statute *quant* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext or *prim et quint Eliz*
 See *Libels*, *Satires*—here you have it—read

P. Libels and *Satires*! lawless things indeed! 150
 But grave *Epistles*, bringing vice to light,
 Such as a king might read, a bishop write
 Such as Sir Robert would approve—

F Indeed?

The case is altered—you may then proceed,
 In such a cause the plaintiff will be hissed,
 My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismissed

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE
 SECOND BOOK OF HORACE
 SATIRE II

TO MR. BETHEL.¹

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art

¹ Hugh Bethel, the blameless Bethel of *Moral Essays*, Ep v, a Yorkshire gentleman

To live on little with a cheerful heart,
 (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine,)
 Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine
 Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
 Turns you from sound philosophy aside,
 Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
 And the brain dances to the mantling bowl

Hear Bethel's sermon, one not versed in schools,
 But strong in sense, and wise without the rules 10

Go work, hunt, exercise ! (he thus began)
 Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
 Your wine locked up, your butler strolled abroad,
 Or fish denied (the river yet unthawed),
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
 The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
 Will choose a pheasant still before a hen,
 Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold 20
 Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
 (Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)
 Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less

Oldfield¹ with more than harpy throat endued,
 Cries "Send me, gods ! a whole hog barbecued !²
 Oh blast it, south winds ! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail
 By what criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
 If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink ? 30

¹ This eminent glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating — *Warburton*

² A West Indian term of gluttony, a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine

When the tired glutton labours through a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor ·
 Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;
 Thus much is left of old simplicity !

The robin red-breast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a martin's nest,
 Till becca-ficos sold so devilish dear
 To one that was, or would have been a peer. 40

Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,
 I'll have a party at the Bedford-head ,¹
 Or even to crack live crawfish recommend ;
 I'd never doubt at court to make a friend

'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
 About one vice, and fall into the other ·
 Between excess and famine lies a mean ,
 Plain, but not sordid , though not splendid, clean

Avidien,² or his wife (no matter which,
 For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch) 50
 Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots .

One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
 And is at once their vinegar and wine ·
 But on some lucky day (as when they found
 A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drowned)
 At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so generous cannot bear ·
 Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart 60

He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,

¹ A famous eating house

² Edward Wortley Montagu, the husband of Lady Mary

And neither leans on this side, nor on that,
 Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away,
 Nor lets, like Naevius, every error pass,
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass

Now hear what blessings temperance can bring -
 (Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing.)
 First health The stomach (crammed from every dish,
 A tomb of boiled and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
 And all the man is one intestine war)
 Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
 The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale, each worshipful and reverend guest
 Rise from a clergy, or a city feast!
 What life in all that ample body, say?
 What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
 The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
 To seem but mortal, even in sound divines 80

On morning wings how active springs the mind
 That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
 How easy every labour it pursues!
 How coming to the poet every muse!
 Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
 Or tired in search of truth, or search of rhyme,
 Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
 And more the sickness of long life, old age,
 For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
 If our intemperate youth the vessel drains? 90

Our fathers praised rank venison. You suppose
 Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose
 Not so a buck was then a week's repast,
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last,

More pleased to keep it till their friends could come
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home
 Why had not I in those good times my birth,
 Ere coxcomb pies or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of fame to hear,
 That sweetest music to an honest ear , 100
 (For faith, Lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong,
 The world's good word is better than a song)
 Who has not learned, fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
 Are no rewards for want, and infamy !
 When luxury has licked up all thy pelf,
 Cursed by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how posterity will treat thy name ,
 And buy a rope, that future times may tell
 Thou hast at least bestowed one penny well 110

"Right," cries his lordship, "for a rogue in need
 To have a taste is insolence indeed
 In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
 Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
 And shine that superfluity away
 Oh, impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,
 How darest thou let one worthy man be poor?
 Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
 Make quays, build bridges, or repair White Hall 12
 Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
 As Marlborough's was, but not at five per cent

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
 Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
 And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
 That spreads and swells in puffed prosperity,
 Or blest with little, whose preventing care

In peace provides fit arms against a war?

Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought 130

His equal mind I copy what I can,
And, as I love, would imitate the man
In south-sea days not happier, when surmised
The lord of thousands, than if now excised,

In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land
Content with little, I can piddle here

On brocoli and mutton, round the year,
But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away 140

'Tis true, no turbot dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords
To Hounslow Heath I point and Bansted Down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own
From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall,
And grapes, long lingering on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join,
The devil is in you if you cannot dine

Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have piae),
And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace. 150

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast,
Though double taxed, how little have I lost?
My life's amusements have been just the same,
Before, and after, standing armies came
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone,
I'll hire another's, is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whose free-opening
gate

None comes too early, none departs too late,
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,

Welcome the coming, speed the going guest) 160
 "Pray heaven it last!" (cries Swift!) "as you go on;
 I wish to God this house had been your own :
 Pity! to build, without a son or wife
 Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life"
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,¹
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
 What's property? dear Swift! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to Peter Walter,
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share,
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir , 170
 Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
 The chancery takes your rents for twenty year
 At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
 Who cries, "My father's damned, and all's my own"
 Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
 Become the portion of a booby lord,
 And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
 Slides to a scrivener or a city knight.
 Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
 Let us be fixed, and our own masters still. 180

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE
 FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

EPISTLE I

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE

ST JOHN, whose love indulged my labours past,
 Matures my present, and shall bound my last!

¹ In a letter to this Mr Bethel, of March 20, 1743, he says,
 "My landlady, Mrs Vernon, being dead, this garden and house

Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?¹
 Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
 Public too long, ah, let me hide my age!
 See, modest Cibber now has left the stage.²
 Our generals now, retired to their estates,
 Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
 In life's cool evening satiate of applause,
 Nor fond of bleeding, even in Brunswick's cause. 10

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
 ('Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
 "Friend Pope! let your muse take breath,
 And never gallop Pegasus to death,
 Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force,
 You limp, like Blackmore on a lord mayor's horse"³

Farewell then verse, and love, and every toy,
 The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy,
 What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
 Let this be all my care—for this is all 20
 To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
 What every day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what doctors I apply?
 Sworn to no master, of no sect am I.

are offered me in sale, and, I believe (together with the cottages on each side my grass-plot next the Thames) will come at about a thousand pounds. If I thought my very particular friend would be pleased to live in it after my death (for, as it is, it serves all my purposes as well during life) I would purchase it," &c — *Warburton*

¹ *I.e.*, the 49th year, the age of the author — *Warburton*

² Colley Cibber retired from the stage in 1733, but returned in 1734 and remained till 1745

³ The fame of this heavy poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the city of London. His versification is here exactly described stiff, and not strong, stately and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced animal generally employed to mount the lord mayor and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus

As drives the storm, at any door I knock ·
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true ¹ 30
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one.
So slow the unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul, 40
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise,
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richest must be poor

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool
Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite, 50
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move

¹ George Lord Lyttelton, author of the *Dialogues of the Dead*

With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
 Know, there are words, and spells, which can control
 Between the fits this fever of the soul
 Know, there are rhymes, which fresh and fresh applied
 Will cure the arrantest puppy of his pride 60
 Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
 Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
 A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch bear,
 All that we ask is but a patient ear

'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor,
 And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.
 But to the world no bugbear is so great,
 As want of figure, and a small estate
 To either India see the merchant fly,
 Scared at the spectre of pale poverty ! 70
 See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole !
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing to make philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
 And ease thy heart of all that it admires?

Here, wisdom calls. "Seek virtue first, be bold !
 As gold to silver, virtue is to gold"
 There, London's voice "Get money, money still !
 And then let virtue follow, if she will" 80
 This, this the saving doctrine, preached to all,
 From low St. James's up to high St. Paul,
 From him whose quills stand quivered at his ear,
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster ¹
 Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds, ²

¹ *Te*, exchequer tallies

² Sir John Barnard, member for the city

"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds,

A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth,
But Bug and D——I, their honours, and so forth 90

Yet every child another song will sing
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king"
True, conscious honour is to feel no sin,
He's armed without that's innocent within,
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass,
Compared to this, a minister's an ass

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy and Poitiers? 100
Who counsels best? who whispers, 'Be but great,
With praise or infamy leave that to fate,
Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace,
If not, by any means get wealth and place"—
For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through.
And, while he bids thee, sets the example too?
If such a doctrine, in St James's air, 110
Should chance to make the well-dressed rabble stare,
If honest S——z¹ take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the palace than the park
Faith I shall give the answer reynard gave

¹ Augustus Schutz, who held court offices near the person of George II, both before and after his accession to the throne—*Carruthers*.

"I cannot like, dread sir, your royal cave.
 Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 Full many a beast goes in, but none come out"
 Adieu to virtue, if you're once a slave.
 Send her to court, you send her to her grave

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least 120
 The people are a many-headed beast:
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,
 Who know themselves so little what to do?
 Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold.
 Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
 The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
 Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
 Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn, 130
 Some win rich widows by their chime and brawn;
 While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
 In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
 Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone.
 But show me one who has it in his power
 To act consistent with himself an hour
 Sir Job sailed forth, the evening bright and still,
 "No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich hill!"
 Up starts a palace, lo, the obedient base 140
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face
 Now let some whimsy, or that devil within
 Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
 But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen,
 "Away, away! take all your scaffolds down.
 For snug's the word, my dear! we'll live in town"

At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone
The fool, whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter, 150
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch?
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new jappanner to their shoes,
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord 160

You laugh, half beau, half sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band,
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy lady Mary!
But when no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lined,
Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up, I build, and then confound,
Turn round to square, and square again to round, 170
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chancery, nor to Hale¹ apply,
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?

¹ Dr Hale, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, a physician employed in cases of insanity—*Carruthers*

This, he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,) 180
 That man divine whom wisdom calls her own,
 Great without title, without fortune blessed,
 Rich even when plundered, honoured while oppressed,
 Loved without youth, and followed without power,
 At home, though exiled, free, though in the Tower
 In short, that reasoning, high, immortal thing,
 Just less than Jove, and much above a king,
 Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
 A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god

THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE
 FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTLE VI

TO MR. MURRAY¹

"NOT to admire, is all the art I know,
 To make men happy, and to keep them so"
 (Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
 So take it in the very words of Creech²)

This vault of air, this congregated ball,
 Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
 There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
 Look through, and trust the Ruler with his skies,
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
 And view this dreadful All without a fear 10

¹ William Murray (a younger son of Lord Stormont) rose to the chief justiceship and an earldom

² From whose translation the first two lines of Horace are taken

Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold,
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
Or popularity? or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?

If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing
Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
In either case, believe me, we admire,
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surprised at better, or surprised at worse
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
The unbalanced mind, and snatch the man away,
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had,
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad

Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate,
Procure a taste to double the surprise, 30
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes.
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles splendid livery
If not so pleased, at council-board rejoice,
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice,
From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth, conspired 40
To form, not to admire but be admired,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to wit and worth
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?

Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line,
 It brightened Craggs's,¹ and may darken thine
 And what is fame? the meanest have their day,
 The greatest can but blaze, and pass away
 Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,
 So known, so honoured, at the House of Lords:
 Conspicuous scene¹ another yet is nigh, 50
 (More silent far) where kings and poets lie,
 Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
 Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!

Racked with sciatics, martyred with the stone,
 V ill any mortal let himself alone?
 See Ward by battered beaux invited over,
 And desperate misery lays hold on Dover²
 The case is easier in the man's disease;
 There all men may be cured, whene'er they please
 Would ye be blessed? despise low joys, low gains; 60
 Disdain whatever Cornbury³ disdains
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains

But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
 One who believes as Tindal⁴ leads the way,
 Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
 Ply then, on all the wings of wild desire,
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire
 Is wealth thy passion? Hence¹ from pole to pole,

¹ His father had been in a low situation, but, by industry and ability, got to be postmaster-general and agent to the Duke of Marlborough — *Warton*

² Celebrated for their quack medicines. — *Roscoe*

³ Lord Cornbury, afterwards Lord Hyde, great grandson of the first Lord Clarendon, a young Tory nobleman of literary tastes

⁴ Dr Matthew Tindal, author of *Christianity as old as the Creation*

Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
 Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold :
 Advance thy golden mountain to the skies ,
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
 For, mark the advantage , just so many score
 Will gain a wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such friends—as cannot fail to last 80
 A man of wealth is dubbed a man of worth,
 Venus shall give him form, and Antis¹ birth
 (Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
 Who proud of pedigree, is poor of purse)
 His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds ;
 Asked for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds ,
 Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
 Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.
 Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed , 90
 A noble superfluity it craves,
 Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves ;
 Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
 And which it much becomes you to forget .
 If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
 But if to power and place your passion lie,
 If in the pomp of life consist the joy ,
 Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord

¹ Antis, whom Pope often mentions, was Garter King of Arms.
 —Bowles

To do the honours, and to give the word , 100
 Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
 To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
 Whom honour with your hand to make remarks,
 Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks
 "This may be troublesome, is near the chair ,
 That makes three members, this can choose a mayor"
 Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
 Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest

Or if your life be one continued treat, 110
 If to live well means nothing but to eat,
 Up, up ! cries gluttony, 'tis break of day,
 Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey ,
 With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
 So Russel did, but could not eat at night,
 Called happy dog ! the beggar at his door,
 And envied thirst and hunger to the poor

Or shall we every decency confound,
 Through taverns, stews, and Bagno's take our round,
 Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo 120
 Kinnoul's lewd cargo, or Tyrawley's crew,¹
 From Latian syrens, French Circean feasts,
 Return well travelled, and transformed to beasts,
 Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
 Renounce our country, and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
 The cordial drop of life is love alone,
 And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la bagatelle !"
 The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well

¹ Lords Kinnoul and Tyrawley, two ambassadors noted for wild immorality — *Car ruthers*

Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
 E'en take the counsel which I gave you first
 Or better precepts if you can impart,
 Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

130

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE
 SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

ADVERTISEMENT

The reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his epistle to *Augustus*, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire. But to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general, whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate *Admonebat praeceptores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolescere*, &c. The other, that this piece was only a general discourse of poetry, whereas it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries, first against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age, secondly against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and lastly against the emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shows (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors, that their morals were much improved, and the license of those ancient poets

restrained that satire and comedy were become more just and useful, that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage were owing to the ill taste of the nobility, that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state, and concludes, that it was upon them the emperor himself must depend for his fame and posterity

We may farther learn from this epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character

EPISTLE I

TO AUGUSTUS

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanced world, and open all the main,¹
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the muse, from such a monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of generous toils endured,
The Gaul subdued, or property secured,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities stormed,
Or laws established, and the world reformed,
Closed their long glories with a sigh to find
The unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquered but by death
The great Alcides, every labour past,

10

¹ At this time (1737) the Spanish depredations at sea were such, that there was a universal cry that the British flag had been insulted, and the English braved on their own element. Opening all the main therefore, means that the king was so liberal as to leave it open to the Spaniards — *Bowles*

Had still this monster to subdue at last.
 Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away!
 Oppressed we feel the beam directly beat,
 Those sons of glory please not till they set.

20

To thee, the world its present homage pays,
 The harvest early, but mature the praise
 Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
 Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.
 Whose word is truth, as sacred and revered,
 As heaven's own oracles from altars heard
 Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
 None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise

30

Just in one instance, be it yet confest
 Your people, sir, are partial in the rest
 Foes to all living worth except your own,
 And advocates for folly dead and gone
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old,
 It is the rust we value, not the gold
 Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learned by rote,
 And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote ¹
 One likes no language but the faery queen,
 A Scot will fight for Christ's kirk o' the green,
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
 He swears the muses met him at the devil ²

40

Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
 In every public virtue we excel,
 We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well,

¹ Skelton, Poet Laureate to Henry VIII, a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.

² The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his Poetical Club

And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop

If time improve our wit as well as wine,
 Say at what age a poet grows divine? 50

Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
 Who died, perhaps, a hundred years ago?
 End all dispute, and fix the year precise
 When British bards begin to immortalise?

"Who lasts a century can have no flaw
 I hold that wit a classic, good in law"

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
 And shall we deem him ancient, right and sound,
 Or damn to all eternity at once,
 At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce? 60

"We shall not quarrel for a year or two,
 By courtesy of England,¹ he may do"

Then by the rule that made the horse tail bear,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
 And melt down ancients like a heap of snow
 While you to measure merits, look in Stowe,
 And estimating authors by the year,
 Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Shakespeare² (whom you and every play-house bill
 Style the divine, the matchless, what you will) 70
 For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
 And grew immortal in his own despite
 Ben, old and poor, as little seemed to heed

¹ Courtesy of England, a legal term signifying the custom by which a widower holds during his lifetime the lands of which his wife was seized in fee, if she had issue by him born alive.

² Shakespeare and Ben Jonson may truly be said not much to have thought of this immortality, the one in many pieces composed in haste for the stage, the other in his latter works in general, which Dryden called his Dotages

The life to come, in every poet's creed
 Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
 His moral pleases, not his pointed wit,
 Forget his epic, nay Pindaric art,¹
 But still I love the language of his heart

"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
 What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80
 In all debates where critics bear a part,
 Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's art,
 Of Shakespeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit,
 How Beaumont's judgment checked what Fletcher writ,
 How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow,
 But for the passions, Southern³ sure and Rowe
 These, only these, support the crowded stage,
 From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age"

All this may be, the people's voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God
 To Gammer Gurton⁴ if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the careless husband⁵ praise,
 Or say our fathers never broke a rule,
 Why then, I say, the public is a fool

¹ Which has much more merit than his epic, but very unlike the character, as well as numbers of Pindar

² Nothing was less true than this particular. But the whole paragraph has a mixture of irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common chat of the pretenders to criticism, in some things right, in others, wrong, as he tells us in his answer,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt est ubi peccat

—hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley, is a line of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester the sense of which seems to have been generally mistaken. It gives to each his epithet, not to design the difference of their talents, but the number of their productions — *Warburton*

³ The author of the tragedy of Oroonoko

⁴ A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed plays in English, and therefore much valued by some antiquaries

⁵ Cibber's *Careless Husband*,

But let them own, that greater faults than we
 They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree
 Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
 And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet
 Milton's strong pimon now not heaven can bound,
 Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground, 100
 In quibbles angel and archangel join,
 And God the father turns a school-divine
 Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
 Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook,
 Or damn all Shakespeare, like the affected fool
 At court, who hates whate'er he read at school ¹

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
 The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
 Sprat,² Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
 (Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er) 110
 One simile, that solitary shines
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
 Or lengthened thought that gleams through many a
 page,

Has sanctified whole poems for an age
 I lose my patience, and I own it too,
 When works are censured, not as bad but new;
 While if our elders break all reason's laws,
 These fools demand not pardon, but applause

On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
 If I but ask, if any weed can grow, 120
 One tragic sentence if I dare denide

¹ An indirect satire on Lord Hervey, in allusion to certain lines in his Epistle to a D D from a nobleman at Hampton Court.—*Carruthers*

² Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, a popular writer of both prose and verse

Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
 Or well-mouthed Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 (Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names¹)
 How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
 And swear, all shame is lost in George's age!
 You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Fables old birds, or Merlin's prophecy,
 Mistake him not, he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
 Had ancient times conspired to disallow
 What then was new, what had been ancient now?
 Or what remained, so worthy to be read
 By learned critics, of the mighty dead?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
 Was sheathed, and luxury with Charles restored, 140
 In every taste of foreign courts improved,
 "All, by the King's example, lived and loved"²
 Then peers grew proud in horsemanship to excel,³
 Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
 The soldier breathed the gallintries of France,
 And every flowery courtier writ romance.
 Then marble, softened into life, grew warm
 And yielding metal flowed to human form

¹ An absurd custom of several actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere proper names of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) fill the mouth of the player.

² A verse of the Lord Lansdown

³ The Duke of Newcastle's book of horsemanship the romance of *Partenissa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French romances translated by persons of quality

Lely on animated canvas stole
 The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150
 No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
 The willing muses were debauched at court
 On each enervate string they taught the note¹
 To pant, or tremble through a eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
 Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we loved we hate,
 Now all for pleasure, now for Church and state,
 Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
 Effects unhappy from a noble cause 160

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
 Instruct his family in every rule,
 And send his wife to church, his son to school
 To worship like his fathers, was his care;
 To teach their frugal virtues to his heir,
 To prove, that luxury could never hold,
 And place, on good security, his gold
 Now times are changed, and one poetic itch
 Has seized the court and city, poor and rich. 170
 Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will bear the bays,
 Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
 To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,
 And all our grace at table is a song
 I, who so oft renounce the muses, lie,
 Not ——'s self e'er tells more fibs than I,
 When sick of muse, our follies we deplore,
 And promise our best friends to rhyme no more,

¹ The Siege of Rhodes, by Sir William Davenant, the first opera sung in England

We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit 180

He served a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop,
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop,¹
Even Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learned to dance²
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man

Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great,
These madmen never hurt the Church or state. 190
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind,
And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men.
Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind,
And knows no losses while the muse is kind
To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter,²
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet,
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet 200

Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose,
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,

¹ A famous empiric, whose pill and drop had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time

² By no means an insinuation as if these travelling doctors had misspent their time Radcliff had sent them on a medicinal mission, to examine the produce of each country, and see in what it might be made subservient to the art of healing The native commodity of France is dancing —*Scribl*

² Conjectured by Bowles to refer to the cheating of Mr. George Pitt, in the management of his estates, by Peter Walter

And (though no soldier) useful to the state¹
 What will a child learn sooner than a song?
 What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in public with some sort of grace?
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some monster of a king, 210
 Or virtue, or religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd or unbelieving court
 Unhappy Dryden¹—In all Charles's days,
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays,
 And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
 No whiter page than Addison remains
 He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
 And sets the passions on the side of truth,
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 And pours each human virtue in the heart. 220
 Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
 Her trade supported, and supplied her laws,
 And leave on Swift this grateful verse engraved—
 "The rights a court attacked, a poet saved"
 Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
 Stretched to relieve the idiot and the poor,²

¹ Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relicta formula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of a poet's character, but with an intermixture of irony *Vivit siliquis et pane secundo* has a relation to his epicurism, *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule the nobler office of a poet follows, *Torquet ab obscuris—Mox etiam pectus recte facta refert*, &c., which the imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th verses.

² A foundation for the maintenance of idiots, and a fund for assisting the poor, by lending small sums of money on demand

Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,
 And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms: 230
 The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
 How could devotion touch the country pews,
 Unless the gods bestowed a proper muse?
 Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk
 The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his prayer brought in vain;
 The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
 And heaven is won by violence of song 240

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulged the day that housed their annual grain,
 With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care;
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smoothed every brow, and opened every soul:
 With growing years the pleasing license grew,
 And taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
 But times corrupt, and nature, ill-inclined,
 Produced the point that left a sting behind,
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant malice raged through private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or feared it, took the alarm,
 Appealed to law, and justice lent her arm.
 At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
 The poets learned to please, and not to wound
 Most warped to flattery's side, but some, more nice,

Preserved the freedom, and forbore the vice 260
 Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquered France, but felt our captive's charms;
 Her arts victorious triumphed o'er our arms;
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
 Wit grew polite, and numbers learned to flow
 Waller was smooth,¹ but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine
 Though still some traces of our rustic vein 270
 And splay-foot verse, remained, and will remain.

Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tired nation breathed from civil war.
 Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Showed us that France had something to admire
 Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone
 But Otway failed to polish or refine,
 And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line
 Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
 The last and greatest art, the art to blot
 Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
 The humbler muse of comedy require
 But in known images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as the indulgence less
 Observe how seldom even the best succeed
 Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
 What pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!

¹ Mr Waller, about this time with the Earl of Dorset, Mr Godolphin, and others, translated the *Pompey* of Corneille, and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation

The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,¹ 290

Who fairly puts all characters to bed !

And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,

To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause !²

But fill their purse, our poet's work is done,

Alike to them, by pathos or by pun

O you ! whom vanity's light bark conveys

On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,

With what a shifting gale your course you ply,

For ever sunk too low, or borne too high !

Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300

A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows

Farewell the stage ! if just as thrives the play,

The silly bard grows fat, or falls away

There still remains, to mortify a wit,

The many-headed monster of the pit .

A senseless, worthless, and unhonoured crowd ;

Who, to disturb their betters mightily proud,

Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,

Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke³

What dear delight to Britons farce affords ! 310

Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords ,

(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies

From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes⁴)

The play stands still , damn action and discourse,

Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse ,

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,

Peers, heralds, bishop's, ermine, gold and lawn ,

¹ A name taken by Mrs Behn, authoress of several obscene plays, &c

² The popular low comedian, William Pinkethman

³ *I.e.*, the black pudding

⁴ From plays to operas, and from operas to pantomimes —
Warburton

The champion too¹ and, to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.¹
 With laughter sure Democritus had died, 320
 Had he beheld an audience gape so wide
 Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the sight!
 Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
 While all its throats the gallery extends,
 And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
 Loud as the wolves on Orca's stormy steep,²
 Howl to the roarings of the northern deep
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat,
 Or when from court a birth-day suit bestowed,
 Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load
 Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
 "But has he spoken?" Not a syllable
 What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
 Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered chair.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
 Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume to instruct the times, 340
 To know the poet from the man of rhymes.
 'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
 Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,

¹ The coronation of Henry VIII and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention, the armour of one of the kings of England was borrowed from the tower, to dress the champion.

² The farthest northern promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcaes.

With pity, and with terror, tear my heart ;
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state
 Alone, deserves the favour of the great ,
 Think of those authors, sir, who would rely 350
 More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye
 Or who shall wander where the muses sing ?
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring ?
 How shall we fill a library with wit,¹
 When Merlin's cave is half unfinished yet ?²

My liege ! why writers little claim your thought,
 I guess ; and, with their leave, will tell the fault :
 We poets are (upon a poet's word)
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd
 The season, when to come, and when to go, 360
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience, just like other men
 Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
 A single verse, we quarrel with a friend ,
 Repeat unasked ; lament, the wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out every line
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
 We needs will write epistles to the king ,
 And from the moment we oblige the town, 370
 Except a place, or pension from the crown ;
 Or dubbed historians, by express command,
 To enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
 Be called to court to plan some work divine,

¹ The Palatine Library then building by Augustus

² A building in the royal gardens at Richmond, where is a small,
 but choice collection of books

As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine

Yet think, great sir ! (so many virtues shown)
 Ah think, what poet best may make them known ?
 Or choose at least some minister of grace,
 Fit to bestow the laureate's weighty place

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
 Assigned his figure to Bernini's care,
 And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding steed,
 So well in paint and stone they judged of merit.
 But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
 The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles,
 Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
 "No lord's anointed, but a Russian bear"

Not with such majesty, such bold relief, 390
 The forms august of king, or conquering chief,
 E'er swelled on marble, as in verse have shined
 (In polished verse) the manners and the mind
 Oh ! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing !
 What seas you traversed, and what fields you fought !
 Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought !
 How barbarous rage subsided at your word,
 And nations wondered while they dropped the sword !
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
 Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep,
 'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
 But verse, alas ! your majesty disdains,
 And I'm not used to panegyric strains
 The zeal of fools offends at any time,
 But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.

Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say I bite
 A vile encomium doubly ridicules 410
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a woeful likeness, and if lies,
 "Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise" ¹
 Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
 (Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden,² Philips, Settle,³ writ of kings)
 Clothe spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE
 SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur —HOR., ver. 124

DEAR colonel,⁴ Cobham's and your country's friend¹
 You love a verse, take such as I can send
 A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
 Bows and begins—"This lad, sir, is of Blois"⁵
 Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curled!
 My only son, I'd have him see the world
 His French is pure, his voice too—you shall hear

¹ From an anonymous poem, *The Celebrated Beauties*, published in Tonson's *Miscellany* in 1709—*Carruthers*

² Laurence Eusden, poet laureate under Charles II

³ Elkanah Settle, the Doeg of *Absalom and Achitophel*

⁴ Colonel Cotterell, of Rousham near Oxford, the descendant of Sir Charles Cotterell, who, at the desire of Charles I, translated *Davila* into English.—*Warton*

⁵ A town in Brance, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.—*Warburton*.

Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pounds a year
 Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
 Your barber, cook, upholsterer, what you please 10
 A perfect genius at an opera-song—
 To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
 Take him with all his virtues, on my word,
 His whole ambition was to serve a lord
 But, su, to you, with what would I not part?
 Though faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart
 Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
 And then, unwhipped, he had the grace to cry
 The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 (Could you o'erlook but that) it is 'to steal' 20

If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my friend, he proved so bad,
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey¹ should decide the suit,
 Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
 And punished him that put it in his way,

Consider then, and judge me in this light,
 I told you when I went, I could not write,
 You said the same, and are you discontent
 With laws, to which you gave your own assent? 30
 Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

In Anna's wars, a soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earned a little purse of gold,
 Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night,
 He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit
 This put the man in such a desperate mind,

¹ An eminent justice of peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha

Between revenge, and grief, and hunger joined
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leaped the trenches, scaled a castle-wall, 40
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all
"Prodigious well," his great commander cried,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next pleased his excellence a town to batter
(Its name I know not, and its no great matter)
"Go on, my friend (he cried), see yonder walls!
Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave"
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
D'ye think me, noble general, such a sot? 50
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

Bred up at home, full early I began
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son
Besides, my father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad.
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove)
But knottier points we knew not half so well
Deprived us soon of our paternal cell,
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust, 60
Denied all posts of profit or of trust
Hopes after hopes of pious papists failed,
While mighty William's thundering arm pre-
vailed,
For nght hereditary taxed and fined,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the muses helped to undergo it,
Convict a papist he, and I a poet
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive, P

Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,¹ 70
 If I would scribble, rather than repose
 Years following years, steal something every day,
 At last they steal us from ourselves away,
 In one our frolics, one amusements end,
 In one a mistress drops, in one a friend
 This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
 If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
 That turned ten thousand verses, now stands still?

But after all, what would you have me do? 80
 When out of twenty I can please not two,
 When this heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg,
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg,
 Hard task² to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf² detests

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme, can London be the place?
 Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
 In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
 My counsel sends to execute a deed,
 A poet begs me, I will hear him read,
 "In palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
 At ten for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury Square—
 Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on—
 There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one —
 Oh, but a wit can study in the streets,
 And raise his mind above the mob he meets"

¹ Dr Monroe, physician to Bedlam Hospital

² Two celebrated gluttons — *Wanburton*

Not quite so well however as one ought, 100
A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought,
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guild Hall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Even to their own S-r-v—nce in a car?

Go, lofty poet¹ and in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud
Alas! to grottos and to groves we run, 110
To ease and silence, every muse's son
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and dose at Tooting or Earl's Court¹
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er matched before?
The man, who, stretched in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
Sec^d strewn with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare 120
So stiff, so mute¹ some statue you would swear,
Stepped from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors,
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Composing songs, for fools to get by heart?

The Temple late two brother sergeants saw,
Who deemed each other oracles of law,
With equal talents, these congenial souls
One lulled the exchequer, and one stunned the rolls,

¹ Two villages within a few miles of London

Each had a gravity would make you split, 131
 And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.
 "'Twas, sir, your law"—and "sir, your eloquence—"
 "Yours, Cowper's manner"—and "yours, Talbot's
 *sense"

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
 Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit
 Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he'll swear the nine,
 Dear Cibber! never matched one ode of thine
 Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
 No poets there, but Stephen,¹ you, and me 140
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please
 "My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
 "Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you.
 Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
 And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
 Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
 And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
 To court applause by printing what I write: 150
 But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff
 In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect;
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue.
 Each praised within, is happy all day long,
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men, who write such verse as we can read?

¹ Mr Stephen Duck, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many, who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by Mr Pope. Queen Caroline chose this man for her favourite poet — *Warburton*

Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care, 160
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay though at Court (perhaps) it may find grace :
 Such they'll degrade, and sometimes, in its stead,
 In downright charity revive the dead,
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
 Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years ;
 Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
 Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake,
 Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
 (For use will farther what's begot by sense) 170
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue ;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line.
 Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please
 "But ease in writing flows from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learned to dance"

If such the plague and pains to write by rule, 180
 Better (say I) be pleased, and play the fool,
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease
 There lived *in primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a lord,
 Who, though the House was up, delighted sate,
 Heard, noted, answered, as in full debate
 In all but this, a man of sober life,
 Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife,
 Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell, 190
 And much too wise to walk into a well

Him, the damned doctors and his friends immured,
 They bled, they cupped, they purged, in short, they
 cured

Whereat the gentleman began to stare—

‘ My friends?’ he cried, “po\ take you for your
 care’

That from a patriot of distinguished note,
 Have bled and purged me to a simple vote”
 Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate
 Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late

There is a time when poets will grow dull 200

I ll e en leave verses to the boys at school
 To rules of poetry no more confined,
 I learn to smooth and harmonise my mind,
 Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
 And keep the equal measure of the soul

Soon as I enter at my country door,
 My mind resumes the thread it dropped before;
 Thoughts, which at Hyde Park corner I forgot,
 Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive grot
 There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
 I ask these sober questions of my heart

If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
 You tell the doctor, when the more you have,
 The more you want, why not with equal ease
 Confess as well your folly as disease?

The heart resolves this matter in a thrice,
 “Men only feel the smart, but not the vice”

When golden angels¹ cease to cure the evil,
 You give all royal witchcraft to the devil,

¹ A golden coin, given as a fee by those who came to be touched
 by the royal hand for the evil — *Warton*

When servile chaplains cry,¹ that birth and place 220
 Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
 Look in that breast, most dirty D——¹ be fair,
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
 Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
 You go to church to hear these flatterers preach
 Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
 A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
 The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
 If D—— loved sixpence more than he

If there be truth in law, and use can give 230
 A property, that's yours on which you live
 Delightful Abs-Court, if its fields afford
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord.
 All Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town
 His venison too, a guinea makes your own
 He bought at thousands, what with better wit
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit,
 Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
 You pay a penny, and he paid a pound

Heathcote² himself, and such large-acred men, 240
 Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
 Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,
 Buy every pullet they afford to eat
 Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
 Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town
 The laws of God, as well as of the land,
 Abhor, a perpetuity should stand
 Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's power

¹ The whole of this passage alludes to a dedication of Mr, afterwards Bishop, Kennet to the Duke of Devonshire, to whom he was chaplain

² Sir Gilbert Heathcote, cf *Moral Essays*, Ep iii ver 101

Loose on the point of every wavering hour,
 Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord
 Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou have?
 Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave
 All vast possessions (just the same the case
 Whether you call them villa, park, or chase)
 Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,¹
 Let rising granaries and temples here,
 Their mingled farms and pyramids appear,
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptured high,
 Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
 There are who have not—and thank heaven there are,
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find,
 Two of a face, as soon as of a mind
 Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270
 Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun,
 The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
 All Townshend's turnips,² and all Grosvenor's mines
 Why one like Bubb³ with pay and scorn content,
 Bows and votes on, in court and Parliament,
 One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,

¹ Alluding to the improvements made by Lord Bathurst on one of his estates

² Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second To him, says Lord Stanhope, England owes the introduction of the turnip from Germany

³ Bubb Doddington

Shall fly, like Oglethorpe,¹ from pole to pole
Is known alone to that directing Power,
Who forms the genius in the natal hour ;
That God of nature, who, within us still, 280
Inclines our action, not constrains our will,
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual : his great end the same
Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place ,
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days
I, who at some times spend, at others spare, 290
Divided between carelessness and care
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store ,
Another, not to heed to treasure more ,
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleased, if sordid want be far away
What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not ?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger
I neither strut with every favouring breath, 300
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, placed
Behind the foremost, and before the last
"But why all this of avarice ? I have none"
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone ,
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad the avarice of power ?

¹ Employed in settling the colony of Georgia

Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
 Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
 With terrors round, can reason hold her throne, 310
 Despise the known, nor tremble at the unknown?
 Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
 In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
 Pleased to look forward, pleased to look behind,
 And count each birthday with a grateful mind?
 Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
 Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
 Has age but melted the rough parts away,
 As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay?
 Or will you think, my friend, your business done, 320
 When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will,
 You've played, and loved, and eat, and drank your fill
 Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
 Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage.
 Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
 Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES

IN TWO DIALOGUES

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXVIII

DIALOGUE I

To NOT twice a twelvemonth¹ you appear in print,

¹ These two lines are from Horace, and the only lines that are so in the whole poem, being meant to be a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent censurer—

"Tis all from Horace, &c

And when it comes, the court see nothing in't.
 You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
 And are, besides, too moral for a wit
 Decay of parts, alas ! we all must feel—
 Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal ?
 'Tis all from Horace , Horace long before ye
 Said, " Tories called him Whig, and Whigs a Tory ,"
 And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
 " To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter " 10

But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice ,
 Bubo observes,¹ he lashed no sort of vice
 Horace would say, Sir Billy served the crown,
 Blunt could do business, Huggins² knew the town,
 In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
 In reverend bishops note some small neglects,
 And own, the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
 Who cropped our ears,³ and sent them to the king
 His sly, polite, insinuating style
 Could please at court, and make Augustus smile 20
 An artful manager, that crept between
 His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen ⁴
 But 'faith your very friends will soon be sore ,
 Patriots there are,⁵ who wish you'd jest no more—
 And where's the glory ? 'twill be only thought

¹ Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation

² Formerly jailor of the Fleet Prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled

³ Said to be executed by the captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a captain of an English one He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the king his master

⁴ A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power

⁵ This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the court Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name

The great man¹ never offered you a goat
Go see Sir Robert—

P See Sir Robert !—hum—

And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour²
Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power, 30
Seen him, uncumbered³ with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt,
The only difference is I dare laugh out

F Why yes with Scripture still you may be free,
A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty,
A joke on Jekyl,⁴ or some odd old Whig
Who never changed his principle, or wig. 40
A patriot is a fool in every age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage
These nothing hurts, they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue, as they will
If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"
Why, answer, Lyttleton,⁵ and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage,

¹ A phrase by common use appropriated to the first minister

² Explained by Warburton to refer to the favour conferred by Walpole at Pope's request upon the Catholic priest Southcote

³ These two verses were originally in the poem, though omitted in all the first editions

⁴ Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of one who bestowed it equally upon religion and honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.

⁵ George Lyttleton, secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty

But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
 You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case. 50
 Sejanus, Wolsey,¹ hurt not honest Fleury,²

But well may put some statesmen in a fury
 Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes,
 These you but anger, and you mend not those
 Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore,
 So much the better, you may laugh the more
 To vice and folly to confine the jest,
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
 Did not the sneer of more impartial men
 At sense and virtue, balance all again 60
 Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
 And charitably comfort knave and fool

P Dear sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
 Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
 Come, harmless characters, that no one hit,
 Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's³ wit!
 The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
 The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Yonge!⁴
 The gracious dew⁵ of pulpit eloquence,
 And all the well-whipped cream of courtly sense, 70
 That first was H——vy's, F——'s next, and then

¹ The one the wicked minister of Tiberius, the other, of Henry VIII. The writers against the court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial ii ver 137

² Cardinal, and minister to Louis XV. It was a patriot fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty.

³ See them in their places in the *Dunciad*

⁴ Sir William Yonge

⁵ Alludes to some court sermons, and florid panegyric speeches, particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries, which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style, and was lastly served up in an epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author

The S——te's, and then H——vy's once again
 O come, that easy Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As, though the pride of Middleton¹ and Bland,²
 All boys may read, and girls may understand !
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,
 And all I sung shall be the nation's sense,³
 Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad verse on Carolina's⁴ urn, 80
 And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
 All parts performed, and all her children blest !
 So—satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No gazetteer more innocent than I—
 And let, a' God's name, every fool and knave
 Be graced through life, and flattered in his grave
 F Why so? if satire knows its time and place,
 You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace
 For merit will by turns forsake them all,
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
 But let all satire in all changes spare
 Immortal Selkirk, and grave De—re⁵
 Silent and soft, as saints remove to heaven,
 All ties dissolved and every sin forgiven,

¹ Dr Conyers Middleton, author of the *Life of Cicero*

² Dr Bland, of Eton

³ According to Warburton, a cant term of politics at the time

⁴ Queen Consort to King George II She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution

⁵ A title given that lord by King James II He was of the bed-chamber to King William, he was so to King George I, he was so to King George II This lord was very skilful in all the forms of the house, in which he discharged himself with great gravity Pope alludes to Charles, Earl of Selkirk, and perhaps to Lord Delaware

These may some gentle ministerial wing
 Receive, and place for ever near a king !
 There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
 Lulled with the sweet nepenthe of a court ,
 There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their place .
 But passed the sense of human miseries, 101
 All tears are wiped for ever from all eyes ,
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a question, or a job

P Good heaven forbid, that I should blast their glory,
 Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,
 And, when three sovereigns died, could scarce be vexed,
 Considering what a gracious prince was next.
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings , 110
 And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
 Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt ?¹
 Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast ,
 But shall the dignity of vice be lost ?
 Ye gods ! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
 Swear like a lord, or Rich² out-whore a duke ?
 A favourite's porter with his master vie,
 Be bribed as often, and as often lie ?
 Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill ?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will ? 120
 Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
 To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings ?
 If Blount³ dispatched himself, he played the man,

¹ These verses related to Lady M W Montagu and her sister the Countess of Mar —

² Two players, look for them in the *Dunciad*

³ Author of an impious and foolish book called *The Oracles of Reason*, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and

And so mayest thou, illustrious Passeran ¹
 But shall a printer, weary of his life,
 Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife? ²
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear,
 Vice thus abused, demands a nation's care;
 This calls the Church to deprecate our sin,
 And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin 130

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
 Ten metropolitans in preaching well, ³
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife, ⁴
 Outdo Llandaff ⁵ in doctrine,—yea in life.
 Let humble Allen, ⁶ with an awkward shame,
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame
 Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
 'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me,
 Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
 She's still the same, beloved, contented thing. 140
 Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
 And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth.
 But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
 Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more,
 Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
 Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;

rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died

¹ Author of another book of the same stamp, called *A Philosophical Discourse on Death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont

² A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors

³ An eloquent and persuasive preacher, who wrote an excellent defence of Christianity against Tindal.—*Warton*

⁴ Mrs Drummond

⁵ A poor bishopric in Wales, as poorly supplied By Dr John Harris—*Carruthers*

⁶ Ralph Allen, of Prior Park.

In golden chains the willing world she draws,
 And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws,
 Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale virtue carted in her stead. 150
 Lo' at the wheels of her triumphal car,
 Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
 Dragged in the dust ! his arms hang idly round,
 H's flag inverted trails along the ground !
 Our youth, all inieried o'er with foreign gold,
 Before her dance : behind her crawl the old !
 See thronging millions to the Pagod run,
 And offer country, parent, wife, or son !
 Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
 That not to be corrupted is the shame 160
 In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
 'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more !
 See, all our nobles begging to be slaves !
 See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves !
 The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore ;
 All, all look up, with reverential awe,
 At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law ;
 While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
 " Nothing is sacred now but villany " 170
 Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
 Show, there was one who held it in disdain

DIALOGUE II

F. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton¹ (sir) will say.

P. Not yet my friend ! to-morrow faith it may ;

¹ Late Solicitor to the Treasury

And for that very cause I print to day
 How should I fret to mangle every line,
 In reverence to the sins of thirty-nine ¹
 Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
 Invention strives to be before in vain ;
 Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
 Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F Yet none but you by name the guilty lash , 10
 Even Guthry ² saves half Newgate by a dash
 Spare then the person, and expose the vice

P How, sir? not damn the sharper, but the dice?
 Come on then, satire ¹ general, unconfined,
 Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
 Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all ¹
 Ye tradesmen vile, in t'my, court, or hall,
 Ye reverend Atheists— *F* Scandal ¹ name them ¹
 Who?

P Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
 Who starved a sister, who forswore a debt, 20
 I never named, the town's inquiring yet
 The poisoning dame— *F* You mean— *P*. I don't.
F You do ¹

P See, now I keep the secret, and not you ¹
 The bribing statesman— *F* Hold, too high you go
P The bribed elector— *F* There you stoop too
 low

P I fain would please you, if I knew with what,
 Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
 Must great offenders, once escaped the crown,

¹ *I.e.*, of next year

² The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name

Like royal harts, be never more run down?
 Admit your law to spare the knight requires, 30
 As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
 Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
 To save a bishop, may I name a dean?

F A dean, sir? no. his fortune is not made,
 You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.

P If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
 Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may
 Down, down, proud satire! though a realm be spoiled,
 Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild,¹
 Or, if a court or country's made a job, 40
 Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob

But, sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
 The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
 Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
 The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
 Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
 Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe
 Then better sure it charity becomes
 To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums,
 Still better, ministers; or, if the thing 50
 May pinch even there—why lay it on a king

F Stop! stop!

P Must satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
 Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all

F Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow

P Strike? why the man was hanged ten years
 ago

Who now that obsolete example fears?

¹ Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and thief-impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged

Even Peter trembles only for his ears¹

P What? always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desperate if they once are bad:
Else might he take to virtue some years hence— 60

P As Selkirk, if he lives, will love the Prince.

P Strange spleen to Selkirk¹

P. Do I wrong the man?

God knows, I praise a courtier where I can
When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough² name?
Pleased let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove³
(Where Kent⁴ and nature vie for Pelham's⁵ love)
The scene, the master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!

Even in a bishop I can spy desert; 70
Secker⁶ is decent, Rundel⁷ has a heart,
Manners with candour are to Benson⁸ given,
To Berkeley,⁹ every virtue under heaven

But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline,

¹ Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the pillory for forgery - and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench

² Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the king appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse, and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties

³ The house and gardens of Esher in Surrey, belonging to the Honourable Mr Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his character than in comparing him to Mr Craggs

⁴ The architect

⁵ Henry Pelham, First Lord of the Treasury in 1743

⁶ Thos. Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury

⁷ Dr Rundel, Bishop of Derry

⁸ Bishop of Gloucester

⁹ Dr Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, the philosopher

Thus Somers¹ once, and Halifax,² were mine.
 Oft, in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
 I studied Shrewsbury,³ the wise and great
 Carleton's⁴ calm sense, and Stanhope's⁵ noble flame, so
 Compared, and knew their generous end the same,
 How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
 How shined the soul, unconquered in the tower!
 How can I Pulteney,⁶ Chesterfield⁷ forget,
 While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit
 Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the senate and the field⁸
 Or Wyndham,⁹ just to freedom and the throne,

¹ John Lord Somers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister, who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of learning and politeness.

² A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's ministry.

³ Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.

⁴ Henry Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle), who was Secretary of State under William III. and President of the Council under Queen Anne.

⁵ James Earl Stanhope. A nobleman of court courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State.

⁶ William Pulteney (Earl of Bath in 1742), eloquent as an orator and witty as a pamphleteer.

⁷ Philip Earl of Chesterfield, famous for the *Letters to his Son*.

⁸ Thus Duke of Argyll, after defending Scotland against the Pretender's invasion of 1715, was, at his death in 1744, one of the chiefs of the opposition against the Whigs. The two lines in the text are said to have been added in consequence of a threat of the Duke that he would run any man through the body who should dare to use his name in an invective.

⁹ Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper.

The master of our passions, and his own?
 Names, which I long have loved, nor loved in vain, 90
 Ranked with their friends, not numbered with their train,
 And if yet higher the proud list should end,¹
 Still let me say No follower, but a friend

Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays,
 I follow virtue, where she shines, I praise
 Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Dined with the Man of Ross, or my Lord Mayor²
 Some, in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
 Have still a secret bias to a knave 101
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out

F Then why so few commended?

P Not so fierce!

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse
 But random praise—the task can ne'er be done,
 Each mother asks it for her booby son,
 Each widow asks it for the best of men,
 For him she weeps, and him she weds again
 Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground, 110
 The number may be hanged, but not be crowned
 Enough for half the greatest of these days,
 To escape my censure, not expect my praise
 And they not rich? what more can they pretend?
 Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
 What Richeheu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
 And what young Ammon wished, but wished in vain

¹ He was at this time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales — *Warton*

² Sir John Burnard Cf ante, Bk I Ep 11 ver 85

No power the muse's friendship can command,
 No power, when virtue claims it, can withstand.
 To Cato, Virgil payed one honest line,¹ 120
 O let my country's friends illumine mine!
 —What are you thinking? *F.* 'Faith the thought's no
 sin

I think your friends are out, and would be in

P. If merely to come in, sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
 Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
 Spirit of Arnall!² aid me while I lie
 Cobham's a coward, Polwarth³ is a slave 130
 And Lyttleton a dark, designing knave,
 St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
 But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
 Has never made a friend in private life,
 And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife⁴

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
 Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
 Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
 Oh, all-accomplished St. John! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spur-galled hackney of the day, 140
 When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
 Or each new-pensioned sycophant, pretend
 To break my windows, if I treat a friend?

¹ His dantem jura Catonem

² Look for him in his place — *Dunciad* Bk II ver 315

³ The Hon Hugh Hume, son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, grandson of Patrick Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of liberty

⁴ Walpole's maxim was to go his own way, and let madam go hers — *Carruthers*

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
 But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
 Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
 Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools,
 Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
 His saws are toothless, and his hatchet's lead

It angered Turenne, once upon a day, 150
 To see a footman kicked that took his pay:
 But when he heard the affront the fellow gave,
 Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
 The prudent general turned it to a jest,
 And begged he'd take the pains to kick the rest
 Which not at present having time to do—

H Hold, sir¹ for God's sake where's the affront to
 you?

Against your worship when had Sherlock writ?¹
 Or Page pour forth the torrent of his wit?²
 Or grant the bard whose distich all commend³ 160
 [In power a servant, out of power a friend]
 To Walpole guilty of some venial sin,
 What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The priest whose flattery bedropt the crown,⁴
 How hurt he you? he only stained the gown
 And how did, pray, the florid youth⁵ offend,⁶
 Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P 'Faith, it imports not much from whom it came,

¹ Dr Wm Sherlock, Dean of St Paul's.

² Judge Page

³ A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R W By Lord Melcombe [Bubb Doddington]

⁴ Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests
 Meaning Dr Alured Clarke, who wrote a panegyric on Queen
 Caroline — *Warton*

⁵ Lord Hervey Alluding to his painting himself — *Rowles*

⁶ This seems to allude to a complaint made ver 71 of the preceding Dialogue.

Whoever borrowed, could not be to blame,
 Since the whole house did afterwards the same 170
 Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
 As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly,
 If one, through nature's bounty or his lord's,
 Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
 As pure a mess almost as it came in,
 The blessed benefit, not there confined,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
 From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
 The last full fairly gives it to the house 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
 Quite turns my stomach—

P. So does flattery mine,
 And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement
 But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
 Writ not, and Chartres¹ scarce could write or read,
 In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite,
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write,
 And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the deed he forged was not my own? 190
 Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
 Unless, good man ! he has been fairly in?
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
 Without a staining reason on his brows?
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
 Because the insult's not on man, but God?

Ask you what provocation I have had?
 The strong antipathy of good to bad

¹ See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst

When truth or virtue an affront endures,
 The affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
 Mine as a foe professed to false pretence, 201
 Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense,
 Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind,
 And mine as man, who feel for all mankind
F You're strangely proud

P So proud, I am no slave.
 So impudent, I own myself no knave.
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave
 Yes, I am proud, I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me.
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne, 210
 Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
 Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
 To all but heaven-directed hands denied,
 The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide.
 Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
 To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
 To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
 And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall
 Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains, 220
 That counts your beauties only by your stains,
 Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
 The muse's wing shall brush you all away.
 All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
 All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings
 All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
 Like the last gazette, or the last address
 When black ambition stains a public cause,¹

¹ The cause of Cromwell in the civil war of England, (see 229)

A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
 Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar, 230
 Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star¹

Not so, when diademed with rays divine,
 Touched with the flame that breaks from virtue's shrine,
 Her priestless muse forbids the good to die,
 And opes the temple of eternity.

There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
 Than such as Anstis² casts into the grave,
 Far other stars than Kent and Grafton wear,
 And may descend to Mordington from Stair³ 240
 (Such as on Hough's⁴ unsullied mitre shune,
 Or beam, good Digby,⁴ from a heart like thine)

Let envy howl, while heaven's whole chorus sings,
 And bark at honour not conferred by kings,
 Let flattery sickening see the incense rise,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
 Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,

of Louis XIV in his conquest of the Low Countries Waller's
Paucyric to my Lord Protector was written about 1654

¹ See his *Ode on Namur*, where (to use his own words) "il a fut
 un Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à son
 Chapeau, et qui est en effet une espèce de Comète, fatale à nos
 ennemis"

² The chief Herald-at-Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of
 great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of
 honour

³ John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle, served
 in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough, and afterwards
 as ambassador in France.

⁴ Dr John Hough, Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby
 The one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the
 false measures of King James II the other as firmly attached to
 the cause of that king Both acting out of principle, and equally
 men of honour and virtue

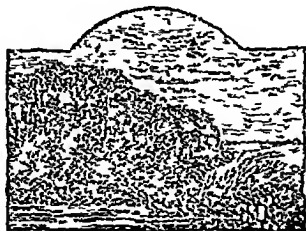
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law,
 Here, last of Britons ! let your names be read, 250
 Are none, none living ? let me praise the dead,
 And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
 Fall by the votes of their degenerate line

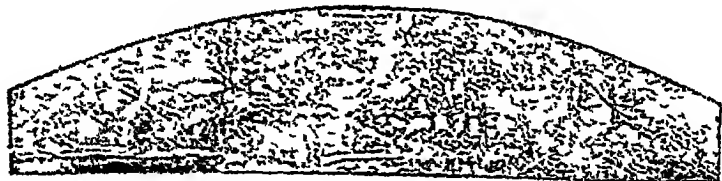
F Alas ! alas ! pray end what you began,
 And write next winter more essays on man ¹

Ver 255 in the MS —

Quit, quit these themes, and write essays on man

This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more, but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of protest against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks, but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies, but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience





THE DUNCIAD.

PREFACE

Prefixed to the five First Editions of the *Dunciad*, in three Books,
printed at Dublin and London, 1727

THE PUBLISHER¹ TO THE READER

It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest dis-

¹ Who he was is uncertain, but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Dargen, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power, the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows —

There was published in those miscellanies a treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise, a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that for many years, during the uncontrolled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age, and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly

tion and character, either in the state or in literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand¹ in these kingdoms of England and Ireland, (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world and foreigners, who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence

The only exception is the author of the following poem,² who

secret and obscure This gave Mr Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind, since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation This it was that gave birth to the *Dunciad*, and he thought it a happiness, that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design

¹ It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr Pope, p 9) —“Though I grant the *Dunciad* a better poem of its kind than ever was writ, yet, when I read it with those vain-glorious encumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c., it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a low avarice of praise,” &c (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the author's own)

² A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself

doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears, from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked no man living,¹ who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader, but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication, since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style² and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr Pope, 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full six years¹ of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection, and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript,—

¹ The publisher in these words went a little too far, but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such, and the exception is only of two or three, whose dullness, impudent scurrility, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the *Dunciad*

² This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The *Dunciad*, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr Pope

³ This was also honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the *Dunciad*

Oh mihi bis senos multum vigila per annos,
Duncia !

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem ; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoens the *Lusiad*, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

THE DUNCIAD

It is styled heroic, as being doubly so, not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such, but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design will be sensible, that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day, in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decipher them, since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names, by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr T, Mr L, Sir R B, &c., but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

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TO THE FIRST EDITION, WITH NOTES, 1729

It will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the *Dunciad*, than

has hitherto appeared I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application, whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive, and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written, yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very obscurity of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a secret, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the persons it was judged proper to give some account for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered, lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions, but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them, together with some

of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest, and upon which Vida, Tricastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

OCCASIONED BY THE FIRST CORRECT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD

It is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the *Dunciad*, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary, and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a commentary a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such notes as have occurred to me, I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others, since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person, whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the enclosed notes are the fruit.

I perceived, that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other. Nobody was either concerned or surprised, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery. A stratagem, which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they duly abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all Ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers, and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them

Now what had Mr. Pope done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of everybody, in which not the least mention is made of any of them And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the *Dunciad* What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure or even purchase, room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings, since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent,—in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers, I mean by authors without names: then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so, and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr Pope, and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character), but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him Now, if what

these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave, either imposed on myself, or imposing on them, so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight, and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them, which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their titles,¹ and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too obscure for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire, and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinations, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of, law can pronounce judgment only on open facts; morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief, so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are poor. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there), but sure it can be none for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and

¹ Which we have done in a list printed in the appendix.

villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* is poor, but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling, for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world, and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objection on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his

admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance, but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the *Essay on Criticism*? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were

One, therefore, of their assertions, I believe may be true "That he has a contempt for their writings" And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside "That his own have found too much success with the public" But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary, nay, as much so as personal deformity But even this will not help them deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome, and so must dulness when he sets up for a wit They are not ridiculed, because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure, but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number, who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them, I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune, in the distinctions shown them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners, in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had, for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities

in their respective nations¹ But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times, of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this I dare answer for him he will do it in no more, and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last, and if ever he shall give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable He has not been a follower of fortune or success, he has lived with the great without flattery, been a friend to men in power without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received no favour, but what was done him in his friends As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics, bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them,—I mean when out of power or out of fashion²

¹ *Essay on Criticism*, in French verse, by General Hamilton, the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I after by the Abbe Reynel, in verse, with notes *Rape of the Lock*, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728, and in Italian verse, by the Abbe Conti, a noble Venetian, and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His essays and dissertations on Homer, several times translated in French *Essay on Allan*, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, by Monsieur Silhouet, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin

² As Mr Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of poems, Mr Walsh, after his death, Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State, Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England after the queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life, Mr Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South Sea year, and after his death, others only in epitaphs

A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself, as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities, and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam.

I am,

Your most humble Servant,

WILLIAM CLELAND¹

St James's, Dec 22, 1728

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TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE DUNCIAD,
WHEN PRINTED SEPARATELY IN THE YEAR 1742.

We apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the *Dunciad*, that we publish this fourth. It

¹ This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England, in which having shown himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other assistance of fortune, he was suddenly displaced by the minister in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a per-

was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman ; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly showed it not only to be incorrect, but unfinished. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it : and from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that the accomplishment of the prophecies therein, would be the theme hereafter of a greater *Dunciad*. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, though perhaps inferior to the former.¹

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete : in which we also promise to insert any criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the names of the authors ; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

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TO THE COMPLETE EDITION OF 1743

I have long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on Man*, and have since finished another on the *Essay on Criticism*. There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation,

son of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation, no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country. And yet for all this, the public will not allow him to be the author of this letter — *W. Warburton*

¹ Virgil is said to have left his works to his friends Varius and Tucca, on certain conditions as to emendation.

but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr Cleland, Dr Arbuthnot, and others I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable hero He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post, as has since obtained the laurel, but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the *Dunciad*.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author this person was one, who from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity, and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it.—*Warburton*

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PRINTED IN THE JOURNALS, 1730

Whereas, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the *Dunciad*, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an abuse we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth We cannot alter this opinion without some reason, but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such, from any three of his companions in the *Dunciad*, or from Mr Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM

This poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, chaos, night, and dulness, so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But, even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in *Odysseus*. And accordingly Aristotle, in his *Poetic*, chap. iv., doth further set forth, that as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem that the hero, or chief personage of it was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the first, and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad*, which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first *Dunciad* was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*.

Now, forasmuch as our poet had translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of the *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad*! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a brute, or a Godfrey,

with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Flecknoe.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land whereby, not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either, for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public spirited view he laid the plan of his poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely, dulness and poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory (as the construction of epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. He proceedeth to show the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the effects they produce. Then the materials, or stock with which they furnish them, and (above all) that self-opinion which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding), was to be exemplified in some one, great and remarkable action. and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, namely, the restoration of the reign of chaos and night, by the ministry of dulness their daughter, in the removal

of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world, as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war, in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of dulness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom in the poet's mind must have a name. He finds it to be —, and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition, the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: the first concerneth the plagiarist, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second, the libellous novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicatory, the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer, and so of the rest, assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: the manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr Cibber calls them, "a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly flies; but adds, our author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on Cibber, than upon any other person whatever."

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the

BY AUTHORITY

By virtue of the authority in us vested by the act for subjecting poets to the power of a licenser, we have revised this piece, where finding the style and appellation of king to have been given to a certain pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, of the name of Tibbald, and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on majesty, or at least an insult on that legal authority which has bestowed on another person the crown of poesy We have ordered the said pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work And do declare the said throne of poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the laureate himself And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same

OC. Ch

THE DUNCIAD.

To DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE proposition, the invocation, and the inscription Then the original of the great empire of dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof The college of the goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular, the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bays to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings As the pile is kindled,

narration various, yet of one colour the purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious not the words but only the images have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors, and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients, insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself, yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection, at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty. For, at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics, and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poesy: though since he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his Alfred¹. True it is, that the talents for criticism, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age. But it is far otherwise in poetry, witness the works of Mr Rymer² and Mr Dennis, who, beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason therefore did our author choose to write his essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the *Dunciad*.

¹ See his *Essay*.

² The author of a *Short View of Tragedy* (1693), which contains some cavils against Shakespeare.

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THE DUNCIAD

the goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of *Thule*. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries, then denouncing the death of Eusden the poet laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor

BOOK I

THE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses¹ to the ear of kings,
I sing Say you, her instruments the great!
Called to this work by dulness, Jove, and fate²
-You by whose care, in vain decried and curst,
Shall dunc the second reigns like dunc the first,
Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And poured her spirit o'er the land and deep
In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issued from the thunderer's head,
Dulness o'er all possessed her ancient right,
Daughter of chaos and eternal night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborous, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire to restore³ she tries,
For, born a goddess, dulness never dies.

10

¹ Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the hero of this poem and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent Garden, Lincolns-Inn-fields, and the Haymarket, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of King George I and II. See Book III.
² *Jc*, by their judgments, their interests, and their inclinations
³ This restoration makes the completion of the poem. *Vide* Book IV

O thou¹ whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver¹ 20
 Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
 Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,²
 Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind;
 From thy Boeotia though her power retires,
 Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires³
 Here pleased behold her mighty wings outspread
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead⁴

Close to those walls where folly holds her throne,
 And laughs to think Monroe⁵ would take her down, 30
 Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,⁶
 Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand,
 One cell there is, concealed from vulgar eye,
 The cave of poverty and poetry
 Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
 Emblem of music caused by emptiness
 Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain tied down,

¹ The several names and characters he assumed in his ludicrous, his splenetic, or his party-writings, which take in all his works

² *Ironie*, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both — The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his majesty was graciously pleased to recall

³ *Ironie sterum* The politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other Dr Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our author of the former

⁴ The ancient Golden Age is by poets styled Saturnian, as being under the reign of Saturn, but in the chemical language Saturn is lead. She is said here only to be spreading her wings to hatch this age, which is not produced completely till the fourth book.

⁵ Physician to Bedlam Hospital

⁶ Mr Caus Gabriel Cibber, father of the poet laureate The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam Hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist

Escape in monsters, and amaze the town
 Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
 Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post.¹ 40
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,²
 Hence journals, medleys, mercuries, magazines;
 Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
 And new-year odes,³ and all the Grub Street race.

In clouded majesty here dulness shone,
 Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne:
 Fierce champion fortitude, that knows no fears
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
 Calm temperance, whose blessings those partake
 Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake 50
 Prudence, whose glass presents the approaching jail.
 Poetio justice, with her lifted scale,
 Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
 And solid pudding against empty praise

Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
 Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
 'Till genial Jacob,⁴ or a warm third day,
 Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play
 How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,

¹ Two booksellers, of whom see Book II. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books, the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters

² It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn, and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time or before.

³ Made by the poet laureate for the time being, to be sung at court on every New-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The *New-year Odes* of the hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our author to mention them here so particularly

⁴ Jacob Tonson the bookseller

How new-born reverence first is taught to cry,
 60 Mirrors half-formed in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 Here one poor word in hundred clenches malins,¹
 As I describe unlearned new meanders takes;
 There as they neigress her sancti strike,
 Figures all piled, and unities unlike.
 Sooner a mob of metaphors advance,
 Paired with the madness of the masqué dance,
 How tragedy and comedy embrace;
 How free and of epic put a jumbled race,
 70 How "Tere bin eis" stands still at her command,
 Be him shift their place, and ocean turns to land
 Here gay decoration I apt play with showers,
 Or pass to Zephira's fruits, to Boreas flowers,
 Glorifying with ice here heavy hills are seen,
 There painted valleys of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvest nod beneath the snow.

All there and more the eloud compelling queen
 Holds through fog, that magnify the scene. 80

¹ It may not be a bad idea to give an instance or two of these operations of delinquency of the works of her sons, celebrated in the poem. A great critic formerly told these clenches in such abhorrence that he declared, "If that war I span, would pick a pocket" Yet Mr. Deane's works afford us notable examples in this kind; "Alexander Pope hath sent abroad two the world as many bulls as his name the Pope Alexander,—I let us take the initial and final letter of his name,—A P—E, and they give you the idea of an ape—Pope comes from the Latin word *Papa*, which signifies a little wart, or from *Assina*, because he was continually popping out parts of wit, or rather *Papa*, or *Papum*."—Dennis on *Herbert and Patsy* &c., Jun. 11, 1728. A clench or clinch was a common expression for a pun.

² Alluding to the transgressions of the unities in the plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon time and place, and the nature of tragedy and comedy, farce, and epic, see *Pinto* and *Proserpine*, *Penelope*, &c., if yet extant.

She, tinselled o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all

'Twas on the day when —— rich and grave,¹

Like Cimon, triumphed both on land and wave:

(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But lived in Settle's numbers one day more ⁹⁰

Now mayors and shrieves all hushed and satiate lay,

Yet ate, in dreams, the custard of the day,

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,

Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.

Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls

What city swans once sung within the walls,

Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,

And sure succession down from Heywood's² days

She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,

Each sire impressed, and glaring in his son ¹⁰⁰

So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,

Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear

¹ Ver. 85 in the former editions,—

'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.

Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720. The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water—Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and barbarians. The battle of the Eurymedon.

² A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry. Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of city poet ceased, so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

³ John Heywood, whose Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

She saw old Prynne in restless Daniel¹ shine,
 And Eusden eke out² Blackmore's endless line,
 She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
 And all the mighty mad³ in Dennis rage.

In each she marks her image full exprest,

¹ The first edition had it,—

She saw in Norton all his father shine ·

a great mistake ! for Daniel De Foe had parts, but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verses as well as politics. And both these authors had a semblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.

² Laurence Eusden, poet laureate before Cibber. Mr Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Of Blackmore, see book II. Of Philips, book I. 262, and book III. *prope fin*.

Nalium Tate was poet laureate, a cold writer, of no invention, but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

³ This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr Dennis were really mad, according to the narrative of Dr Norris in Swift and Pope's miscellanies. No—it is spoken of that excellent and divine madness, so often mentioned by Plato that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr D. hath, in his time, been highly possessed, and of those extraordinary hints and motions whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his preface to the *Rem on Pr Arth*. Mr John Dennis was the son of a saddler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr Dryden, and having obtained some correspondence with Mr Wycherley and Mr Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their letters. He made himself known to the Government by many admirable schemes and projects, which the ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound learning. That he is master of a great deal of penetration and judgment, his criticisms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears "that he writ plays more to get reputation than money." Dennis of himself. See Giles Jacob's *Lives of Dram Poets*, pp. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.

But chief in Bays's¹ monster-breeding breast
 Bays, formed by nature stage and town to bless,²
 And act, and be, a coxcomb with success 110
 Dulness, with transport eyes the lively dunce,
 Remembering she herself was pertness once.
 Now (shame to fortune³) an ill run at play
 Blanked his bold visage, and a thin third day.
 Swearing and supperless the hero sate,
 Blasphemed his gods, the dice, and damned his fate,
 Then gnawed his pen, then dashed it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound¹
 Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there,

¹ Author of a pamphlet entitled *Shakespeare Restored* During two whole years while Mr Pope was preparing his edition of Shakespeare, he published advertisements requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection But this restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication, (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a daily journal of Nov 26, 1728) And then an outcry was made in the prints, that our author had joined with the bookseller to raise an extravagant subscription, in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised in his own proposals for Homer Probably that proceeding elevated Tibbald to the dignity he holds in this poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren, unless we impute it to the share he had in the journals, cited among the *Testimonies of Authors* prefixed to this work

² It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity. he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me What I am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, "that he could not think himself so, nor believe that our poet did, but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think, and concluded it must be merely to show his wit, or for some profit or lucre to himself"—*Life of C C*, chap vii, and *Letter to Mr P*, pp 15, 40, 53

³ Because she usually shows favour to persons of this character, who have a threefold pretence to it

Yet wrote and floundered on in mere despair 120
 Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
 Much future ode, and abdicated play;
 Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
 That slipped through cracks and zig-zags of the head,
 All that on folly frenzy could beget,
 Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit,
 Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,
 How here he sipped, how there he plundered snug,
 And sucked all o'er, like an industrious bug 130
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes,¹ and here
 The frippery² of crucified Moliere,
 There hapless Shakespeare,³ yet of Tibbald sore,
 Wished he had blotted⁴ for himself before
 The rest on outside merit but presume,⁵

¹ A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays

² "When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment"—*Life*, p. 217, octavo

³ It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's *Shakespeare*. He was frequently liberal this way, and, as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr. Pope's *Homer*, out of pure generosity and civility, but when Mr. Pope did so to his *Nonjuror*, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke."—*Letter to Mr. P.*, p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespeare, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of *Mist's* journals, June 8, "That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other editor, he would still give above five hundred emendations that shall escape them all."

⁴ It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakespeare, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand, and Shakespeare would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only (and especially the daring hero of this poem) have made on the stage, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions.

⁵ This library is divided into three parts, the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled,

Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents dressed in red and gold,
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own. 40
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;¹
 There, stamped with arms, Newcastle shines complete²
 Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
 A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
 Well purged, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome³

the second, of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures, the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old English printers, or old English translations, all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to dullness

¹ "John Ogilby was one, who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time, sending into the world so many large volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures and (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter"—*Winstanly, Lives of Poets*

² "The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry, leaving to posterity in print three ample volumes of her studious endeavours."—*Winstanly, ibid*
 Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's, which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them

³ The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in three capacities 1 Settle was his brother laureate, only indeed upon half pay, for the city instead of the court, but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birthdays, &c. 2 Banks was his rival in tragedy (though more successful) in one of his tragedies, the *Earl of Essex*, which is yet alive *Anna Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great*, are dead and gone These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic, exactly imitated in *Perolla and Isadora*, *Cæsar in Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter* 3 Broome was a serving man of Ben Jonson who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible

But, high above, more solid learning¹ shone,
 The classics of an age that heard of none;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
 One clasped in wood, and one in strong cow-hide; 150
 There saved by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Dry bodies of divinity appear;
 De Lyra² there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon³ bends

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
 Redeemed from tapers and defrauded pies,
 Inspired he seizes, these an altar raise;
 An hecatomb of pure unsullied lays
 That altar crowns; a folio common-place
 Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base; 160
 Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre,
 A twisted birthday ode completes the spire

Then he. "Great tamer of all human art!
 First in my care, and ever at my heart;
 Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
 With whom my muse began, with whom shall end
 E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig⁴ was praise,

¹ Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagine consisted of novels, plays, and obscene books, but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the *Dry Bodies of Divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father, when he designed him for the gown. See the note on ver 200

² Nich de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

³ Philemon Holland, doctor in physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called translator general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library—*Winstanly*

⁴ The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero was a fair flaxen full-bottomed periwig, which, he tells us, he wore

To the last honours of the Butt and Bays ·
 O thou ! of business the directing soul !
 To this our head like bias to the bowl, 170
 Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely waddling to the mark in view .
 O ! ever gracious to perplexed mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind ;
 And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Or, if to wit a cockcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and sense ;
 Or quite unravel all the reasoning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead ! 180
 As, forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky,
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urged by the load below ·
 Me emptiness, and dulness could inspire,
 And were my elasticity and fire.
 Some demon stole my pen (forgive the offence)
 And once betrayed me into common sense
 Else all my prose and verse were much the same ,
 This prose on stilts, that poetry fallen lame. 190
 Did on the stage my fops appear confined ?
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind
 Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove ?
 The brisk example never failed to move
 Yet sure had heaven decreed to save the state,
 Heaven had decreed these works a longer date
 Could Troy be saved by any single hand,

in his first play of the Fool in Fashion This remarkable periwig
 usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by
 two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience

This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
 What can I now? my Fletcher¹ cast aside,
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide?² 200
 Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
 'This box my thunder, this right hand my God?
 Or chaired at White's amidst the doctors sit,
 Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
 Or bidst thou rather party to embrace?
 (A friend to party thou, and all her race,
 'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
 To dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.³)
 Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal? 210
 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?
 Hold—to the minister I more incline,
 To serve his cause, O queen! is serving thine.
 And see! thy very gazetteers⁴ give o'er,
 Even Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more

¹ A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in his library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron, je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made so free with him.

² When, according to his father's intention, he had been a clergyman, or (as he thinks himself) a Bishop of the Church of England.

This learned critic is to be understood allegorically. The doctors in this place mean no more than false dice, a cant phrase used amongst gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?"

³ George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the *Flying-Post*, Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory journal.

⁴ A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on Book ii. ver. 316, who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.

What then remains? Ourselves Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain
 This brazen brightness, to the squire so dear;
 'This polished hardness, that reflects the peer: 220
 This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
 This mess, tossed up of Hockley-hole and White's;
 Where dukes and butchers join to wreath my crown,
 At once the bear and fiddle of the town.

"O born in sin, and forth in folly brought! ¹
 Works damned, or to be damned! (your father's fault)
 Go, purified by flames ascend the sky,
 My better and more Christian progeny! ²
 Unstained, untouched, and yet in maiden sheets,
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230
 Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
 Sent with a pass, ³ and vagrant through the land;
 Not sail with Ward, to ape-and-monkey climes, ⁴

¹ This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction, and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject

² "It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific, that the one was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same year the other made me father of a play I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds some died in their infancy," &c.—*Life of C. C.*

³ It was a practice so to give the *Daily Gazetteer* and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B was a writer), and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom Bland was the Provost of Eton—*Warton*

⁴ "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the *London Spy*, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the city (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party"—Jacob, *Lives of Poets*, vol. II p. 225 Great number of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations—Ward, in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the City, but in Moor-fields

Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes ·
 Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire ,
 Not wrap up oranges, to pelt your sire ¹
 O ¹ pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild limbo of our father Tate . ¹
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest ¹ 240
 Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
 Where things destroyed are swept to things unborn ¹
 With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace ¹)
 Stole from the master of the seven-fold face ;
 And thrice he lifted high the birthday brand,
 And thrice he dropt it from his quivering hand ;
 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes :
 The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
 The opening clouds disclose each work by turns ;
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns , ² 250
 Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires ;
 King John in silence modestly expires ;
 No merit now the dear nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble ³ in a moment flames
 Tears gushed again, as from pale Priam's eyes
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies ⁴

¹ Two of his predecessors in the Laurel

² In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a rope" But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the poet preserves in these few lines), the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned, the fourth suppressed, in fear of the like treatment

³ A comedy threshed out of Moliere's *Tartuffe*, and so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the government

⁴ See *Virgil*, *Æn* ii, where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in Wynkyn — *Scribl*

Roused by the light, old dulness heaved the head,
 Then snatched a sheet of Thule¹ from her bed,
 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre,
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260

Her ample presence fills up all the place,
 A veil of fogs dilates her awful face
 Great in her charms¹ as when on shrieves and mayors
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs
 She bids him wait her to her sacred dome,²
 Well pleased he entered, and confessed his home.
 So spirits ending their terrestrial race
 Ascend, and recognise their native place
 This the great mother³ dearer held than all
 The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall. 270
 Here stood her opium, here she nursed her owls,
 And here she planned the imperial seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows;
 Prose swelled to verse, verse loitering into prose
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
 Now leave all memory of sense behind;
 How prologues into prefaces decay,
 And these to notes are frittered quite away.
 How index-learning turns no student pale,

¹ An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Amb Philips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the Asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

² Where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original, as Plato says the spirits shall, at their entrance into the celestial regions.

³ *Magna mater*, here applied to dulness. The Quidnuncs, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were constantly inquiring *quid nunc?* what news?

Yet holds the eel of science by the tail 280
 How, with less reading than makes felons scape,
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,
 Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
 A vast, vamped, future, old, revived, new piece,
 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and Corneille,
 Can make a Cibber, Tibbald,¹ or Ozell²

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
 With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
 And lo¹ her bird (a monster of a fowl,
 Something betwixt a heideggre³ and owl) 290
 Perched on his crown "All hail¹ and hail again,
 My son the promised land expects thy reign
 Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise,
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days,
 Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
 Where wretched Withers,⁴ Ward, and Gildon⁵ rest,

¹ Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the *Censor*, and a translation of *Ovid*.

² Mr John Ozell (if we credit Mr Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood, but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the city, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays—Jacob, *Lives of Dram Poets*, p 198.

³ A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

⁴ George Withers.

⁵ Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St Omer's with the Jesuits, but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the *Oracles of Reason*, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays, abused Mr Pope very scandalously in an

And high-born Howard,¹ more majestic sire,
 With fool of quality completes the quire
 Thou, Cibber¹ thou, his laurel shalt support,
 Folly, my son, has still a friend at court 300
 Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come¹
 Sound, sound, ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
 Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
 The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join
 And thou¹ his aide-de-camp, lead on my sons,
 Light-armed with points, antitheses, and puns
 Let bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:
 And under his, and under Archer's wing,
 Gaming and Grub Street skulk behind the king.² 310

"O¹ when shall rise a monarch all our own,
 And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne,
 'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
 Shade him from light, and cover him from law,

anonymous pamphlet of the *Life of Mr Wycherley*, printed by Cur, in another called the *New Rehearsal*, printed in 1714, in a third, entitled, *The Complete Art of English Poetry*, in two volumes, and others

¹ Hon Edward Howard, author of the *British Princes*, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr Waller, &c

² When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient custom, plays at hazard one night in the year, and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the Court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the Court resides, and the hazard table there open to all the professed gamblers in town

Greatest and justest sovereign¹ know you this?

Alas! no more than Thames' calm head can know

Whose meads his arms drown or whose corn o'erflow

Donne to Queen Elizabeth

Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
 And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land :
 'Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine."

She ceased. Then swells the chapel-royal¹ throat :
 "God save King Cibber !" mounts in every note. 320
 Familiar White's, "God save King Colley !" cries ;
 "God save King Colley !" Drury Lane replies :
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious Needham² dropt the name of God ,
 Back to the devil³ the last echoes roll,
 And "Coll !" each butcher roars at Hockley Hole
 So when Jove's block descended from on high
 (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby⁴)
 Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog, 329
 And the hoarse nation croaked, "God save King Log!"

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT

The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games, and sports of various kinds , not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the goddess

¹ The voices and instruments used in the service of the chapel royal being also employed in the performance of the birthday and new-year odes

² A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way, whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God" But her fate was not so happy, for being convicted and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and rotaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her dry-

³ The Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, where those odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at Court.

⁴ See Ogilby's *Æsop's Fables*, where, in the story of the frogs and their king, this excellent hemistic is to be found T

in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c., were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, *Odys.* xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles) Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phrygion of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving. The first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and sustainer poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics, the goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read without sleeping. The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth, till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall asleep, which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub,¹ or Fleckno's Irish throne,²
Or that where on her Curls the public pours,³

¹ The pulpit of a dissenter is usually called a tub, but that of Mr Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, "The Primitive Eucharist." See the history of this person, Book III.

² Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Æneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Defant de Bouts rimees* of Sarazin.

³ Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing Cross, in March

All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,
 Great Cibber sate : The proud Parnassian sneer,
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look All eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze .
 His peers shine round him with reflected grace .
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face 10
 So from the sun's broad beam in shallow urns
 Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their
 horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crowned,
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
 Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit,¹
 Throned on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.

And now the queen, to glad her sons, proclaims,
 By herald hawkers, high heroic games
 They summon all her race · an endless band

1727-8 "This (saith Edmund Curl) is a false assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call mounting the rostrum for one hour, but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February" And of the history of his being tost in a blanket, he saith, "Here, Scriblerus! thou leeseth in what thou assertest concerning the blanket; it was not a blanket, but a rug" Much in the same manner Mr Cibber remonstrated, that his brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book 1, were not Brazen, but blocks, yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship—*Scriblerus*

¹ Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel, a jest which the Court of Rome and the pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation, at which it is recorded the poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy He was ever after a constant frequenter of the pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number—*Paulus Jovius* Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam Strada, in his Prolusions

Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. 20
 A motley mixture¹ in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
 From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots :
 All who true dunces in her cause appeared,
 And all who knew those dunces to reward

Amid that area wide they took then stand,
 Where the tall May-poll once o'er-looked the Strand
 But now (so Anne and piety ordain)

A church collects the saints of Drury Lane 30

With authors, stationers obeyed the call,
 (The field of glory is a field for all)
 Glory, and gain, the industrious tribe provoke ;
 And gentle dulness ever loves a joke
 A poet's form she placed before their eyes,
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize ;
 No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin ;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days. 40
 All as a partridge plump, full fed, and fair,
 She formed this image of well-bodied air,
 With pert flat eyes she windowed well its head.
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead,
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
 But senseless, lifeless ! idol void and vain !
 Never was dashed out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool, so just a copy of a wit,
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A wit it was, and called the phantom Moore¹

¹ James Moore Smythe, an admirer of Teresa Blount.

All gaze with ardour some a poet's name,
 Others a sword-knot and laced suit inflame
 But lofty Lintot¹ in the circle rose
 "This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes,
 With me began this genius, and shall end"
 He spoke and who with Lintot shall contend?

Fear held them mute Alone, untaught to fear,
 Stood dauntless Curl,² "Behold that rival here"
 The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won,
 So take the hindmost, hell," (he said) "and run" 60
 Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge Lintot and outstripped the wind
 As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops
 So labouring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
 Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legged Jacob seems to emulate
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
 Which Curl's Corinna³ chanced that morn to make 70

¹ We enter here upon the episode of the booksellers persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation The action of Mr Bernard Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull This eminent bookseller printed the *Real Modis* before mentioned.

² We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr Edmund Curl As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at, and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased, they could not call their very names their own He was not only famous among these, he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular marks of distinction from each

³ This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs T——, who pro-

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide, loud shout the band,
 And "Bernard! Bernard!" rings through all the Strand
 Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewrayed,
 Fallen in the plash his wickedness had laid:
 Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
 The catiff vaticide conceived a prayer.

"Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any god's, or more; 80
 And him and his if more devotion warms,
 Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms"¹

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,²
 Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
 There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various vows of fond mankind,
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind.
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant thus abode supply; 90
 Amused he reads, and then returns the bills
 Signed with that Ichor which from gods distils
 In office here fair Cloacina stands,

cured some private letters of Mr Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer. Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas was first styled Corinna by Dryden, to whom she sent a copy of verses. She died, in want, in 1730 — *Carruthers*

¹ The Bible, Curl's sign, the Crosskeys, Lintot's.

² See Lucian's *Scaro-Memphis*, where this fiction is more extended

And ministers to Jove with purest hands
 Forth from the heap she picked her votary's prayer,
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
 Oft had the goddess heard her servants call,
 From her black grottos near the temple-wall,
 Listening delighted to the jest unclean
 Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene, 100
 Where as he fished her nether realms for wit,
 She oft had favoured him, and favours yet
 Renewed by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oiled with magic juices¹ for the course,
 Vigorous he rises, from the effluvia strong
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
 Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face

And now the victor stretched his eager hand,
 Where the tall nothing stood, or seemed to stand, 110
 A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night
 To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care,
 His papers light fly diverse, tossed in air,
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
 And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift
 The embroidered suit at least he deemed his prey,
 That suit an unpaid tailor² snatched away

¹ Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.

² Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See note on ver 50. Dr Evans, of St John's College, Oxford, author of the *Apparition*, a satire on Tindal.—*Warton*

³ This line has been loudly complained of in *Mist*, June 8, dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of poets but it is thought our author would be acquitted by a jury of tailors. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen, if it be a

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so fluttered, and that once so writ. 120

Heaven rings with laughter Of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again
Three wicked imps of her own Grub Street choir,
She decked like Congreve, Addison, and Prior,¹
Mears, Warner, Wilkins² run. delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.
Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone:
He grasps an empty Joseph³ for a John,
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seized, a puppy, or an ape. 130

To him the goddess. "Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town"⁴
As the sage dame, experienced in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each battered jade,
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries.)

satire on anybody, it must be on a bad prymaster, since the person to whom they have here applied it was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as non-payment, which Mr Dennis so far asserts, as holdly to pronounce, that "if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him."

¹ These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary — Besaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers — "Bond writ a satire against Mr Pope — Captain Breval was author of the *Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance, to expose Mr Pope, Mr Gay, Dr Arbuthnot, and some ladies of quality," says Curl.

² Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.

³ Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr Gay's. The antiquity of the word Joseph, which likewise signifies a loose uppercoat, gives much pleasantry to the idea. — *Warburton*.

⁴ It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift,
Cook shall be Prior,¹ and Concanen, Swift.
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison"²

140

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
A shaggy tapestry,³ worthy to be spread
On Codrus old, or Dunton's modern bed,⁴
Instructive work¹ whose wry-mouthed portraiture
Displayed the fates her confessors endure
Earless on high stood unabashed De Foe,

¹ The man here specified writ a thing called *The Battle of Poets*, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and daily journals, and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

² Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison, in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it, even Cibber himself (presuming him to be author of the *Careless Husband*). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth, both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire.

³ A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff, like that which is spoken of by Donne—faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings. The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in *Æn* v.

⁴ Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his poverty very copiously, Sat. iii. 103, &c. But Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c., to the author of the *Dunciad*, assures us, "that Juvenal never satirised the poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler, he writ *Neck or Nothing*, a violent satire on some ministers of state, a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

And Tutchin¹ flagrant from the scourge below
 There Ridpath, Roper,² cudgelled might ye view,
 The very worsted still look black and blue 150
 Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,³
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
 And "Oh!" (he cried) "what street, what lane but
 knows

Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
 In every loom our labours shall be seen,
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green!"

See in the circle next, Eliza⁴ placed,
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waist,
 Fair as before her works she stands confessed,
 In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall⁵ dressed
 The goddess then "Who best can send on high 161
 The salient spout, far streaming to the sky,
 His be yon Juno of majestic size,
 With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes
 This China jordan let the chief o'ercome
 Replenish, not ingloriously, at home"

Osborne⁶ and Curl accept the glorious strife,

¹ John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the *Observer* he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

² Authors of the *Flying Post* and *Post-boy*, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

³ The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known.

⁴ This woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the *Court of Carmania*, and the new *Utopia*.

⁵ The name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

⁶ A bookseller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impu-

(Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife)
 One on his manly confidence relies,
 One on his vigour and superior size. 170
 First Osborne leaned against his lettered post,
 It rose, and laboured to a curve at most.
 So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round,
 (Sure sign that no spectator shall be drowned)
 A second effort brought but new disgrace:
 The wild Mæander washed the artist's face;
 Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirits in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock
 Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
 The stream, and smoking flourished o'er his head. 180
 So (famed like thee for turbulence and horns)
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns,
 Through half the heavens he pours the exalted urn,
 His rapid waters in their passage burn
 Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes
 Still happy impudence obtains the prize
 Thou triumphest, victor of the high-wrought day,
 And the pleased dame, soft smiling, leadest away
 Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
 Crowned with the jordan, walks contented home 190
 But now for authors nobler palms remain;
 "Room for my lord!" three jockeys in his train,
 Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair.
 He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare

dence to act this part, and therefore placed here instead of a less
 deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a
 year together, pretending to sell Mr Pope's subscription books of
 Homer's *Iliad* at half the price of which books he had none, but
 cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in
 folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above
 half the value

His honour's meaning dulness thus exprest,
 "He wins this patron, who can tickle best"

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state .
 With ready quills the dedicators wait ,
 Now at his head the dexterous task commence,
 And, instant, fancy feels the imputed sense , 200
 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
 He struts Adonis, and affects grimace :
 Roll¹ the feather to his ear conveys,
 Then his nice taste directs our operas :
 Bentley² his mouth with classic flattery opes,
 And the puffed orator bursts out in tropes
 But Welsted³ most the poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm ,
 Unlucky Welsted¹ thy unfeeling master,
 The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein ,
 A youth unknown to Phoebus, in despair,⁴
 Puts his last refuge all in heaven and prayer

¹ Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

² Not spoken of the famous Dr Richard Bentley, but of one Tho Bentley, a small critic, who used his uncle in a little Horace. The great one who was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford, for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley.

³ Leonard Welsted, author of the *Triumvirate*, or a letter in verse from Palemon to Crelia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr Pope and some of his friends about the year 1718. He wrote other things which we cannot remember. You have him again in book iii 169.

⁴ The satire of this episode, being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men that although their pens and

What force have pious vows ! The Queen of Love
 His sister sends, her votaress, from above,
 As, taught by Venus, Paris learned the art
 To touch Achilles' only tender part,
 Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off his grace's secretary 220

"Now turn to different spots," (the goddess cries)
 "And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise
 To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,
 With Shakespeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
 Let others aim 'tis yours to shake the soul
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl¹
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell,²
 Such happy arts attention can command,
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand 230
 Improve we these Three cat-calls³ be the bribe
 Of him, whose chattering shames the monkey tribe,
 And his thud drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass"

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din,
 The monkey-mimics rush discordant in,

praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures of such vain, braggart, puffed nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded — *Scribl*

¹ The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same, but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them Whether Mr Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not, but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, "'Sdeath ' that is my *thunder*"

² A mechanical help to the pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of tragedy

³ Certain musical instruments used by one sort of critics to confound the poets of the theatre

'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
 And noise and Norton,¹ brangling and Breval,
 Dennis and dissonance; and captious art,
 And snip-snap¹ short, and interruption smart, 240
 And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
 And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
 "Hold!" (cried the queen), "a cat-call each shall win:
 Equal your merits! equal is your din!
 But that this well-disputed game may end,
 Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend"

As, when the long-eared milky mothers wait
 At some sick miser's triple bolted gate,
 For their defrauded, absent fools they make
 A moan so loud, that all the guild awake. 250
 Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
 So swells each wind-pipe, ass intones to ass;
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass,
 Such as from labouring lungs the enthusiast blows,
 High sound, attempered to the vocal nose;
 Or such as bellow from the deep divine,
 There, Webster¹ pealed thy voice, and Whitfield²
 thine

But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain,
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again 260
 In Tottenham fields, the brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze,
 Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round.

¹ See ver 417 — F Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems See before, note on ver 126

² The one the writer of a newspaper called the *Weekly Miscellany*, the other a field preacher — Warburton

Thames wastes it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.

All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long¹

This labour passed, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning prayer and flagellation end)² 270

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboгуing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood

"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity³ of groping well.

Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream. be his the weekly journals⁴ bound, 280

* A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr Dryden expresseth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of the coach's wheels,"

and whose indefatigable muse produced no less than six epic poems. Prince and King Arthur, twenty books, Eliza, ten, Alfred, twelve, the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio, the whole Book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books, Nature of Man, three books, and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is styled afterwards the everlasting Blackmore.

² It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipped in Bridewell—This is to mark punctually the time of the day Homer does it by the circumstance of the judges rising from court, or of the labourer's dinner; our author by one very proper both to the persons and the scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord-mayor's day the first book passed in that night, the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet Street (places inhabited by booksellers), then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet Ditch, and lastly through Ludgate to the city and the Temple of the Goddess

³ The three chief qualifications of party-writers to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess

⁴ Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and

A pig of lead to him who dives the best ;
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest "

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,¹
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands ;
Then, sighing, thus, " And am I now three-score ?
Ah why, ye gods, should two and two make four ? "
He said, and climbed a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plunged downright.
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher. 290

Next Smedley dived ² slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that closed, and oped no more,
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost ;
" Smedley " in vain resounds through all the coast.
Then ³ essayed, scarce vanished out of sight,

parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the *London Journal*, *British Journal*, *Daily Journal*, &c., the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others, persons never seen by our author

¹ Mr John Oldmixon, next to Mr Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation, and unjust censurer of Mr Addison. In his *Essay on Criticism*, and the *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*, he frequently reflects on our author. But the top of his character was a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his *Critical History of England*, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the *Historians* in his collection, he falsified Daniel's *Chronicle* in numberless places. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death. He is here likened to Milo, in allusion to Ovid.

² The person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker, and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr Swift and Mr Pope, called *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in octavo, 1728.

Jonathan Smedley, a staunch Whig, and Dean of Clogher — *Carruthers*

³ A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipped in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric

He buoys up instant, and returns to light
 He bears no token of the sabler streams,
 And mounts far off among the swans of Thames
 True to the bottom see Concanen¹ creep,
 A cold, long-winded native of the deep; 300
 If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
 Not everlasting Blackmore this denies;
 No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
 The unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake
 Next plunged a feeble, but a desperate pack,
 With each a sickly brother at his back.
 Sons of a day!² just buoyant on the flood,
 Then numbered with the puppies in the mud
 Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
 The names of these blind puppies as of those 310
 Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone),
 Sits mother Osborne,³ stupefied to stone!
 And monumental brass this record bears,

instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party quarrels, and personal invectives.

Supposed to be Aaron Hill, but Pope denied it — *Warton*

¹ Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the *British* and *London Journals*, and in a paper called the *Speculatist*. In a pamphlet, called a *Supplement to the Profund*, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the Duke of Buckingham and others. To this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired scribbler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke, and others, after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

² These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another.

³ A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

"These are,—ah no! these were, the gazetteers!"

Not so bold Arnall,¹ with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance 320
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.

The plunging prelate, and his ponderous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood;
Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud,
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien the mud-nymphs sucked him in.
How young Lutetia, softer than the down
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bowers below,

¹ William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious party-papers, then succeeded Concanen in the *British Journal*. At the first publication of the *Dunciad*, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the temple of infamy: He wrote for hire, and valued himself upon it, not indeed without cause, it appearing by the foresaid report, that he received "for *Free Britons*, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than £10,997, 6s 8d, out of the treasury" But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities

As Hylas fair was ravished long ago
 Then sung, how shōwn him by the nut-brown maids
 A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
 That tinctured as it runs with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams, 340
 (As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
 Bears Pisa's offerings to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames. and hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave
 Here brisker vapours o'er the temple creep,
 There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep
 Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose,
 They led him soft, each reverend bard arose;
 And Milbourn¹ chief, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350
 "Receive" (he said) "these robes which once were
 mine,

Dulness is sacred in a sound divine"

He ceased, and spread the robe, the crowd confess
 The reverend Flamen in his lengthened dress
 Around him wide a sable army stand,
 A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
 Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
 Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any God, or man.²

Through Lud's famed gates, along the well-known
 Fleet,
 Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street; 360

¹ Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of critics, who, when he wrote against Mr Dryden's *Virgil*, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the *Dunciad* against our author

² The expression is taken from Dryden's *Hind and Panther*:
 Those Swisses fight for any side for pay — *Warton*

Till showers of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways
So clouds, replenished from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the goddess, and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games

“Ye critics’ in whose heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author’s heaviness prevails,
Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
My H—ley’s periods, or my Blackmore’s numbers; 370
Attend the trial we propose to make :
If there be man, who o’er such works can wake,
Sleep’s all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses’ ear with Argus’ eye,
To him we grant our amplest powers to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit ;
To cavi, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full and eternal privilege of tongue ”

Three college sophs, and three pert templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same, 380
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate,
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring ;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring
The clamorous crowd is hushed with mugs of mum,
Till all, turned equal, send a general hum
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on,
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze 390
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low,
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,

As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine,
 And now to this side, now to that they nod,
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god
 Thrice Bûdgel aimed to speak,¹ but thrice supprest
 By potent Arthur,² knocked his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,³
 Yet silent bowed to Christ's no kingdom here.⁴ 400
 Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum
 Then down are rolled the books, stretched o'er them
 lies

Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes,
 As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
 One circle first, and then a second makes,
 What dulness dropt among her sons imprest
 Like motion, from one circle to the rest,
 So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
 Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads 410
 At last Centlivre⁵ felt her voice to fail,

¹ Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, and one small piece on love, which is very pretty"—Jacob, *Lives of Poets*. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation

² Blackmore.

³ Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the *Atheist's Liturgy*, called Pantheisticon, was a spy, in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, and *Christianity as old as the Creation*.

⁴ This is said by Curl, *Key to Dunc*, to allude to a sermon of a reverend bishop. It alludes to Bishop Hoadley's sermons preached before George I., in 1717, on the nature of the kingdom of Christ, which occasioned a long, vehement, and learned debate, known as the Bangorian Controversy, of which see Hoadley was at that time bishop—*Wakefield*.

⁵ Mrs Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr Centlivre, Yeoman of the

Motteux¹ himself unfinished left his tale,
 Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,²
 Morgan³ and Mandevil could prate no more,
 Norton,⁴ from Daniel and Ostroæa sprung,
 Blessed with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
 Hung silent down his never-blushing head,
 And all was hushed, as folly's self lay dead

Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
 And stretched on bulks, as usual, poets lay. 420

Why should I sing, what bards the nightly muse
 Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews,
 Who prouder marched, with magistrates in state,
 To some famed round-house, ever open gate
 How Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
 And to mere mortals seemed a priest in drink.

Mouth to his Majesty She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr Jacob) before she was seven years old She also writ a ballad against Mr Pope's Homer before he began it

¹ Peter Anthony Motteux, the excellent translator of *Don Quixote*, and author of a number of forgotten dramatic pieces Dryden addressed a complimentary epistle to him. He died in 1718 — *Carruthers*.

² A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c — William Law, A M, wrote with great zeal against the stage, Mr. Dennis answered with as great Their books were printed in 1726 The same Mr Law is author of a book, entitled, *An Appeal to all that doubt of or disbelieve the truth of the Gospel*, in which he has detailed a system of the rankest Spinozism, for the most exalted theology, and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one Jacob Boehmen, a German cobbler

³ A man of some learning, and uncommon acuteness, with a strong disposition to satire, which very often degenerated into scurrility His most celebrated work is the *Moral Philosopher*, first published in the year 1737 — *Bowles*

⁴ Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel *Fortes creantur fortibus* One of the authors of the *Flying Post*, in which well-bred work Mr Pope has sometimes the honour to be abused with his betters, and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name

While others, timely, to the neighbouring fleet
(Haunt of the muses) made their safe retreat.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap, a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of fancy, and led by a mad poetical sibil to the elysian shade, where, on the banks of the Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be overrun with farces, operas, and shows, how the throne of dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at court, then how her sons shall preside in the

seats of arts and sciences giving a glimpse or Pisgah-sight of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

BOOK III

BUT in her temple's last recess enclosed,
On dulness' lap the anointed head reposed
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew.
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refined from reason know
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream, 10
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame

And now, on fancy's easy wing conveyed,
The king descending views the Elysian shade
A slipshod sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song,
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never washed, but in Castalia's streams
Taylor,¹ their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more)

¹ John Taylor the water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accident a rare example of modesty in a poet¹

"I must confess I do want eloquence,
And never scarce did learn my accident,
For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
I there was gravelled, could no further get.

He wrote four score books in the reign of James I, and Charles I, and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an ale-house in Long Acre. He died in 1654.

Benlowes,¹ propitious still to blockheads, bows, 21
 And Shadwell nods the poppy² on his brows.
 Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
 Old Bavius sits,³ to dip poetic souls,
 And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
 Of solid proof impenetrably dull.
 Instant, when dipped, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Mears⁴ unbar the gates of light,
 Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night or morning dews,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory⁵
 Wondering he gazed, when lo! a sage appears,

¹ A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronising bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagrammed his name, Benlowes into Benevolus, to verify which he spent his whole estate upon them.

² Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

³ Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner. For heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works, *Qui Bavianum non odit*, whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great good nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this poem — *Scriblerus*.

Mr Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that "He and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace for (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been cock-combs in more than ordinary credit" — *Rem on Prince Arthur*, part II, c. I. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the *Dunciad*.

⁴ Booksellers, printers for anybody.

⁵ John Ward of Hackney, Esq., Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February 1727.

By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
 Known by the band and suit which Settle¹ wore
 (His only suit) for twice three years before
 All as the vest, appeared the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another, yet the same
 Bland and familiar as in life, begun
 Thus the great father to the greater son.

40

"Oh, born to see what none can see awake!
 Behold the wonders of the oblivious lake.
 Thou, yet unborn, hast touched this sacred shore,
 The hand of Bavius drenched thee o'er and o'er.
 But blind to former, as to future fate,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
 Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
 Might from Boeotian to Boeotian roll?
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsafed to thrid?
 How many stages through old monks she rid?
 And all who since, in mild benighted days,
 Mixed the owl's ivy with the poet's bays?
 As man's meanders to the vital spring
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring,
 Or whirligigs twirled round by skilful swan,
 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again.
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
 For this our queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view.
 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind

50

60

¹ Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics. He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems, and, being carried up on one side, succeeded not a little in his tragedy of the *Empress of Morocco*.

Shall, first recalled, rush forward to thy mind :
 The stretch the sight o'er all her rising reign,
 And let the past and future fire thy brain

"Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 Her borderless empire over seas and lands.
 See, round the Pole where keener spangles shine,
 Where pierce smoke beneath the burning line, 70
 (Peril's wide extremity) her sable flag displayed,
 And all the nations covered in her shade

"Far extend east thine eye, from whence the sun
 And orient science their bright course begun :
 One god ! he monarch all that pride confound,
 He, whose power wall the wandering Tartar bounds ;
 Heaven's what a pile ! whole ages perish there,
 And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

"Thence to the south extend thy gladdened eyes ;
 There east shines with equal glory rise, 80
 From shelter to shelter see greedy Vulcan roll,²
 And bid up all the physis of the soul.
 How little, mark ! that portion of the bill,
 Where, sunk at best, the beams of science fall.
 Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies
 Embosomed dark, what clouds of vandals rise !
 Lo ! where Maeotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,³
 The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,

¹ Chi Hwang ti, Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

² The Caliph, Omar I., having conquered Egypt, caused his General to burn the Ptolemaean library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the physis of the soul.

³ I have been told that this was the couplet by which Pope declared his own ear to be most gratified, but the reason of this preference I cannot discover.—*Johnson*.

Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns ¹ 90
 See Alaric's stern port ¹ the martial frame
 Of Genseric ¹ and Attila's dread name ¹
 See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall,
 See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
 See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
 (The soil that arts and infant letters bore ¹)
 His conquering tribes the Arabian prophet draws,
 And saving ignorance enthrones by laws,
 See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
 And all the western world believe and sleep 100
 ' Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
 Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore,
 Her grey-haired synods damning books unread,
 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head
 Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
 And even the antipodes Virgilius mourn
 See the cirque falls, the unpillared temple nods,
 Streets paved with heroes, Tiber choked with gods:
 Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn,²
 And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn, 110
 See, graceless Venus to a virgin turned,
 Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burned
 " Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,

¹ Phœnicia, Syria, &c., where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

² After the government of Rome devolved to the popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples, by converting them to churches, and some of the statues, by modifying them into images of saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith, the lyre easily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

Men bearded, bald, cowed, uncowed, shod, unshod,
 Peeled, patched, and piebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
 Grave mummers ! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
 That once was Britain—happy¹ had she seen
 No fiercer sons, had Easter never been¹
 In peace, great goddess, ever be adored,
 How keen the war, if dulness draw the sword ! 120
 Thus visit not thy own¹ on this blest age
 Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage !

“ And see, my son¹ the hour is on its way,
 That lifts our goddess to imperial sway.
 This favourite isle, long severed from her reign,
 Dove-like, she gathers² to her wings again.
 Now look through fate¹ behold the scene she draws !
 What aids, what armies to assert her cause !
 See all her progeny, illustrious sight !
 Behold, and count them, as they rise to light 130
 As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
 In homage to the mother of the sky,
 Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
 An hundred sons, and every son a god
 Not with less glory mighty dulness crowned
 Shall take through Grub Street her triumphant round,
 And her Parnassus glancing o’er at once,
 Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce

“ Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
 And thrust his person full into your face 140
 With all thy father’s virtues blest, be born !
 And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn

“ A second see, by meeker manners known,

¹ Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter

² This is fulfilled in the fourth book

And modest as the maid that sips alone,
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
 Another Dursey, Ward! shall sing in thee
 'Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,
 And answering gin-shops sourer sights return

"Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,¹
 Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law. 150

Lo, P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
 Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's² funereal frown
 Lo, sneering Goode,³ half malice and half whim,
 A friend in glee, ridiculously grim
 Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,

¹ This gentleman is son of a considerable malister of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way—He has written in prose the *Lives of the Poets*, *Essays*, and a great many law-books, *The Accomplished Conveyancer*, *Modern Justice*, &c. Giles Jacob of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. 1. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused, in that book the author's friend, Mr Gay.

² These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper called *The High German Doctor*. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet Street, and writ some of the papers called *Pasquin*, where by malicious innuendos he endeavoured to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram—

"You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
 Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks?
 You wonder at it—This, sir, is the case,
 The jest is lost unless he prints his face."

Popple was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a paper called the *Prompter*.

³ An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author, called *The mock Æsop*, and many anonymous libels in newspapers for hire.

Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass ;¹
 Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damned to fame
 Some strain in rhyme, the muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks, 160
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck,
 Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

"Silence, ye wolves¹ while Ralph² to Cynthia howls,
 And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls¹

"Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and
 dead,

Let all give way, and Morris may be read
 Flow, Welsted, flow ! like thine inspirer, beer,
 Though stale, not ripe ; though thin, yet never clear,
 So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull ; 171
 Heady, not strong ; o'erflowing, though not full

"Ah, Dennis¹² Gildon, ah¹ what ill-starred rage

¹ There were several successions of these sort of minor poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c., singing the praise of the annuals flourishing for that season ; whose names indeed would be nameless, and therefore the poet slurs them over with others in general

² James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Sarumey*, very abusive of Dr Swift, Mr Gay, and himself These lines allude to a thing of his, entitled *Night*, a poem This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr Addison He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, "Shakespeare writ without rules" He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnauld, and received a small pittance for pay

³ The reader, who has seen, through the course of these notes,

Divides a friendship long confirmed by age?
 Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
 But fool with fool is barbarous civil war
 Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
 Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore

"Behold yon pair,¹ in strict embraces joined,
 How like in manners, and how like in mind! 180
 Equal in wit, and equally polite,
 Shall this a *Pasquin*, that a *Grumbler* write;
 Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
 That shines a consul, this commissioner²

"But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
 Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?
 Right well mine eyes arede³ the myster wight,
 On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight⁴

what a constant attendance Mr Dennis paid to our author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his name to such writings He was also a very old man at this time By his own account of himself in Mr Jacob's *Lives*, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after So that he was senior to Mr Durfey, who hitherto of all our poets enjoyed the longest bodily life

¹ One of these was author of a weekly paper called the *Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another called *Pasquin*, in which Mr Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham, and Bishop of Rochester They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, intitled *Homerides*, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed in 1715

² Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers

³ Read, or peruse, though sometimes used for counsel

⁴ Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceived to mean the learned Olaus Wormius, much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own antiquary, Mr Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused

"In Cumberland they say to hight, for to promise, or vow, but hight usually signifies was called, and so it does in the north even

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preservest the dulness of the past! 190

"There, dim in clouds, the poring scholasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls,¹ see only in the dark
A lumber-house of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!

"But, where each science lifts its modern type,
History her pot, divinity her pipe,
While proud philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below,
Embrowned with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,²
Turning his voice, and balancing his hands 200
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson³ preach in vain.
Oh, great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and zany of thy age!
Oh, worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!

to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland"—
Henley

¹ These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic the darker his author is, the better he is pleased, like the famous quick doctor, who put up in his bills, he delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were libraries out of order.

² J. Henley the orator, he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. After having stood some prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. This man had in hundred pounds a year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the *Hyp-Doctor*.

³ Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London, whose sermons and pastoral letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

But fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul, 210
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days¹

"Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend.
 (So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
 'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
 A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame
 But oh! with One, immortal One dispense,
 The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
 Content, each emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires, 220
 Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate
 Persist, by all divine in man unawed,
 But, learn, ye dunces! not to scorn your God"²

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
 Half through the solid darkness of his soul,
 But soon the cloud returned—and thus the sire
 "See now, what dulness and her sons admire!
 See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
 Not touched by nature, and not reached by art" 230

His never-blushing head he turned aside,
 (Not half so pleased when Goodman prophesied³

¹ Of Toland and Tindal, see book II. Tho Woolston was a
 impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the
 miracles of the gospel, in the years 1726, &c.

² Virg. *Æn* II, ver 619. The hardest lesson a dunce can learn
 For being bred to scorn what he does not understand, that which
 he understands least he will be apt to scorn most. Of which, to
 the disgrace of all government, and (in the poet's opinion) even of
 that of dulness herself, we have had a late example in a book en-
 titled, *Philosophical-Essays concerning Human Understanding*

See this subject pursued in book IV

³ Mr Cibber tells us, in his *Life*, p. 149, that Goodman being
 at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on

'And looked, and saw a sable sorcerer¹ rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies,
 All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
 And ten-horned fiends and giants rush to war
 Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth²
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
 Till one wide conflagration swallows all

240

Thence a new world to nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own.
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns.
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies,
 And last, to give the whole creation grace,
 Lo¹ one vast egg² produces human race

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought,
 What power, he cries, what power these wonders wrought?
 "Son, what thou seekest is in thee¹ look, and find 251
 Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind
 Yet wouldst thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
 Whose sarsenet skirts are edged with flamy gold,

the shoulder and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d"—And (says Mr Cibber) I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine

¹ Dr Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both play-houses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagances in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time

² This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's *Rape of Proserpine*

³ In another of these farces, harlequin is hatched upon the stage out of a large egg

A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls
 Angel of dulness, sent to scatter round
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
 Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire. 260
 Immortal Rich ¹ how calm he sits at ease
 'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
 And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

"But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
 New wizards rise, I see my Cibber there!
 Booth² in his cloudy tabernacle shrined,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.³
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's Inn, 270
 Contending theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

"And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee? these wonders are thy own!⁴
 These fate reserved to grace thy reign divine,
 Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
 In Lud's old walls though long I ruled, renowned
 Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
 Though my own aldermen conferred the bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise, 280

¹ Mr John Rich, master of the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, was the first that excelled this way

² Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the theatre in Drury Lane.

³ In his *Letter* to Mr P, Mr C solemnly declares this not to be literally true. We hope therefore the reader will understand it allegorically only.

⁴ A marvellous line of Theobald, unless the play called the *Double Falschood* be (as he would have it believed) Shakspeare's

Their full-fed heroes, their pacific mayors
 Their annual trophies,¹ and their monthly wars,
 Though long my party² built on me their hopes,
 For writing pamphlets, and for roasting popes,
 Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
 Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon.
 Avert it, Heaven! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
 Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy poet sticks to all he meets, 290
 Coached, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
 But lick up every blockhead in the way.
 Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,³
 And every year be duller than the last.
 Till raised from booths, to theatre, to court,
 Her seat imperial dulness shall transport. 300
 Already opera prepares the way,

¹ Annual trophies, on the Lord Mayor's day, and monthly wars in the artillery ground

² Settle, like most party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the character of a popish successor, but afterwards printed his narrative on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680, then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow Heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew Fair, where, in the droll called *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention, he was at last taken into the Charter House, and there died, aged sixty years.

³ It stood in the first edition with blanks * * and * *. Concernen was sure "they must needs mean nobody but King George and Queen Caroline, and said he would insist it was so, till the poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his allegiance."

The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway ·
 Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy doting age
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme¹ to roar,
 And scream thyself as none e'er screamed before !
 To aid our cause, if heaven thou canst not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move, for Faustus is our friend.
 Pluto² with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the mourning bride to Proserpine 310
 Grub Street¹ thy fall should men and gods con-
 spire,
 Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire³
 Another Æschylus appears !⁴ prepare
 For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair !
 In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
 While opening hell spouts wild-fire at your head
 "Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here ! here all ye heroes bow !
 This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes ·
 The Augustus born to bring Saturnian times 320
 Signs following signs lead on the mighty year !
 See ! the dull stars roll round and reappear
 See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays !
 Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays !

¹ He translated the Italian Opera of Polifemo, but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story

² Names of miserable farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

³ In Tibbald's farce of *Proserpine*, a corn-field was set on fire whereupon the other play-house had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell fire, in *Dr Faustus*

⁴ It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy, of the *Furies* was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits

On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ !¹
 Lo ! Ambrose Philips² is preferred for wit !
 See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall,³
 While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends ;
 Gay dies unpensioned with a hundred friends , 330
 Hibernian politics, O Swift ! thy fate ,
 And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate⁴
 " Proceed, great days ! till learning fly the shore,

¹ Benson (surveyor of the buildings to his Majesty King George I) gave in a report to the lords, that their house and the printed chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

² "He was (saith Mr Jacob) one of the wits at Button's and a justice of the peace," but he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland. He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr Pope was an enemy to the government, and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called the *Examiner* a falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

³ At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting house at Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent Garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset House, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent Garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expense of the Earl of Burlington and [Richard Boyle], who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of architecture in this kingdom.

⁴ The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the *Iliad* in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of *Shakespeare* (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the

Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
 Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
 Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
 Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils' sport,
 And Alma Mater lie dissolved in port !"

Enough! enough! the raptured monarch cries,
 And through the ivory gate the vision flies

340

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT

The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation, as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull upon earth. How she leads captive the sciences, and silence the muses, and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her, and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts, such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her, one of them offering to approach her is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause, by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer, with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aris-

scenery, &c., and the translation of half the *Odyssey* employed him from that time to 1725

tarchus on this subject. They are drawn off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors, one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels: presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with business. To these approaches the antiquary Annus, entreating her to make them Virtuoso's, and assign them over to him, but Mummus, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents. Amongst them one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds' nests, moss, &c., but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and freethinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus, and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus, her high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds, confers on them orders and degrees, and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of night and chaos, conclude the poem.

BOOK IV¹

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
 Indulge, dread chaos, and eternal night !
 Of darkness visible so much be lent,
 As half to show, half veil, the deep intent
 Ye powers ! whose mysteries restored I sing,
 To whom time bears me on his rapid wing,
 Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
 Then take at once the poet and the song

Now flamed the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
 Smote every brain, and withered every bay, 10
 Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
 The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour •
 Then rose the seed of chaos, and of night,
 To blot out order, and extinguish light,
 Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
 And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold

She mounts the throne her head a cloud concealed,
 In broad effulgence all below revealed,
 ('Tis thus aspiring dulness ever shines) •
 Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines 20

Beneath her footstool, science groans in chains,
 And wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains
 There foamed rebellious logic, gagged and bound,
 There, stripped, fair rhetoric languished on the ground,
 His blunted arms by sophistry are born,

¹ This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the *Greater Dunciad*, not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other kind than of our poet, of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the work of Solomon, or the *Di'rachmismechia* of Homer, as Burnes hath affirmed — *Bentley*

And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn
 Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
 Chicane in furs, and casuistry in lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
 And dies, when dulness gives her Page the word ¹ 30
 Mad Mithesis ² alone was unconfined,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
 Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
 Now running round the circle finds it square ³
 But held in tenfold bonds the muses lie,
 Watched both by envy's and by flattery's eye : ⁴
 There to her heart sad tragedy address
 The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast,
 But sober history restrained her rage,
 And promised vengeance on a barbarous age. 40
 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her sister satire held her head :
 Nor couldst thou, Chesterfield ¹ a tear refuse,
 'Thou weepst, and with thee wept each gentle muse
 When lo ¹ a harlot form ² soft sliding by,

¹ There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage — *Warburton*

² Alluding to the strange conclusions some mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the real quantity of matter, the reality of space, &c — *Warburton*

³ Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of squaring the circle — *Warburton*

⁴ One of the misfortunes falling on authors from the act for subjecting plays to the power of a licenser, being the false representations to which they were exposed, from such as either gratified their envy to merit, or made their court to greatness, by perverting general reflections against vice into libels on particular persons — *Warburton*

⁵ The attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the Italian opera, its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the

With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye ·
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work fluttering, and her head aside :
 By singing peers upheld on either hand,
 She tripped and laughed, too pretty much to stand, 50
 Cast on the prostrate nine a scornful look,
 Then thus in quaint recitative spoke

“O Cara ! Cara ! silence all that train ·
 Joy to great Chaos ! let division reign ¹ ·
 Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
 Break all their nerves and fritter all their sense ·
 One trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage ;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, *Encore* 60
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains
 But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
 If music meanly borrows aid from sense.
 Strong in new arms, lo ! Giant Handel stands,
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands ,
 To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
 And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's Drums
 Arrest him empress, or you sleep no more—”

subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance that opera should prepare for the opening of the grand sessions was prophesied of in book iii, ver 304.—*Hardison*

¹ Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr Handel had introduced a great number of hands, and more variety of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus, which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into Ireland. After which they were reduced for want of composers, to practise the patch-work above mentioned.—*Hardison*.

She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore 70

And now had fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summoned to the throne
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away
None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head,
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess and cohered around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglobed are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen. 80

The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another in toupee or gown,
Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits 90

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great,
Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
Or, impious, preach his word without a call
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head,
Or vest dull flattery in the sacred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the muse's hypocrite 100

There marched the bard and blockhead, side by side,
Who rhymed for hire, and patronised for pride.

Narcissus, praised with all a parson's power,
 Looked a white lily sunk beneath a shower ¹
 There moved Montalto with superior air,
 His stretched-out arm displayed a volume fair,
 Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
 Through both he passed, and bowed from side to side:
 But as in graceful act, with awful eye
 Composed he stood, bold Benson ² thrust him by: 110
 On two unequal crutches propped he came,
 Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name
 The decent knight ³ retired with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and closed the pompous page
 But (happy for him as the times went then)
 Appeared Apollo's mayor and aldermen,
 On whom three hundred gold-capped youths await,
 To lug the ponderous volume off in state.

When dulness, smiling—"Thus revive ⁴ the wits!
 But murder first, and mince them all to bits; 120
 As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
 A new edition of old Æson gave,
 Let standard authors, thus, like trophies born,

¹ Means Dr Middleton's laboured encomium on Lord Hervey, in his dedication of the *Life of Cicero* — *Warburton*

² This man endeavoured to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of Milton, and afterwards by as great passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scotch physician's version of the psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, book III, ver 325 — *Warburton*

³ An eminent person, who was about to publish a very pompous edition of a great author, at his own expense — *Warburton*. Sir Thomas Hanmer — *Wakfield*

⁴ The goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished writers, either by printing editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their text, as in the former instances, or by setting up monuments disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter — *Warburton*.

Appear more glorious as more hacked and torn.
 And you, my critics ¹ in the chequered shade,
 Admire new light through holes yourselves have made

Leave not a-foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A page,¹ a grave, that they can call their own ;
 But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick 130
 So by each bard an alderman shall sit,²
 A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,
 And while on fame's triumphal car they ride,
 Some slave of mine be pinioned to their side."

Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
 Each eager to present their first address
 Duncce scorning duncce beholds the next advance.
 But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
 When lo ! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
 Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand , 140
 His beavered brow a birchen garland wears,
 Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears
 O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs ,
 Eton and Winton shake through all their sons
 All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
 Shrink, and confess the genius of the place :
 The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
 And holds his breeches close with both his hands

Then thus. Since man from beast by words is
 known,
 Words are man's province, words we teach alone. 150

¹ *Page*, not *pedissequus* A page of a book , not a servant, follower, or attendant , no poet having had a page since the death of Mr Thomas Duffey — *Sciblerus* and *Warburton*

² Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,¹
 Points him two ways, the narrower is the better
 Placed at the door² of learning, youth to guide,
 We never suffer it to stand too wide,³
 To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
 As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
 We ply the memory, we load the brain,
 Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain;
 Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,
 And keep them in the pale of words till death 160
 Whate'er the talents, or howe'er designed,
 We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
 A poet the first day he dips his quill,
 And what the last? A very poet still.
 Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall⁴
 There truant Wyndham⁵ every muse gave o'er,
 There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
 How sweet an Ovid, Murray, was our boast!
 How many Martials were in Pulteney lost! 170
 Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
 Had reached the work, the all that mortal can,

¹ The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice

"Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos"

Pars Warburton

² This circumstance of the *genus loci* (with that of the index hand before) seems to be an allusion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the genius of human nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life — *Warburton*

³ A pleasant allusion to the description of the door of wisdom in the *Table of Cebes* — *Warburton*

⁴ Westminster Hall and the House of Commons

⁵ Sir William Wyndham

And South beheld that masterpiece of man ¹

"Oh" (cried the goddess) "for some pedant reign !

Some gentle James, to bless the land again ;

To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,

Give law to words, or war with words alone,

Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,

And turn the council to a grammar school !

180

For sure, if dulness sees a grateful day,

'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway

O ! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,

Teach but that one, sufficient for a king ,

That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,

Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign :

May you, may Cam and Isis, preach it long !

The Right Divine of kings to govern wrong

Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll

Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal : 190

Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,

A hundred head of Aristotle's friends

Nor wert thou, Isis ! wanting to the day,

[Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away ²]

Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,

Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke, ³

¹ Viz, an epigram The famous Dr South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem And the critics say, "an epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."—*Warburton*

² This line is doubtless spurious, and forced in by the impertinence of the editor, and accordingly we have put it between hooks For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its proper deputies, nor did any college pay homage to dulness in its whole body —*Bentley and Warburton*

³ In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the university of Oxford to censure Mr Locke's *Essay on Human Understanding*, and to forbid the reading it See his letters in the last edition

Came whip and spur, and dashed through thin and
thick

On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.

As many quit the streams that murmuring fall

To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall, 200

Where Bentley late tempestuous went to sport

In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port ¹

Before them marched that awful Aristarch ;

Ploughed was his front with many a deep remark .

His hat, which never vailed to human pride,

Walker² with reverence took, and laid aside

Low bowed the rest he, kingly, did but nod ,

So upright Quakers please both man and God

Mistress ! dismiss that rabble from your throne :

Avaunt—— is Aristarchus yet unknown ? 210

Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains

Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains

Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,

Critics like me³ shall make it prose again

Roman and Greek grammarians⁴ know you better :

Author of something yet more great than letter ,⁴

While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,

¹ Viz, "now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society" So Scriblerus But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain wine, called Port, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this professor invited him to drink abundantly—*Scip Maff De Computationibus Academicis*—*Warburton*

² John Walker, Vice-Master of Trin Coll, Cambridge, while Bentley was Master—*Carruthers*

³ Alluding to two famous editions of Horace and Milton, whose richest veins of poetry he hath prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose—*Scribl*

⁴ Alluding to those grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented single letters But Aristarchus, who had found out a double one, was therefore worthy of double honour—*Scribl*

Stands our Digamma,¹ and o'ertops them all
 'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of *me* or *te*,² of *aut* or *at*,
 To sound or sink in *cano*, O, or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Friend³ affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop³ never but like Horace joke.
 For me, what Virgil, Phny may deny,
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
 For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek
 In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal,
 What Gellius or Stobæus⁴ hashed before,
 Or chewed by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er
 The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea
 Ah, think not, mistress! more true dulness lies

¹ Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer

² It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written had it been about *meum* or *tuum*, it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, *me doctarum hederæ præmia frontum*, or *te doctarum hederæ* — *Scribl*

³ Dr Robert Friend, master of Westminster School, and canon of Christ Church — Dr Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style — *Warburton*

⁴ The first a dictionary writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words, the second a minute critic, the third an author, who gave his common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books — *Warburton*

In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise 240
 Like buoys that never sink into the flood,
 On learning's surface we but lie and nod
 Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
 And much divinity without a *vous*
 Nor could a Barrow¹ work on every block,
 Nor has one Atterbury spoiled the flock
 See¹ still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
 And metaphysic smokes involve the pole
 For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read 250
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, goddess, and about it
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er

What though we let some better sort of fool
 Thrud every science, run through every school?
 Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none,²
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme. 260
 We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a muse
 Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a genius to a dunce
 Or set on metaphysic ground to prance,
 Show all his paces, not a step advance

¹ Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ Church, both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning, but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies — *Warburton*

² These two verses are verbatim from an epigram of Dr Evans, of St. John's College, Oxford, given to my father twenty years before the *Dunciad* was written — *Warton*

With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level every mind
 Then take him to develop, if you can,
 And hew the block off,¹ and get out the man 270
 But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
 Whore, pupil, and laced governor from France
 Walker ' our hat—— nor more he deigned to say,
 But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away²

In flowed at once a gay embroidered race,
 And tittering pushed the pedants off the place :
 Some would have spoken, but the voice was drowned
 By the French horn, or by the opening hound
 The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
 As if he saw St James's and the queen 280
 When thus the attendant orator begun,
 Receive, great empress ' thy accomplished son
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant ' never scared with God
 The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake
 The mother begged the blessing of a rake
 Thou gavest that ripeness, which so soon began,
 And ceased so soon, he ne'er was boy, nor man,
 Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
 Safe and unseen the young Æneas past. 290
 Thence bursting glorious,³ all at once let down,

¹ A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble a statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts — *Warburton*

² See Homer, *Odys xi*, where the ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the traveller, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the travelling and the university tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes, and fashion adjudged it to the former, so that this might well occasion the sullen dignity in departure, which Longinus so much admired — *Scribl, Warburton, and Warton*

³ See Virg *Æn i*, where he enumerates the causes why his

Stunned with his giddy larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew.
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too
 There all thy gifts and graces we display,
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons,
 Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls 300
 To happy convents, bosomed deep in vines,
 Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
 To isles of fragrance, lily-silvered vales,¹
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales.
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
 Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps,²
 Where, eased of fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamoured swain. 310
 Led by my hand, he sauntered Europe round,
 And gathered every vice on Christian ground,
 Saw every court, heard every king declare
 His royal sense of operas or the fair,
 The stews and palace equally explored,
 Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whored
 Tried all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defined,

mother took this care of him, to wit, 1 that nobody might touch
 or correct him 2 might stop or detain him 3 examine him
 about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came
 there.—*Warburton*

¹ Tuberose

² The winged lion, the arms of Venice This republic heretofore
 the most considerable in Europe, for her naval force and the extent
 of her commerce, now illustrious for her carnivals — *Warburton*

Judicious drank, and greatly-daring dined,
 Dropped the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoiled his own language, and acquired no more, 320
 All classic learning lost on classic ground,
 And last turned air, the echo of a sound ¹
 See now, half-cured, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a solo in his head,
 As much estate, and principle, and wit,
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber² shall think fit;
 Stolen from a duel, followed by a nun,
 And, if a borough choose him not, undone,
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious youth, and add one Venus more 330
 Her too receive (for her my soul adores)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
 Prop thine, O empress ¹ like each neighbour throne,
 And make a long posterity thy own.
 Pleased, she accepts the hero, and the dame
 Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.
 Then looked, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
 Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend 340
 Thee too, my Paridel ¹ she marked thee there,

¹ Yet less a body than echo itself, for echo reflects sense or words at least, this gentleman only airs and tunes

Sonus est, qui vivit in illo

Ovid, Met—Scriblerus

² Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see book i ver 199, &c.
 —Warburton

³ The poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great

Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness
 She pitied ¹ but her pity only shed
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head

But Annius,¹ crafty seer, with ebon wand,
 And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,
 False as his gems, and cankered as his coins,
 Came, crammed with capon, from where Pollio dines ²
 Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep, 351
 Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
 Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
 So he, but pious, whispered first his prayer.

"Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat,
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
 Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head
 So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Cæsars, other Homers rise, 360
 Through twilight ages hunt the Athenian fowl,³
 Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl,
 Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,

affection The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering courtly squire, that travelled about for the same reason, for which many young squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris — *Warburton*

¹ The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity, but our Annius had a more substantial motive. — *Warburton* Sir Andrew Fountaine. — *Warton*

² This seems more obscure than almost any other passage in the whole. Perhaps he meant the Prince of Wales's dinners — *Bowles*

³ The owl stamped on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens

Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl,
 is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer — *Warburton*

Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear,
 Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
 And keep his lares, though his house be sold;
 To headless Phoebe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
 Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two " 370

Mummius¹ o'erheard him, Mummius, fool-renowned,²
 Who like his Cheops³ stinks above the ground,
 Fierce as a startled adder, swelled, and said,
 Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head

Speakest thou of Syrian princes?⁴ traitor base!
 Mine, goddess! mine is all the horned race
 True, he had wit, to make their value rise,
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise,
 More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
 When Sallee rovers chased him on the deep 380
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,

¹ This name is not merely an allusion to the mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso — *Warburton*

² A compound epithet in the Greek manner, renowned by fools, or renowned for mal ing fools

³ A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius, for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time — *Warburton*

⁴ The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages

Down his own throat he risked the Grecian gold,
 Received each demi-god, with pious care,
 Deep in his entrails—I revered them there,
 I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine

“Witness, great Ammon¹ by whose horns I swore,”
 (Replied soft Annius) “this our paunch before

Still bears them, faithful, and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the medals with the meat

390

To prove me, goddess¹ clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine
 There all the learned shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas¹ lend his soft, obstetric hand”

The goddess smiling seemed to give consent,
 So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

Then thick as locusts blackening all the ground,
 A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crowned,
 Each with some wondrous gift approached the power,
 A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower

400

But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
 And aspect ardent to the throne appeal.

The first thus opened. “Hear thy suppliant’s call,
 Great queen, and common mother of us all¹

Fair from its humble bed I reared this flower,
 Suckled, and cheered, with air, and sun, and shower,
 Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
 Bright with the gilded button tipped its head,
 Then throned in glass, and named it Caroline²

¹ A physician of great learning and no less taste, above all curious in what related to *Horace*, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.—*Warburton*

² It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious flowers

Each maid cried, Charming ! and each youth, Divine '
 Did nature's pencil ever blend such rays, 411
 Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze ?
 Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline
 No maid cries, Charming ! and no youth, Divine !
 And lo, the wretch ! whose vile, whose insect lust
 Laid his gay daughter of the spring in dust
 Oh, punish him, or to the Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades !"
 He ceased, and wept With innocence of men,
 The accused stood forth, and thus addressed the queen
 Of all the enamelled race, whose silvery wing 421
 Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shined this child of heat and air.
 I saw, and started from its vernal bower,
 The rising game, and chased from flower to flower
 It fled, I followed, now in hope, now pain,
 It stopt, I stopt, it moved, I moved again
 At last it fixed, 'twas on what plant it pleased,
 And where it fixed, the beauteous bird I seized : 430
 Rose or carnation was below my care,
 I meddle, Goddess ! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but show the prize ;
 Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
 Fair even in death ! this peerless butterfly
 " My sons " (she answered) " both have done your
 parts

of their raising some have been very jealous of vindicating this
 honour, but none more than that ambitious gurdener at Hammer-
 smith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his sign, with
 this inscription, This is my Queen Caroline — *Wasburton*

Live happy both, and long promote our arts ¹
 But hear a mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care our sleeping friends ¹ 440
 The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake
 A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a-clock.
 Yet by some object every brain is stirred,
 The dull may waken to a humming bird,
 The most recluse, discreetly opened, find
 Congenial matter in the cockle-kind,
 The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of moss, ² 450
 The head that turns at super-lunar things,
 Poised with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings ³

"O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
 And reason given them but to study flies!
 See nature in some partial-narrow shape,
 And let the author of the whole escape.
 Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
 To wonder at their Maker, not to serve!"

Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
 Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark, 460
 Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When moral evidence shall quite decay, ⁴

¹ Of whom see ver 345 above

² Of which the naturalists count I can't tell how many hundred species — *Warblton*

³ One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon, which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose — *Warblton*

⁴ Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical

And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize.)
 Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
 On plain experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to nature's cause through nature led
 All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!
 We nobly take the high Priori Road,¹
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God,
 Make nature still² encroach upon his plan;
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can.
 Thrust some mechanic cause into his place;³
 Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
 Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
 Make God man's image, man the final cause,

proportions according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the senate house. See Craig's *Theologie Christianæ Principia Mathematica*. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago, it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our goddess, for whose help therefore they have reason to pray — *Warburton*

¹ Those who, from the effects in this visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the first cause, though they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of Him, as enables them to see the end of their creation, and the means of their happiness: whereas they who take this high Priori Road (such as Hobbes, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better reasoners) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in mists, or ramble after visions, which deprive them of all sight of their end, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means — *Warburton*

² This relates to such as, being ashamed to assert a mere mechanic cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain plastic nature, elastic fluid, subtle matter, &c. — *Warburton*

³ The first of these follies is that of Des Cartes, the second of Hobbes, the third of some succeeding philosophers — *Warburton*

Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
 See all in self, and but for self be born. 480
 Of nought so certain as our reason still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will,
 Oh hide the God still more¹ and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee.
 Wrapped up in self, a God without a thought,
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright image¹ to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptured vision saw,
 While through poetic scenes the Genius roves,
 Or wanders wild in academic groves. 490
 That Nature our society adores,
 Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus² snores
 Roused at his name, up rose the bousy sire,
 And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire,³
 Then snapped his box, and stroked his belly down,
 Rosy and reverend, though without a gown
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the youth, and called the Goddess dame.
 Then thus From priest-craft happily set free,
 Lo! every finished son returns to thee. 500
 First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
 Then dupe to party, child and man the same,

¹ Bright image was the title given by the later Platonists to that vision of nature which they had formed out of their own fancy, so bright, that they called it *ἄχροον ἄγαλμα*, or the self-seen image, i. e., seen by its own light — *Scribl*

² Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, *eclog* vi., where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink — *Warburton* By Silenus he means Thos Gordon, the translator of Tacitus, who published the *Independent Whig*, and obtained a place under government — *Warton*

³ The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or atoms, Virg., *eclog* vi.

“*Semina ignis—semina flammæ—*”

Bounded by nature, narrowed still by art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
 Smiling on all, and smiled on by a queen?¹
 Marked out for honours, honoured for their birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth.
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down, in pension, or in punk! 510
 So K* so B** sneaked into the grave,
 A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave
 Poor W**² nipped in folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
 Thy magus, God'dess! shall perform the rest

With that, a wizard old his cup extends,
 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
 Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a star, and like Endymion dies 520
 A feather, shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain, and principle is fled,
 Lost is his God, his country, everything,
 And nothing left but homage to a king!
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
 To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs,
 But, sad example! never to escape
 Their infamy, still keep the human shape.
 But she, good Goddess, sent to every child
 Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild, 530
 And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
 Ciberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom

¹ *Je*, This Queen or Goddess of Dulness

² Philip, Duke of Wharton — *Bowles*

Kind self-conceit to some her glass' applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes.
But as the flatterer or dependant paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.

On others' interest her gay livery flings,
Interest that waves on party-coloured wings :
Turned to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise 540

Others the siren sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound
No more, alas ! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of dulness trickling in their ear
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils ? your sons have learned to sing
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule !
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool

On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends, all flesh is nothing in his sight ! 550
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads
Another (for in all what one can shine ?)
Explains the *sève* and *veigneur*¹ of the vine
What cannot copious sacrifice atone ?
Thy truffles, Perigord ! thy hams, Bayonne !
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain² 560

¹ French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy

² Names of gamblers. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, cashier of the South-sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742). These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of

Knight lifts the head, for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one?
Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.

Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The queen confers her titles and degrees
Her children first of more distinguished sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court.¹
Impale a glow-worm, or vertal profess,
Shine in the dignity of F R S

570

Some, deep Free Masons, join the silent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.²
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made doctors of her laws

Then, blessing all, "Go, children of my care!"
To practice now from theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full.

580

the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France — *Warburton* Colonel Martin Bladen was a man of some literature, and translated *Cæsar's Commentaries* I never could learn that he had offended Pope He was uncle to Wm. Collins, the poet, whom he left an estate — *Warton*

¹ Mr Thomas Edwards, a gentleman, as he is pleased to call himself, of Lincoln's Inn, but, in reality, a gentleman only of the *Dunciad*, or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest ancestors to such mushrooms, a gentleman of the last edition who, nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful father, very early retained himself in the cause of dulness against Shakespeare, and with the wit and learning of his ancestor Tom Thumble in the *Rehearsal*, and with the air of good nature and politeness of Caliban in the *Tempest*, hath now happily finished the dunce's progress in personal abuse — *Scribble*.

² A sort of lay brothers, slips from the roots of the Free Masons — *Warburton*.

My sons¹ be proud, be selfish, and be dull
 Guard my prerogative, assert my throne
 This nod confirms each privilege your own¹
 The cap and switch be sacred to his grace,
 With staff and pumps the marquis lead the race,
 From stage to stage the licensed earl may run,
 Paired with his fellow-charioteer, the sun,
 The learned baron butterflies design,
 Or draw to silk Arachne's subtle line,² 590
 The judge to dance his brother sergeant call,³
 The senator at cricket urge the ball,
 The bishop stow (pontific luxury¹)
 An hundred souls of turkeys in a pie,
 The sturdy squire to Gallic masters stoop,
 And drown his lands and manors in a soupe
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach kings to fiddle, and makes senates dance
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one monarch more¹ 600

¹ This speech of dulness to her sons at parting may possibly fall short of the reader's expectation, who may imagine the goddess might give them a charge of more consequence, and, from such a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate running-footmen, jockeys, stage-coachmen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their inability, and that it is the common effect of dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design, the poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.—*Warburton*

² This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning. Of weaving stockings of the webs of spiders, see the *Philosophical Transactions*.—*Warburton*

³ Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn dance, intituled, *A Call of Sergeants*—*Warburton*

And nobly conscious, princes are but things
 Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
 Tyrant supreme¹ shall three estates command,
 And make one mighty Dunciad of the land¹”

More she had spoke, but yawned—All nature nods
 What mortal can resist the yawn of Gods?
 Churches and chapels instantly it reached,
 (St. James's first, for leaden G—— preached)¹
 Then caught the schools, the hall scarce kept awake,
 The convocation gaped, but could not speak 610
 Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
 Even Palinurus nodded at the helm
 The vapour mild o'er each committee crept,
 Unfinished treaties in each office slept,
 And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign,
 And navies yawned for orders on the main²

O muse¹ relate (for you can tell alone
 Wits have short memories, and dunces none), 620
 Relate, who first, who last resigned to rest,
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely, blest,
 What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and entrance the dull,
 Till drowned was sense, and shame, and right, and
 wrong—

O sing, and hush the nations with thy song¹

¹ Dr Gilbert, Archbishop of York, who had attacked Dr King of Oxford, whom Pope much respected — *Warton*

² These verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the state poems of that time — *Warburton* Ver 616 is from a poem by Halifax — *Wakefield*

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls the muse obeys the power
 She comes ! she comes ! the sable throne behold ¹
 Of night primeval and of chaos old ! 630
 Before her, fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 The sickening stars fade off the ethereal plain,
 As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand oppress,
 Closed one by one to everlasting rest,
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after art goes out, and all is night. 640
 See skulking truth to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head !
 Philosophy, that leaned on heaven before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
 Physic of metaphysic begs defence,
 And metaphysic calls for aid on sense !
 See mystery to mathematics fly !
 In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die
 Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares morality expires 650
 For public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine !
 Lo ! thy dread empire, chaos ! is restored,
 Light dies before thy uncreating word,
 Thy hand, great anarch ! lets the curtain fall,
 And universal darkness buries all

• Here the muse, like Jove's eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble
 game, soareth again to the skies As prophecy hath ever been one
 of the chief provinces of poesy, our poet here foretells from what

BY THE AUTHOR
A DECLARATION

WHEREAS certain haberdashers of points and particles, being instigated by the spirit of pride, and assuming to themselves the name of critics and restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our glorious ancestors, poets of this realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same, which they publish, utter, and send as genuine the said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such poets, to all or any of them Now, we, having carefully revised this our *Dunciad*, beginning with the words the mighty mother, and ending with the words buries all, containing the entire sum of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic and do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses Provided always, that nothing in this declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any poem or poet whatsoever

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred, thirty and two

Declarat' cor' me,

JOHN BARBER, Mayor

P

we feel, what we are to fear, and, in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterite since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in divinity, philosophy, physics, metaphysics, &c., who are too good indeed to be named in such company

A LIST OF BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,
IN WHICH OUR AUTHOR WAS ABUSED, BEFORE THE PUBLICATION
OF THE DUNCIAD, WITH THE TRUE NAMES OF THE AUTHORS

Reflections critical and satirical on a late rhapsody, called an Essay on Criticism By Mr Dennis, printed by B Lintot, price 6d

A New Rehearsal, or, Bays the Younger, containing an examen of Mr Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon (by Charles Gildon) printed for J Roberts, 1714, price 1s

Homerides, or, a Letter to Mr Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer By Sir Iliad Dogrel (Tho Burnet and G Ducket, Esquires), printed for W Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden, a Vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame By Mr Preston Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d

The Catholic Poet, or, Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation, a ballad about Homer's Iliad By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1d

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad By George Ducket, Esq, printed by E Curl

A complete Key to the What d'y'e call it Anon (by Griffin, a plying, supervised by Mr Th——) printed by J Roberts, 1715

A True Character of Mr P and his Writings, in a letter to a friend Anon (Dennis) printed for S Popping, 1716, price 3d

The Confederates, a Farce By Joseph Gray (J D Breval) printed for R Burleigh, 1717, price 1s

Remarks upon Mr Pope's translation of Homer, with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame By Mr Dennis, printed for E Curl, 1717, price 1s 6d

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P and Mr T Anon (Bez. Morris) 1717, price 6d

The Trumvirate, or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath Anon (Leonard Welsted), 1711, folio, price 1s

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem By Tho Cooke, printed for J Roberts, folio, 1725

Memoirs of Lilliput Anon (Eliza Haywood), octavo, printed in 1727

An Essay on Criticism, in prose By the author of the Critical History of England (J Oldmixon), octavo, printed 1728

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J Roberts, octavo, 1728

Characters of the Times, or, an account of the writings, characters, &c., of several gentlemen libelled by S—— and P——, in a late miscellany, octavo, 1728

Remarks on Mr Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend By Mr. Dennis, written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo

VERSES, LETTERS, ESSAYS, OR ADVERTISEMENTS, IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

British Journal, Nov 25, 1727 A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies (Writ by M Concanen)

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri James-Moore Smith

Id. March 29 A Letter about Thersites, accusing the author of disaffection to the Government By James-Moore Smith

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30 An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's Sinking in Reputation, or, a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry (Supposed by Mr Theobald)

Daily Journal, April 3 A Letter under the name of Philoditto By James-Moore Smith

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr P (By Mr Oldmixon)

Daily Journal, April 5 An Auction of Goods at Twickenham By James-Moore Smith

The Flying Post, April 6 A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr Oldmixon

The Senator, April 9 On the same By Edward Roome

Daily Journal, April 8 Advertisement by James Moore Smith

Flying Post, April 13 Verses against Dr Swift, and against Mr P——'s Homer By J Oldmixon

Daily Journal, April 23 Letter about the translation of the character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27 A Letter of Lewis Theobald
Daily Journal, May 11 A letter against Mr P at large Anon
(John Dennis)

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers (in hope of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner—"The Confederates, a Farce. By Captain Brevin (for which he was put into the Dunciad) An Epilogue to Powell's Puppet show By Col Duckett (for which he is put into the Dunciad) Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (NB It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad)" And so of others

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728

An Essay on the Dunciad Octavo, printed for J Roberts. (In this book, p 9, it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforesaid libels and advertisements was forged and untrue, that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr Pope's praise, and nothing against him published, but by Mr Theobald")

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad, with a Critique on that poem By J Ralph (a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after), printed for J Roberts, octavo

A complete Key to the Dunciad By E Curl, 12mo, price 6d

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo

The Popiad By E Curl, extracted from J Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c, 12mo, price 6d

The Curliad. By the same E Curl

The Female Dunciad Collected by the same Mr Curl, 12mo, price 6d With the Metamorphosis of P into a stinging Nettle By Mr Foxton, 12mo

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus By J Smedley, printed for A Moore, folio, price 6d

The Dunciad Dissected By Curl and Mrs Thomas, 12mo
 An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times Said
 to be writ by a gentleman of C C C. Oxon, printed for J Roberts,
 octavo

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours
 with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo

Remarks on the Dunciad By Mr Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon by Matthew Concanen,
 octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8 A long letter, signed W A.
 Writ by some or other of the Club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore,
 Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings
 for these kind of performances

Daily Journal, June 11 A Letter signed Philosciblerus, on the
 name of Pope—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B M
 (Bezaleel Morris) against Mr P Many other little epigrams about
 this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald

Flying Post, August 8 Letter on Pope and Swift

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the
 Dunciad with Treason

Durgen. a plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward,
 with a little of James Moore

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups By E Ward

Gulliveriana secunda Being a collection of many of the libels
 in the newspapers, like the former volume, under the same title,
 by Smedley Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov 9, 1728, with
 this remarkable promise, that "*anything* which *anybody* should
 send as Mr Pope's or Dr Swift's, should be inserted and published
 as theirs"

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c By
 George Duckett, and John Dennis, quarto

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the fourth chapter of Genesis
 Writ by E Roome, folio, 1729

Labeo A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after
 came into One Epistle, and was published by James Moore, quarto,
 1730 Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under
 the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731

There have been since published—

Verses on the Imitator of Horace By a Lady (or between a lady, a lord, and a court squire) Printed for J Roberts, folio

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton Court (Lord H—y) Printed for J Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr Cibber to Mr Pope Printed for W Lewis in Covent Garden, octavo

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Warburton





JUVENILE POEMS.

PASTORALS,

WITH A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius *—Ving*

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY.¹

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses, than of those which are called pastorals, nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprise in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world, and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing, and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate

¹ Written at sixteen years of age.

their own felicity From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time, which by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of pastoral

A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both, the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford, neat, but not florid, easy, and yet lively In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy, the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful

If we would copy nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment To carry this resemblance yet farther, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life And an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing, the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short, and the periods concise Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole eclogue should be so too For we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shown by inference, lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that

easy simplicity from whence arises the delight For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful ; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way, but a regard must be had to the subject, that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country, by interrogations to things inanimate, by beautiful digressions, but those short, sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances, and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of pastoral), that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity The subjects of his Idylls are purely pastoral, but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers and fishermen as well as shepherds He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity, for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idylls. But 'tis enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original and in all points where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master Though some of his subjects are not

pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such, they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his *Aminta* has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his *Gerusalemme* he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the tetra-stich has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself, though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect. For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus, it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues, is very beautiful, since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself, he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a

view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together, or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it whence it comes to pass, that some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season

Of the following eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's that in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments, not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate

SPRING¹

THE FIRST PASTORAL, OR, DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains

¹ These pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr Walsh, Mr Wycherley, G Granville, afterwards Lord Landsdown, Sir William Trumbal, Dr Garth, Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, Mr Manwaring, and others. All these gave our author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr Walsh (whom Mr Dryden, in his postscript to Virgil, calls the best critic of his age) "The author (says he) seems to have a particular genius for this kind of poetry, and a judgment

Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
 While on thy bank Sicilian muses sing;
 Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
 And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for power,
 Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
 And carrying with you all the world can boast,
 To all the world illustriously are lost !

10

O let my muse her slender reed inspire,
 Till in your native shades¹ you tune the lyre :
 So when the nightingale to rest removes,
 The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
 But, charmed to silence, listens while she sings,
 And all the aerial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flock shook off the nightly dews,
 Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the muse,

that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age. His preface is very judicious and learned."—*Letter to Mr Wycherley, Apr 1705*. The Lord Landsdown, about the same time, mentioning the youth of our poet, says (in a printed letter of the character of Mr Wycherley) "that if he goes on as he has begun in the pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English poetry vie with the Roman," &c. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse, whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr Walsh about this time we find an enumeration of several niceties in versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English poem, except in these pastorals. They were not printed till 1709.

¹ Sir W Trumbal was born in Windsor Forest, to which he retreated, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State to King William III.

Poured o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair 20
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day !
 Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?
 Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish nature paints the purple year ?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
 While yon slow oxen turn the furrowed plain 30
 Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow,
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys

DAPHNIS

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rolling year,
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie ? 40

DAMON

Then sing by turns, by turns the muses sing,
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
 Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground,
 Begin, the vales shall every note rebound

STREPHON

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise
With Waller's strains, or Granville's¹ moving lays !
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand

DAPHNIS

O love¹ for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes , 50
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ,
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found

DAPHNIS

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ,
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes ! 60

STREPHON

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po ,
Blessed Thames's shore the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field

¹ George Granville, afterwards Lord Landsdown, known for his poems, most of which he composed very young, and proposed Waller as his model

DAPHNIS

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves ,
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves ,
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hushed are the birds, and closed the drooping flowers,
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring, 71
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing

DAPHNIS

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air ,
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquished nature seems to charm no more

STREPHON

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always , absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight 80

DAPHNIS

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day,
Even spring displeases, when she shines not here ,
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year .

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears .¹

¹ An allusion to the royal oak, in which Charles II had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester

Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields ¹ 90
And then a nobler prize I will resign,
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON

Cease to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee
Blest swains, whose nymphs in every grace excel,
Blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bowers,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal showers,
The turf with rural dainties shall be crowned,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around 100
For see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.

S U M M E R

THE SECOND PASTORAL, OR, ALEXIS

TO DR GARTH

A SHEPHERD'S boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sunbeams on the waters played,²

¹ Alludes to the device of the Scots monarchs, the thistle worn by Queen Anne, and to the Arms of France, the fleur de lys.

² The scene of this pastoral by the river's side, suitable to the heat of the season, the time noon

And verdant alders formed a quivering shade.
 Soft as he mourned, the streams forgot to flow,
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The naiads wept in every watery bower,
 And Jove consented in a silent shower.

Accept, O Garth,¹ the muse's early lays,
 That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays , 10
 Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure,
 From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
 Defence from Phoebus', not from Cupid's beams,
 To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing,
 The woods shall answer, and their echo ring²
 The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
 Why art thou prouder and more hard than the/?
 The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
 They parched with heat, and I inflamed by thee 20
 The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
 While in thy heart eternal winter reigns

Where stray ye, muses, in what lawn or grove,
 While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
 In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
 Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
 As in the crystal spring I view my face,
 Fresh rising blushes paint the watery glass;
 But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
 I shun the fountains which I sought before 30
 Once I was skilled in every herb that grew,
 And every plant that drinks the morning dew ,

¹ Dr Samuel Garth, author of *The Dispensary*, was one of the first friends of the author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.

² Is a line out of Spenser's *Epithalamion*

Ah 'wretched' shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart !

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays,
That flute is mine which Colin's¹ tuneful breath
Inspired when living, and bequeathed in death , 40
He said, Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despised by thee.
Oh !-were I made by some transforming power
The captive bird that sings within thy bower !
Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives, enjoy

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song 50
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring ,
Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain
On you their gifts are all bestowed again
For you the swains the fairest flowers design,
And in one garland all their beauties join ,
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are comprised in one

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear !
Descending gods have found Elysium here 60
In woods bright Venus with Adonis strayed,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,

¹ The name tal en by Spenser in his *Eclogues*, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda

When swains from shearing seek their nightly bowers,
 When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
 And crowned with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
 This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
 But in my breast the serpent love abides
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70

Oh, deign to visit our forsaken seats,
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats !
 Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade,
 Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
 Oh ! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the muses, and resound your praise !
 Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,¹
 And winds shall waft it to the powers above, 80
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wondering forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
 And headlong streams hang listening in their fall !

But see, the shepherds shun the noonday heat,
 The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove,
 Ye gods ! and is there no relief for love ?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends 90
 On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day

¹ Your praise the tuneful birds to heaven shall bear,
 And listening wolves grow milder as they hear

So the verses were originally written But the author, young
 as he was, soon found the absurdity which Spenser himself over-
 looked, of introducing wolves into England

AUTUMN¹

THE THIRD PASTORAL, OR, HYLAS AND ÆGON

TO MR. WICHFRITH.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
 Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays,
 This mourned a faithless, that an absent love,
 And Delia's name and Dorris' filled the grove
 Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring,
 Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing

Thou, whom the Nine² with Plautus' wit inspire,
 The art of Terence and Menander's fire,
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms¹ 10
 Oh, skilled in nature I see the hearts of swains,
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streaked with purple light,
 When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan
 - Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away¹
 To Delia's ear, the tender notes convey
 As some sad turtle his lost love deploras,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores, 20
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.

¹ This pastoral consists of two parts, like the 8th of Virgil, the scene, a hill, the time, at sunset

² Mr Wycherley, a famous author of comedies, of which the most celebrated were the *Plain Dealer* and *Country Wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was that he had too much. However he was followed in the same way by Mr Congreve, though with a little more correctness

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
For her, the feathered choirs neglect their song ,
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny,
For her, the lilies hang their heads, and die
Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade, when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love ? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
Cursed be the fields that caused my Delia's stay,
Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
Die every flower, and perish all, but she
What have I said ? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise,
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
The birds shall cease to tune their evening song, 40
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swan,
Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
Come, Delia, come , ah, why this long delay ?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds 50
Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind !
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind ?
She comes, my Delia comes !—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away !

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admired ,

Rehearse, ye muses, what yourselves inspired

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
Of perjured Doris, dying I complain

Here were the mountains lessening as they rise
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies .

60

While labouring oven, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat :
While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
Beneath yon poplar oft we passed the day :
Oft on the rind I carved her amorous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs .
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away ,
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine ,
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove ,
Just gods ! shall all things yield returns but love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
The shepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey "—
Ah ! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserved my sheep

80

Pan came, and asked, what magic caused my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart ?
What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move !
And is there magic but what dwells in love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains !
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains —
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love !

I know thee, love¹ on foreign mountains bred,
 Wolves gave thee suck; and savage tigers fed 90
 Thou wert from *Ætna's* burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born¹

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay¹
 Farewell, ye woods¹ adieu the light of day¹
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till the approach of night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,
 When falling dews with spangles decked the glade,
 And the low sun had lengthened every shade 100

W I N T E R

THE FOURTH PASTORAL, OR, DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS TEMPEST¹

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murmuring spring,
 Is not so mournful as the strains you sing
 Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
 So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow

¹ This lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the author's friend, Mr Walsh, who, having celebrated her in a pastoral elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his letters, dated Sept 9, 1706 "Your last eclogue being on the same subject with mine on Mrs Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn as if it were to the memory of the same lady" Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it The scene of the pastoral lies in a grove, the time at mid-night

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise !

THYRSIS

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty withered, and their verdure lost 10
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That called the listening Dryads to the plain ?
Thames heard the numbers as he flowed along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field
Begin, this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave !
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn." 20

THYRSIS

Ye gentle muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring,
Ye weeping loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis died,
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone.
"Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more !"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day ! 30
Now hung with pearls the drooping trees appear,
Their faded honours scattered on her bier

See, where on earth the flowery glories lie,
With her they flourished, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the beauties nature wore ?

Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more !

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
Nor thirsty heifers seek the gliding flood
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own, 40
In hollow caves sweet echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies ;

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more !

No grateful dews descend from evening skies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers arise ,
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.

The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath , 50
The industrious bees neglect their golden store ,
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more !

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall listening in mid air suspend their wings ,
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or hushed with wonder, hearken from the sprays .
No more the streams their murmur shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more ! 60

Her fate is whispered by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees ,
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood ,
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears

Swelled with new passion, and o'erflows with tears,
 The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
 Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wondering mounts on high
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70
 Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
 There while you rest in Amaranthine bowers,
 Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
 Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
 Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS

How all things listen, while thy muse complains!
 Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
 In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
 To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
 If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed
 While plants their shade, or flowers their odours give,
 Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews,
 Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse,
 Sharp Boreas blows, and nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must time obey
 Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
 Adieu, ye shepherd's rural lays and loves, 90
 Adieu, my flocks, farewell ye sylvan crew,
 Daphne, farewell, and all the world adieu!¹

¹ These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularised before in each

IMITATIONS

SPRING

Ver 1

"Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia "

This is the general exordium and opening of the Pastorals, in imitation of the 6th of Virgil, which some have therefore not improbably thought to have been the first originally. In the beginnings of the other three Pastorals, he imitates expressly those which now stand first of the three chief poets in this kind, Spenser, Virgil, Theocritus

"A shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name)"—
"Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,"—
"Thyrsis, the music of that murmuring spring,"—

are manifestly imitations of

—"A shepherd's boy (no better do him call)"
—"Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi"
"Ἀδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἡ τίτυς, αἰτῶλε, τήνα "

Ver 35, 36

"Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis
Diffusos hedera vestit vultente corymbos Virg

Ver 38 — *The various seasons*

The subject of these Pastorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. The shepherd's hesitation at the name of the Zodiac intimates that in Virgil

"Ft quis fuit alter,
Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?"

Ver 41 — *Then sing by turns*

Literally from Virgil,

"Alternis dicetis, amant alternæ Camænæ
Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus "

Ver 47 — *A milk-white bull*

"Pascite taurum,

Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam" *Virg*

Ver 58 — *She runs, but hopes*

Imitation of Virgil,

"Maio me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,

Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri"

Ver 69 — *All nature mourns*

"Aret ager, vitio moriens sitit aeris herba, &c.

Phyllidis adventu nostrae nemus omne virebit" *Virg*

Ver 90

The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg *Ecl. iii*

"Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum

Nascantur flores, et Phyllida solus habeto"

SUMMER

Ver 8 — *And Jove consented*

"Jupiter et leto descendet plurimus imbri" *Virg*

Ver 15 — *Not to the deaf I sing*

"Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvae" *Virg*

Ver 23 — *Where stay ye muses, &c*

"Quae nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellae

Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?

Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi

Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe"

Virg out of Theocri.

Ver 27

Virgil again from the *Cyclops* of Theocritus,

"nuper me in littore vidi

Cum placidum ventis staret mare, non ego Daphnum,

Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago"

Ver 40 — *Bequeathed in death, &c*

"Est mihi disparibus septem compiecta cieutus

Fistula, Damocetas dono mihi quam dedit olim,

Et dixit moriens, te nunc habet ista secundum

Virg Ecl. ii

Ver 60 — *Descending gods have found Elysium here*

— "Habitantur di quoque sylvas" — *Virg*

"Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis" *Idem*

Ver 80 — *And winds shall waft, &c*

"Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures!"

Virg

Ver 88 — *Ye gods! &c*

"Me tamen unit amor, quis enim modus adsit amor?"

Idem

AUTUMN

Ver 37

"Aurea duræ

Mari ferant quercus, narcisso florent alnus,

Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ"

Virg Ecl viii

Ver 43, &c.

"Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum

Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo" *Ecl i*

Ver 52

"An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?" *Virg Ecl v*

Ver 82 — *Or what ill eyes*

"Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos"

- WINTER

Ver 13 — *Thames heard, &c*

"Audit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros" *Virg*

Ver 23, 24, 25

"Inducite fontibus umbras—

Et tumultum facite, et tumulto superaddite carmen"

Ver 69, 70

"miratur limen Olympi,

Sub pedibusque vidit nubes et sidera Daphnis" *Virg*

Ver 81

"illius aram

Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus" *Virg*

Ver 86

"solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,

Juniperi gravis umbra." *Virg*MESSIAH,A SACRED ECLOGUE.IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but made use of such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting anything of my own, since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song.
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,

The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies. 10

The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale,

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend. 20

Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!

Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring.

See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance.
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers,
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears. 30

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise,
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay,
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!

The Saviour comes¹ by ancient bards foretold
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold¹
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day 40
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end¹
Then palaces shall rise, the joyful Son
Shall finish what his short-lived Sire begun,
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear

New falls of water murmuring in his ear
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn.
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead,
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongues shall innocently play
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend,
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn,
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze

70

80

90

100

O'erflow thy courts the light himself shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
 'The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away,
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains,—
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

WINDSOR FOREST

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE, LORD LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
 Te Nemus omne caret, nec Phœbo gratior ulla est
 Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen

Virg. *Æd* vi 10-12

This poem was written at two different times the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published The division is at line 289

THY forests, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,
 At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,
 Invite my lays Be present, sylvan maids !
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades
 Granville commands, your aid, O muses, bring !
 What muse for Granville can refuse to sing ?

The groves of Eden, vanished now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song
 These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again,
 Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confused.
 Where order in variety we see,

And where, though all things differ, all agree.

✓ Here waving groves a chequered scene display,

And part admit, and part exclude the day,

As some coy nymph her lover's warm address

Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress

20

There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,

Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades

Here in full light the russet plains extend

There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend.

Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,

And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,

That crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,

Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn

Let India boast her plants, nor envy we

The weeping amber or the balmy tree,

30

While by our oaks the precious loads are born,

And realms commanded which those trees adorn

Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,

Though gods assembled grace his towering height,

Than what more humble mountains offer here,

Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.

See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crowned,

Here blushing Flora paints the enamelled ground,

Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,

And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand

40

Rich industry sits smiling on the plains,

And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns

Not thus the land appeared in ages past,

A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,

To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,

And kings more furious and severe than they;

Who claimed the skies, dispeopled air and floods,

The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods.

Cities laid waste, they stormed the dens and caves,
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves) 50
What could be free, when lawless beasts obeyed,
And even the elements a tyrant swayed?
In vain kind seasons swelled the teeming grain,
Soft showers distilled, and suns grew warm in vain,
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famished dies amidst his ripened fields
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doomed alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
But while the subject starved, the beast was fed 60
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game
The fields are ravished¹ from the industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes
The levelled towns with weeds lie covered o'er,
The hollow winds through naked temples roar,
Round broken columns clasping ivy twined,
O'er heaps of ruin stalked the stately hind, 70
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires
Awed by his nobles, by his commons curst,
The oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst,
Stretched o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And served alike his vassals and his God
Whom even the Saxon spared and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain

¹ Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there by William I

But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave ! 80
Stretched on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey.
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeased the peaceful cottage rise
Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forests wondered at the unusual grain,
And secret transport touched the conscious swain 90
Fair liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years
Ye vigorous swains ! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrowed grounds , 100
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couched close he lies, and meditates the prey
Secure they trust the unfaithful field beset,
Till hovering o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest,
Sudden they seize the amazed, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies 110

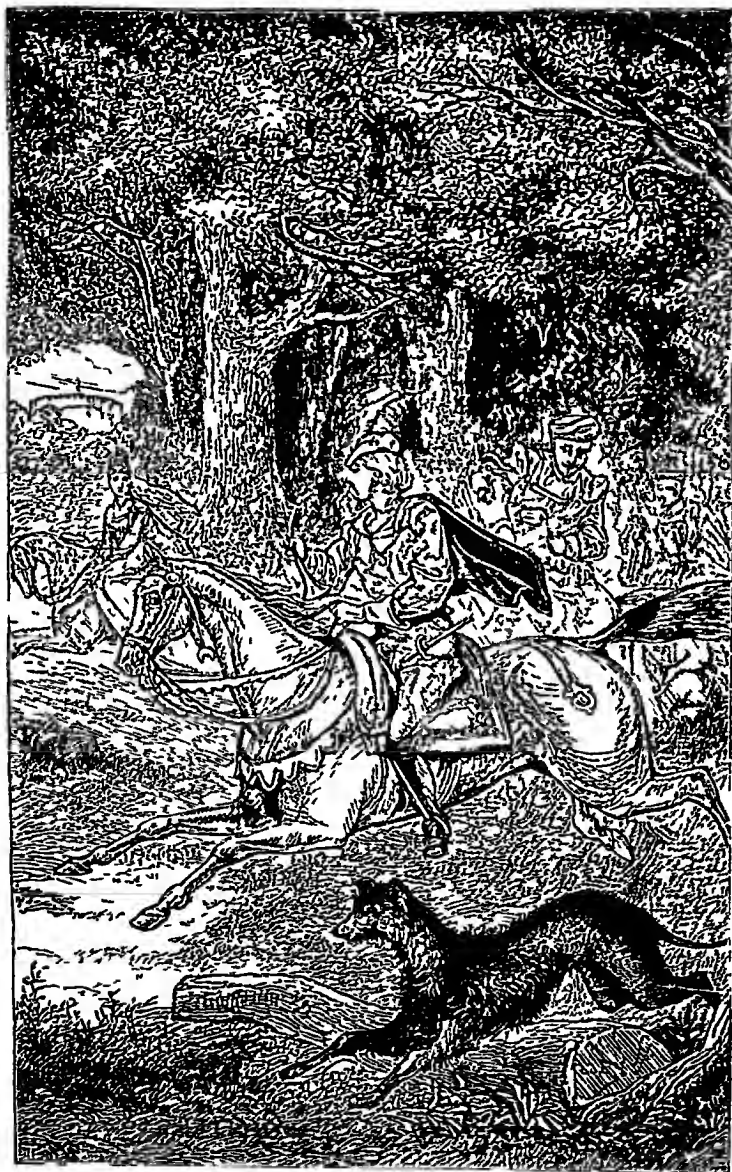
See ! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,

And mounts ev'ling on triumphant wings ·
Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground
Ah ! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold ?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
To plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare
(Beasts, urged by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo)

With slaughtering guns the unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whitened all the naked groves,
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye,
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky 130
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed. 140
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye
The silver eel, in shining volumes rolled,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropped with gold,



"Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound"

Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound 150
The impatient courser pants in every vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain
Hills, vales, and floods appear already crossed,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost
See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
The immortal huntress, and her virgin train; 160
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen;
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main
Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana strayed,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade:
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here armed with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskined virgins traced the dewy lawn 170
Above the rest a rural nymph was famed,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona named,
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone
She scorned the praise of beauty, and the care,

A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair ;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds ,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 180
It chanced, as eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits strayed,
Pan saw and loved, and, burning with desire,
Pursued her flight , her flight increased his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky ;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves ;
As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urged the chase. 190
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears ,
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears ,
And now his shadow reached her as she run,
His shadow lengthened by the setting sun ,
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on Father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injured maid
Faint, breathless, thus she prayed, nor prayed in vain ,
" Ah, Cynthia ! ah—though banished from thy train,
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair, 201
My native shades—there weep, and murmur there "
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft, silver stream dissolved away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ,
Still bears the name¹ the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she ranged before

¹ The river Loddon

In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves 210
Oft in her glass¹ the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The watery landscape of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green,
Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames

Thou, too, great father of the British floods !
With joyful pride surveyest our lofty woods ; 220
Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.

Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods : 230
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below,
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sovereign favours, and his country loves
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,

¹ These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem

Successive study, exercise, and ease.

240

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,

And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields :

With chymic art exalts the mineral powers,

And draws the aromatic souls of flowers

Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;

O'er figured worlds now travels with his eye ;

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,

Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :

Or wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,

Attends the duties of the wise and good,

250

To observe a mean, be to himself a friend,

To follow nature, and regard his end ;

Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,

Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,

Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,

Survey the region, and confess her home !

Such was the life great Scipio once admired :—

Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retired.

Ye sacred nine ! that all my soul possess,

Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,

260

Bear me, O bear me to sequestered scenes,

The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens .

To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,

Or where ye muses sport on Cooper's Hill.

(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,

While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall
flow)

I seem through consecrated walks to rove,

I hear soft music die along the grove

Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade, .

By god-like poets venerable made

270

Here his first lays majestic Denham sung ,

There the last numbers flowed from Cowley's
tongue ¹

Oh early lost ! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led ?
His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each muse's lyre

Since fate relentless stopped their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ,
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley
strung

His living harp, and lofty Denham sung ? 280

But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !

Are these revived ? or is it Granville sings ?

'Tis yours, my lord, to bless our soft retreats,

And call the muses to their ancient seats ,

To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes,

To crown the forests with immortal greens,

Make Windsor Hills in lofty numbers rise,

And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ,

To sing those honours you deserve to wear,

And add new lustre to her silver star ! ² 290

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance .
In the same shades the cupids turned his lyre, ¹

¹ Mr Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the forest, and was from thence conveyed to Westminster

² All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the next year 1710 What immediately followed this, and made the conclusion, were these—

“My humble muse in unambitious strains,” &c.

³ Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry , who flourished in the time of Henry VIII
2 c

To the same notes, of love, and soft desire
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then filled the groves, as heavenly Mira now ¹

Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breathed upon her winding shore, 300
 Or raise old warriors, whose adored remains
 In weeping vaults her hallowed earth contains ¹
 With Edward's acts ² adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,
 Draw monarchs chained, and Cressi's glorious field,
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield.

Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquished France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear 310

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn, ³
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn
 Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps ⁴
 Whom not the extended Albion could contain,
 From old Belerium ⁵ to the northern main,
 The grave unites, where e'en the great find rest,
 And blended lie the oppressor and the opprest ¹

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
 (Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone), 320
 Oh fact accursed! what tears has Albion shed,
 Heavens, what new wounds! and how her old have
 bled!

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
 Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire,

¹ The Mira of Granville was the Countess of Newburgh

² Edward III born here

³ Henry VI

⁴ Edward IV

⁵ The Land's End

A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars
At length great Anna said, "Let discord cease!"
She said! the world obeyed, and all was peace!

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old Father Thames advanced his reverend head 330
His tresses dropped with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffused a golden gleam
Graved on his urn appeared the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides,
The figured streams in waves of silver rolled,
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood,
First the famed authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame 340
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renowned;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crowned;
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave.

The blue, transparent Vandalis appears,
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears,
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood,
And silent Darent, stained with Danish blood
High in the midst, upon his urn reclined
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind), 350
The god appeared he turned his azure eyes
Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bowed and spoke, the winds forget to roar,
And the hushed waves glide softly to the shore

Hail, sacred peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,

Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From heaven itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ; 360
 These now no more shall be the muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
 Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train,
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall dye with British blood
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood.
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain ; 370
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase ;
 The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
 And arms employed on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold ! the ascending villas on my side
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide
 Behold ! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
 And temples rise,¹ the beauteous works of peace
 I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend ! 380
 There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
 The world's great oracle in times to come ;
 There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
 Once more to bend before a British queen
 Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their woods,
 And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
 Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day,

¹ The fifty new churches

Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole. 390
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,
 And Phoebus warm the ripening ore to gold
 The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
 Unbounded Thames¹ shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide ; 400
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feathered people crowd my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire !
 O stretch thy reign, fair peace ! from shore to shore,
 Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more ,
 Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves, 410
 Peru once more a race of kings behold,
 And other Mexicos be roofed with gold.
 Exiled by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds shall barbarous discord dwell ,
 Gigantic pride, pale terror, gloomy care,
 And mad ambition, shall attend her there .
 There purple vengeance bathed in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires :
 There hateful envy her own snakes shall feel,

¹ A wish that London may be made a free port.

And persecution mourn her broken wheel 420
 There faction roar, rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallowed lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days
 The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of opening fate to light
 My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
 Where peace descending bids her olives spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing 430
 Even I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise,
 Enough for me, that to the listening swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

ODE ON ST CECILIA'S DAY,

MDCCVIII

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST CECILIA'S DAY

I

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing,
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre !

In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain
 Let the loud trumpet sound,

Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound.
While in more lengthened notes and slow, 10
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow
Hark ! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear,
Now louder, and yet louder rise
And fill with spreading sounds the skies,
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats,
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away, 20
In a dying, dying fall.

II

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies,
Or when the soul is pressed with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs
Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds
Melancholy lifts her head, 30
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening envy drops her snakes,
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage

III

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms !

So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees 40
Descend from Pelion to the main
Transported demi-gods stood round,¹
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms -
Each chief his sevenfold shield displayed,
And half unsheathed the shining blade.
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when through all the infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds, 50
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appeared,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans, 60
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre,
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,

¹ Apollonius says, that when the Argo was sailing near the coast where the centaur Chiron dwelt, he came down to the very margin of the sea, bringing his wife with the young Achilles in her arms, that he might show the child to his father Peleus, who was on his voyage with the other Argonauts.



"But, hark, he strikes the golden lyre."

See, shady forms advance !
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance !
 The furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurled hang listening round their
 heads

70

v

By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er the Elysian flowers,
 By those happy souls who dwell-
 In yellow meads of Asphodel,
 Or Amaranthine bowers,
 By the hero's armed shades,
 Glittering through the gloomy glades,
 By the youths that died for love,
 Wandering in the myrtle grove,
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !
 He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the poet's prayer :
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !
 Though fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious

80

90

vi

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !

How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the fall of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in Mæanders, 100
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost!
 Now with furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows, 109
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies,
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals'
 cries—

Ah see, he dies!

Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung

VII

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm
 Music can soften pain to ease, 120
 And make despair and madness please
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 Thus the divine Cecilia found,

And to her Maker's praise confined the sound
 When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
 The immortal powers incline their ear,
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
 And angels lean from heaven to hear 130
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater power is given,
 His numbers raised a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heaven

 TWO CHORUSES TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS¹

 CHORUS OF ATHENIANS

STROPHE 1

Ye shades, where sacred truth is sought;
 Groves, where immortal sages taught,
 Where heavenly visions Plato fired,
 And Epicurus lay inspired!
 In vain your guiltless laurels stood
 Unspotted long with human blood.
 War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
 And steel now glitters in the muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE 1

Oh, heaven-born sisters! source of art!
 Who charm the sense, or mend the heart, 10
 Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
 Moral truth, and mystic song!

¹ Altered from Shakspeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two choruses were composed to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham House

How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love

Now under hanging mountains,

Beside the fall of fountains,

Or where Hebrus wanders,

Rolling in Mæanders,

100

All alone,

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan;

And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost !

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Despairing, confounded,

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109

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TWO CHORUSES TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS ¹

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS

STROPHE I

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Groves, where immortal sages taught ,

Where heavenly visions Plato fired,

And Epicurus lay inspired !

In vain your guiltless laurels stood

Unspotted long with human blood

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¹ Altered from Shakespeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two choruses were composed to supply a man wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham House

To what new clime, what distant sky,
 Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
 Say, will you bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild barbarians spurn her dust,
 Perhaps even Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore, 20
 See arts her savage sons control,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land

ANTISTROPHE II

Ye gods! what justice rules the ball?
 Freedom and arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh, cursed effects of civil hate,
 In every age, in every state! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS¹

SEMICHORUS

OH, tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learned, and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,

¹ This chorus follows a scene in which Varius, a young Roman bred at Athens, has confessed to Brutus his hopeless passion for the sister of the latter, Junia, the wife of Cassius

And arts but soften us to feel thy flame
 Love, soft intruder, enters here,
 But entering learns to be sincere
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.

Why, virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which nature has imprest?

10

Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and generous breast?

CHORUS

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
 The gods and Brutus bend to love
 Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.

What is loose love? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,

A wandering, self-consuming fire,

20

But Hymen's kinder flames unite;

And burn for ever one,

Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,

Productive as the sun

SEMICHORUS

Oh, source of every social tie,

United wish, and mutual joy!

What various joys on one attend,

As son, as father, brother, husband, friend?

Whether his hoary sire he spies,

While thousand grateful thoughts arise;

30

Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,

Or views his smiling progeny,

What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move?
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With reverence, hope, and love.

CHORUS

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine 40
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure,
 Sacred Hymen¹ these are thine.

ODE ON SOLITUDE¹

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground
 Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire
 Blest, who can unconcernedly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away, 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day

¹ This was a very early production of our author, written at about twelve years old, yet Dodsley had seen several pieces of a still earlier date

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixed, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie

20

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

WRITTEN 1712.

ODE

I

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame .
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II

Hark ! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

10

III ,

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?





ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY¹

THIS elegy was first published in 1717, but doubtless written earlier. The unfortunate lady was apparently a Mrs Weston (by birth a Miss Gage, the sister of the first Viscount Gage, and of the modest Gage of *Moral Essays*, Ep. III, v. 128), who was soon after her marriage separated from her husband. Her case was warmly taken up by Pope, by whose aid the quarrel was adjusted, though with small thanks to him for interposing. "Buckingham's lines," says Carruthers, who discusses the question at length in his *Life of Pope*, ch. II, "suggested the outline of the picture, Mrs Weston's misfortunes and the poet's admiration of her gave it life and warmth, and imagination did the rest."

WHAT beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,

¹ See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a lady designing to retire into a monastery compared with Mr Pope's letters to several ladies, p. 206. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.

If this note was written by Pope (of which we have strong doubts), it must have been written purely for mystification and deception. The duke's verses were first published in Tonson's *Miscellany* for 1709, when he was in his sixtieth year, and married to his third wife. They were, most likely, a much earlier production, and this renders it in the highest degree improbable that the same lady should have also been commemorated by Pope, who was thirty-seven years younger than his friend.—Carruthers

Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

10

Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire

Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;

The glorious fault of angels and of gods,

Thence to their images on earth it flows,

And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,

Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years

Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres,

20

Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,

And close confined to their own palace, sleep

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)

Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,

And separate from their kindred dregs below,

So flew the soul to its congenial place,

Nor left one virtue to redeem her race

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,

Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!

30

See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,

These cheeks now fading at the blast of death

Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,

And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,

Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,

And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates.

There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long funerals blacken all the way) 40
 Lo these were they, whose soul the furies steeled,
 And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learned to glow
 For others good, or melt at others woe

What can atone (oh ever-injured shade !)
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rights unpaid ?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier 50
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
 By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned !
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show ?
 What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polished marble emulate thy face ? 60
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb ?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow,
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made)

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame 70
 How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not

To whom related, or by whom begot,
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
 Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue
 Even he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays,
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The muse forgot, and thou be loved no more !

PROLOGUE

TO MR ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF ⁿCATO

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold
 For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through every age,
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wondered how they wept
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love, 10
 In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes

Virtue confessed in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was .
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure heaven itself surveys, 20
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate
 And greatly falling, with a falling state
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Even when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain and impotently great,
 Showed Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state , 30
 As her dead father's reverend image past,
 The pomp was darkened, and the day o'ercast ,
 The triumph ceased, tears gushed from every eye ,
 The world's great victor passed unheeded by ,
 Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
 And honoured Cæsar less than Cato's sword
 Britons, attend be worth like this approved,
 And show, you have the virtue to be moved
 With honest scorn the first famed Cato viewed
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued ,
 Your scene precariously subsists too long 41
 On French translation, and Italian song
 Dare to have sense yourselves , assert the stage,
 Be justly warmed with your own native rage
 Such plays alone should win a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdained to hear ¹

¹ This alludes to the famous story of his going into the theatre,
 and immediately coming out again, related by Martial.—*Warbur-*
ton

EPILOGUE

TO MR ROWE'S JANE SHORE .

DESIGNED FOR MRS OLDFIELD

PRODIGIOUS this ! the frail one of our play
 From her own sex should mercy find to-day !
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peeped in your fans, been serious, thus, and cried,
 The play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
 I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool,
 So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
 “How strangely you expose yourself, my dear !” 10
 But let me die, all raillery apart,
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart,
 And did not wicked custom so contrive,
 We'd be the best good-natured things alive
 There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail,
 Such rage without betrays the fire within :
 In some close corner of the soul, they sin,
 • Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
 Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice 20
 The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams
 Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners ?
 Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners
 Well, if our author in the wife offends,
 He has a husband that will make amends,
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living

In days of old, they pardoned breach of vows,
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse . 30
 Plu-Plutarch, what's his name that writes his life?
 Tells us, that Cato dearly loved his wife .
 Yet if a friend, a night or so should need her,
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder,
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make,
 But pray, which of you all would take her back !
 Though with the stoic chief our stage may ring,
 The stoic husband was the glorious thing.
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
 And loved his country—but what's that to you? 40
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the city .
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or looked in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
 That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face ;
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good ,
 Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
 Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down 50





TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS

ADVERTISEMENT

THE following translations were selected from many others done by the author in his youth, for the most part indeed but a sort of exercise, while he was improving himself in the languages, and carried by his early bent to poetry to perform them rather in verse than prose. Mr Dryden's *Fables* came out about that time, which occasioned the translations from Chaucer. They were first separately printed in miscellanies by J Tonson and B Lintot, and afterwards collected in the quarto edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English Authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old, but having also got into miscellanies, we have put them here together to complete this juvenile volume.

SAPPHO TO PHAON

(OVID, *Heroid* xv)

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,
The lute neglected, and the lyric muse,
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,

And tuned my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripened corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne ! 10
Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Ætna's fires !
No more my soul a charm in music finds,
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love ,
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah, youth ungrateful to a frame like mine ! 20
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes ?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear ,
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare .
Yet Phœbus loved, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warmed, and one the Cretan dame,
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than even those gods contend in charms with thee 30
The muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise,
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire ,
To me what nature has in charms denied,
Is well by wit's more lasting flame supplied
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends. 40

Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspired young Perseus with a generous flame,
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And glossy jet is paired with shining white
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be moved,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be loved!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you centred all your joy: 50
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vast a memory has love!
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear,
You stopped with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song
In all I pleased, but most in what was best,
And the last joy was dearer than the rest
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fired,
You still enjoyed, and yet you still desired, 60
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye gods, a Lesbian dame?
But ah beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wandering heart which I so lately lost,
Nor be with all those tempting words abused,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho used
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains 70
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inured to sorrow from my tender years,

My parent's ashes drank my early tears
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burned in a destructive flame.
An infant daughter late my griefs increased,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast
Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes? 80
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow,
No more my locks in ringlets curled diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dew,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disordered with the wanton wind,
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone, whom only she desired to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love 90
So from my birth the sisters fixed my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come,
Or while my muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep 100
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes
O, scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O, useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!

The vows you never will return, receive,
And take at least the love you will not give
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears;
The less my sense, the more my love appears 110
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At least to feign was never hard to you)
Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said,
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live 120
Now by the Nine, those powers adored by me,
And love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
Grief chilled my breast, and stopped my freezing blood,
No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
Fixed in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way the impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound, 130
I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain,
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,

All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim,
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night
Oh, night more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dressed in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine 50
A thousand tender words I hear and speak,
A thousand melting kisses give, and take
Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
Yet while I blush, confess how much they please
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove,
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains, 161
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charmed me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
I find the shades that veiled our joys before,
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more
Here the pressed herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwined in amorous folds we lay, 170
I kiss that earth which once was pressed by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew

For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return,
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below 180
A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove,
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watched by the sylvan genius of the place
Here as I lay, and swelled with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood
She stood and cried, "O, you that love in vain!
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian maid,
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep, 190
There injured lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burned,
In vain he loved, relentless Pyrrha scorned,
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorned, and Pyrrha loved in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She spoke, and vanished with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes 200
I go, ye nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove,
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs! where furious love inspires,
Let female fears submit to female fires
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,

And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below !
And thou, kind love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main, 210
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane !
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be placed below .

" Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre ,
What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee ,
The gift, the giver, and the God agree "

But why, alas, relentless youth, ah, why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly ?
Thy charms than those may far more powerful be, 220
And Phœbus' self is less a god to me
Ah ! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
O, far more faithless and more hard than they ?
Ah ! canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dashed on these rocks than to thy bosom prest ?
This breast which once, in vain ! you liked so well ,
Where the loves played, and where the muses dwell
Alas ! the muses now no more inspire,
Untuned my lute, and silent is my lyre,
My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
'Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling string
My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine !)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along

Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song
 Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires, 240
 But ah, how fiercely burn the lover's fires !
 Gods ! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love ?
 The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air !
 Oh, when, alas ! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails ?
 If you return—ah, why these long delays ?
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays
 O, launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain ; 250
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main
 O, launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales,
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails
 I you will fly—(yet ah ! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me ?)
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah, let me seek it from the raging seas :
 To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,
 And either cease to live or cease to love !

ELOISA TO ABELARD

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century, they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated

letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which gives so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name

Dear fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence scaled. 10
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mixed with God's, his loved idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains.
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn,
Ye grotts and caverns shagged with horrid thorn! 20
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart,
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes

Oh name for ever sad¹ for ever dear¹
Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe.
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quenched the unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, love and fame 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away,
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer,
No happier task these faded eyes pursue,
To read and weep is all they now can do

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief,
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief 50
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid,
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart.
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole

Thou knowest how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approached me under friendship's name, 60
My fancy formed thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of the all-beauteous mind
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,

Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed : heaven listened while you sung ,
And truths divine came mended from that tongue
From lips like those what precept failed to move ?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wished an angel whom I loved a man
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see ,
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

70

How oft, when pressed to marriage have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made ?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame ,
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour ! what are you to love ?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all
Not Caesar's empress would I deign to prove,
No, make me mistress to the man I love ,
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee !
Oh ! happy state ! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law .
All then is full, possessing, and possessed,
No craving void left arching in the breast
Even thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart

90

This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me

Alas, how changed! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies! 100
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard, had opposed the dire command
Barbarian, stay that bloody stroke restrain,
The crime was common, common be the pain
I can no more, by shame, by rage suppressed,
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell? 110
As with cold lips I kissed the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale
Heaven scarce believed the conquest it surveyed,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fixed, but you
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe,
Those still at least are left thee to bestow 120
Still on that breast enamoured let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be pressed,
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest
Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God

Ah, thou at least thy flock deserves thy care,

Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer 130
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You raised these hallowed walls,¹ the desert smiled,
 And paradise was opened in the wild
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors,
 No silver saints, by dying misers given,
 Here bribed the rage of ill-requited heaven
 But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise 140
 In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crowned,
 Where awful arches make a noonday night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light,
 Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
 And gleams of glory brightened all the day
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears
 See how the force of others' prayers I try,
 (O pious fraud of amorous charity!) 150
 But why should I on others' prayers depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
 Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160

¹ He founded the monastery

No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dead repose
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay,
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain:
And here, even then, shall my cold dust remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine

Ah, wretch! believed the spouse of God in vain,
Confessed within the slave of love and man
Assist me, heaven! but whence arose that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180

Even here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought,
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault,
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new,
Now turned to heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! 190
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love the offender, yet detest the offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,

Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touched, so pierced, so lost as mine
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget 200
But let heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fired,
Not touched, but rapt, not wakened, but inspired!
Oh, come! oh, teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resigned, 210
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep,
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep,"¹
Desires composed, affections ever even,
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams
For her the unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes,
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymenæals sing, 220
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy

¹ Taken from Crashaw

When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatched away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night,
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! 230
Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake.—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you
I call aloud, it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms, it glides away
To dream once more I close my willing eyes, -
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! 240
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-browed rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind
For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain, 250
Thy life a long dead calm of fixed repose,
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow,
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promised heaven.
Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?

The torch of Venus burns not for the dead
Nature stands checked, religion disapproves,
Even thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves 260

Ah, hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm the unfruitful urn
! What scenes appear where'er I turn my view ?
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear 270

When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul 280

Come, if thou darest, all charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to heaven, dispute my heart,
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies,
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears,
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers,
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode,
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole,
Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll ! 290

Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee
 Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign,
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view !)
 Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu !
 Oh grace serene ! oh virtue heavenly fair !
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !
 Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky !
 And faith, our early immortality ! 300
 Enter, each mild, each amicable guest,
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
 And more than echoes talk along the walls
 Here, as I watched the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound
 "Come, sister, come ! (it said, or seemed to say)
 Thy place is here, sad sister, come away ! 310
 Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and prayed,
 Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid.
 But all is calm in this eternal sleep,
 Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
 Even superstition loses every fear
 For God, not man, absolves our frailties here "

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bowers,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow 320
 Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day,
 See, my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,

Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul !
Ah no—in sacred vestments mayest thou stand,
The hallowed taper trembling in thy hand, -
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.

Ah then, thy once-loved Eloisa see !

It will be then no crime to gaze on me.

330

See from my cheek the transient roses fly !

See the last sparkle languish in my eye !

Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er ,

And even my Abelard be loved no more.

O death all-eloquent ! you only prove

What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love

Then, too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)

In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drowned,

Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,

From opening skies may streaming glories shine, 341

And saints embrace thee with a love like mine

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,¹

And graft my love immortal on thy fame !

Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,

When this rebellious heart shall beat no more ;

If ever chance two wandering lovers brings

To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs ;

O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,

And drink the falling tears each other sheds, 350

Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,

" Oh, may we never love as these have loved ! "

From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,

¹ Abelard and Eloisa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the monastery of the Paraclete he died in the year 1142, she in 1163

And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
 One human tear shall drop and be forgiven
 And sure, if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
 Condemned whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more,
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell,
 The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost,
 He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most

360

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

(1711)

ADVERTISEMENT

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.

In that soft season, when descending showers¹
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers,
 When opening buds salute the welcome day,

¹ This poem is introduced in the manner of the Provençal poets, whose works were for the most part visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream, Flower and the Leaf*, &c., of the latter. The author of this therefore chose the same sort of exordium.

And earth relenting feels the genial ray,
As balmy sleep had charmed my cares to rest,
And love itself was banished from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, joined, this intellectual scene compose 10

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies,
The whole creation open to my eyes :
In air self-balanced hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow,
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,
There towery cities, and the forests green
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes.
There trees, and intermingled temples rise,
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays 20

O'er the wide prospect as I gazed around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore :
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose towering summit ambient clouds concealed
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way,
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seemed, to distant sight, of solid stone 30
Inscriptions here of various names I viewed,
The greater part by hostile time subdued,
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promised they should last
Some fresh engraved appeared of wits renowned,
I looked again, nor could their trace be found

Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place
Their own, like others, soon their place resigned,
Or disappeared, and left the first behind 40
Nor was the work impaired by storms alone,
But felt the approaches of too warm a sun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel.
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade
Their names inscribed unnumbered ages past
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last, 50
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast,
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on the impassive ice the lightnings play,
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent sky
As Atlas fixed, each hoary pile appears,
The gathered winter of a thousand years 60
On this foundation fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile¹ not reared by mortal hands
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excelled
Four faces had the dome, and every face¹

¹ The temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture the Doric order was peculiarly

Of various structure, but of equal grace
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70
Who cities raised, or tamed a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appeared,
On Doric pillars of white marble reared,
Crowned with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughened gold
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield 80
There great Alcides stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds the Hesperian spoil.
Here Orpheus sings, trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire
Cithæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall
There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend, 90
The growing towers, like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming and Barbaric gold
There Ninus shone, who spread the Assyrian fame,

sacred to heroes and worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned were the first names of old Greece in arms and arts

And the great founder of the Persian name
 There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand,
 The sage Chaldeans robed in white appeared,
 And Brahmans, deep in desert woods revered. 100
 These stopped the moon, and called the unbodied
 shades

To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades,
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
 Of Talismans and Sigils knew the power,
 And careful watched the planetary hour
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good

But on the south, a long majestic race
 Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,¹ 110
 Who measured earth, described the starry spheres,
 And traced the long records of lunar years
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
 Whom sceptered slaves in golden harness drew
 His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold,
 His giant limbs are armed in scales of gold
 Between the statues obelisks were placed,
 And the learned walls with hieroglyphics graced
 Of Gothic structure was the northern side,²

¹ The learning of the old Egyptian priests consisted of the most part in geometry and astronomy they also preserved the history of their nation Their greatest hero upon record is Sesostris whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, &c He is said to have caused the kings he vanquished to draw him in his chariot The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time.

² The architecture is agreeable to that part of the world The learning of the northern nations is more obscure than that of the rest, Zoroaster was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the

O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride 120
 There huge colosses rose, with trophies crowned,
 And Runic characters were graved around.
 There sate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns, smeared with blood,
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
 Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
 And youths that died to be by poets sung
 These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130
 In ranks adorned the temple's outward face ;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
 For thus romantic fame increases all

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold .
 Raised on a thousand pillars, wreathed around
 With laurel foliage, and with eagles crowned . 140
 Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
 The friezes gold, and gold the capitals .
 As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
 The sage historians in white garments wait ,
 Graved o'er their seats the form of time was found,
 His scythe reversed, and both his pinions bound

immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that during those trances he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws he is said to have been the inventor of the Runic character.

Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursued renown in arms 150
 High on a throne with trophies charged, I viewed
 The youth that all things but himself subdued,¹
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
 And his horned head belied the Libyan God
 There Cæsar, graced with both Minerva's, shone,
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
 Unmoved, superior still in every state,
 And scarce detested in his country's fate
 But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought. 160
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood,
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood,²
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great,
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
 With boundless power unbounded virtue joined,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind
 Much-suffering heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair virtue's silent train supreme of these 170
 Here ever shines the god-like Socrates
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,³

¹ Alexander the Great the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian princes his desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon, caused him to wear the horns of that god, and to represent the same upon his coins, which was continued by several of his successors

² Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians, but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood

³ Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguished by the appellation of the Just When his countrymen would have banished him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to

At all times, just, but when he signed the shell
 Here his abode the martyred Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names ·
 Unconquered Cato shows the wound he tore,
 And Brutus his ill genius meets no more

But in the centre of the hallowed choir,¹
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ,
 Around the shrine itself of fame they stand, 180
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command
 High on the first, the mighty Homer shone ;
 Eternal Adamant composed his throne ;
 Father of verse¹ in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard waved gently o'er his breast ;
 Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears ,
 In years he seemed, but not impaired by years
 The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen ,
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall, 190
 Here dragged in triumph round the Trojan wall,
 Motion and life did every part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and proved the master's fire ,
 A strong expression most he seemed to affect,
 And here and there disclosed a brave neglect
 A golden column next in rank appeared,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was reared ,

sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an oyster-shell , a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name.

¹ In the midst of the temple, nearest the throne of fame, are placed the greatest names in learning of all antiquity. These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters: the columns on which they are raised are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works, which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings.

Finished the whole, and laboured every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate, 200
Composed his posture, and his look sedate,
On Homer still he fixed a reverend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead,
Eliza stretched upon the funeral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged sire.
Troy flamed in burning gold, and o'er the throne
Aims and the man in golden cyphers shone

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,¹ 210
With heads advanced, and pinions stretched for flight:
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seemed to labour with the inspiring God
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings
The figured games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone,
The champions in distorted postures threat, 220
And all appeared irregularly great

Here happy Horace tuned the Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and tempered Pindar's fire.
Pleased with Alcæus manly rage to infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse

¹ Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.

The polished pillar different sculptures grace ;
A work outlasting monumental brass.

Here smiling loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here
The doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head

230

Here in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fixed in thought the mighty Stagirite ,
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crowned,
And various animals his sides surround ,
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman Rostra decked the Consul's throne
Gathering his flowing robe, he seemed to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretched his hand
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns

240

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies
Scarce to the top I stretched my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swelled to such a height
Full in the midst proud fame's imperial seat,
With jewels blazed, magnificently great ,
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam
With various-coloured light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appeared the glowing throne ,
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,

250

Scarce seemed her stature of a cubit's height ,
But swelled to larger size, the more I gazed, 260
Till to the roof her towering front she raised
With her, the temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas opened to my view
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend
Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold,
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears
Beneath, in order ranged, the tuneful nine 270
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine
With eyes on fame for ever fixed, they sing ,
For fame they raise the voice, and tune the string ,
With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days
 Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summoned at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard, 280
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appeared ,
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the winged colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend ;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage, 290
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.

Their piers were different, their request the same.
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.
Some she disgraced, and some with honours crowned,
Unlike successes equal merits found
Thus her blind sister, fickle fortune, reigns,
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer
"Long have we sought to instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind, 301
But thanked by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne.
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For fame is all we must expect below "

The goddess heard, and bade the muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise.
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around,
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud, 310
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies
At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread,
Less fragrant scents the unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane
'Since living virtue is with envy cursed, 320
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed the exact intrinsic worth "
"Not with bare justice shall your act be crowned "

(Said Fame) "but high above desert renowned:
Let fuller notes the applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise"

? This band dismissed, behold another crowd
Preferred the same request, and lowly bowed;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days 330
No less deserved a just return of praise
But straight the direful trump of slander sounds,
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds,
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies,
In every ear incessant rumours rung,
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies, 340
And withers all before it as it flies

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore
"For thee" (they cried) "amidst alarms and strife,
We sailed in tempests down the stream of life,
For thee whole nations filled with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood
Those ills we dared, thy inspiration own,
What virtue seemed, was done for thee alone"
"Ambitious fools!" (the Queen replied, and frowned)
"Be all your acts in dark oblivion drowned, 351
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues mouldered, and your names unknown!"
A sudden cloud straight snatched them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen,
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien

"Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But safe in deserts from the applause of men, 360
Would die unheard of, as we lived unseen,
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue even for virtue's sake"

"And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide
Rise! muses, rise, add all your tuneful breath, 370
These must not sleep in darkness and in death"
She said in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Even listening angels leaned from heaven to hear:
To farthest shores the ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows expressed,
With feathers crowned, with gay embroidery dressed.
"Hither," they cried, "direct your eyes, and see 380
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days,
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquished every maid,
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name, 390

And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame "

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies

Pleased with the strange success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request

"What? you," (she cried) unlearned in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and even fatigued with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,

400

The people's fable, and the scorn of all "
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne,
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sovereigns ruined, or on friends betrayed,
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics,
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make the immortal treasons known
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks, that seemed to set the world on fire
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast

410

This having heard and seen, some power unknown
Straight changed the scene, and snatched me from the
throne.

Before my view appeared a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air,
With rapid motion turned the mansion round,

420

With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound,
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sand upon the shores,
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
And the touched needle trembles to the pole,
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whispered in the ear,
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes,
The trembling surface by the motion stirred,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third,
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance, 440
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighbouring air a soft impression make,
Another ambient circle then they move,
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element

There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favourites, projects of the great.

Of old mismanagements, taxations new .

All neither wholly false, nor wholly true

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confused, unnumbered multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ; 460
Hosts raised by fear, and phantoms of a day
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow,

Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ,
And priests, and party-zealots, numerous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands ,
Each talked aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience stared in every face.

The flying rumours gathered as they rolled,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ,
And all who told it added something new, 470
And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.

Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travelled with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance ,
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they
flow,

And rush in millions on the world below.

Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force
Some to remain, and some to perish soon ,
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,

Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scattered through the
sky

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way, 490
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent :
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lie ,
The strict companions are for ever joined,
And this or that unmixed, no mortal e'er shall find

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,¹
One came, methought, and whispered in my ear .
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ? 500

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of fame ?
But few, alas, the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
The estate which wits inherit after death !
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envied, wretched, and be flattered, poor , 510
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all

¹ The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a moral to the whole. In Chaucer he only answers, "He came to see the place," and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprised at the sight of a man of great authority, and awaking in a fright

But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice
 Oh ! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where fortune leads the way ;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fallen ruin of another's fame ; 520
 Then teach me, heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,
 Unblemished let me live, or die unknown ,
 Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none !

JANUARY AND MAY,

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S TALE

FROM CHAUCER.

This translation was done at sixteen or seventeen years of age
 It appeared, with the *Pastorals*, in *Tonson's Miscellany*, in 1709
 Tyrwhitt doubts whether the source of the story, although its scene
 is laid in Italy, is Italian, and traces the adventure of the pear-
 tree to Adolphus' Latin Fables (1315) The machinery of the
 faunes, he thinks, was probably added by Chaucer himself It is
 not impossible that it may have suggested that of the sylphs in the
Rape of the Lock

THERE lived in Lombardy, as authors write,
 In days of old, a wise and worthy knight ,
 Of gentle manners, as of generous race,
 Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace,
 Yet led astray by Venus' soft delights,
 He scarce could rule some idle appetites
 For long ago, let priests say what they could,
 Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vowed to lead this vicious life no more , 10
Whether pure holiness inspired his mind,
Or dotage turned his brain, is hard to find ,
But his high courage pricked him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heavenly powers his constant prayer,
Once, ere he died, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband, and a loving wife

These thoughts he fortified with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will) 20
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years
Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir ,
To soothe his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more 30
Unawed by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join .
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past
But vainly boast the joys they never tried,
And find divulged the secrets they would hide
The married man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heaven to please ,
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day 40
Though fortune change, his constant spouse remains,

Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libelled all the fair.

With matchless impudence they style a wife

The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life,

A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,

A night-invasion, and a mid-day-devil

Let not the wife these slanderous words regard,

But curse the bones of every lying bard

50

All other goods by fortune's hand are given,

A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven

Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,

'Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away,

One solid comfort, our eternal wife,

Abundantly supplies us all our life:

This blessing lasts, (if those who try, say true)

As long as heart can wish—and longer too

Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possessed,

Alone, and even in Paradise unblessed,

60

With mournful looks the blissful scenes surveyed,

And wandered in the solitary shade.

The Maker saw, took pity, and bestowed

Woman, the last, the best reserved of God

A wife! ah, gentle deities, can he

That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?

Would men but follow what the sex advise,

All things would prosper, all the world grow wiser.

'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won

His father's blessing from an elder son

70

Abusive Nabal owed his forfeit life

To the wise conduct of a prudent wife.

Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,

Preserved the Jews, and slew the Assyrian foe.



*"His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, or to give advice"*

At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheathed, and Israel lived to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely pondered in his riper age,
And charmed with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, called a wife 80
His friends were summoned on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice,
But fixed before, and well resolved was he,
(As men that ask advice are wont to be)

"My friends," he cried (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sighed before he spoke)
'Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And, worn with cares, am hastening to my end,
How I have lived, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell, 90
But gracious heaven has oped my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease
But since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one,
Choose you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approved by your consent

"One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice, this wife must not be old 100
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face
In that cold season love but treats his guest
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best
No crafty widows shall approach my bed ;

Those are too wise for bachelors to wed ;
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice married dames are mistresses o' the trade 110
But young and tender virgins, ruled with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please

“ Conceive me, sirs, nor take my sense amiss ,
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss ,
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows ?
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die.
Or were I cursed with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost, for which I wed , 120
To raise up seed to bless the powers above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love
Think not I dote ; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life :
Those that are blest with store of grace divine,
May live like saints, by heaven's consent, and mine

“ And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in every part. 130
Think not my virtue lost, though time has shed
These reverend honours on my hoary head ;
Thus trees are crowned with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, sirs, you know to what I stand inclined,
Let every friend with freedom speak his mind.”

He said , the rest in different parts divide ;
The knotty point was urged on either side 140

Marriage, the theme on which they all declaimed,
Some praised with wit, and some with reason blamed.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was called, and Justin that

First to the knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
"Such prudence, sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years ' 150
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice
But, with the wiseman's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest
As still I hold your own advice the best

"Sir, I have lived a courtier all my days,
And studied men, their manners, and their ways ;
And have observed this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will
Nay, if my lord affirmed that black was white, 160
My word was this, Your honour's in the right
The assuming wit, who deems himself so wise,
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault
This, sir, affects not you, whose every word
Is weighed with judgment, and befits a lord :
Your will is mine , and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man ,
At least, your courage all the world must praise 170
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,

Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With reverend dulness and grave impotence "

Justin, who silent sate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began :

" A heathen author, of the first degree,
(Who, though not faith, had sense as well as we) 180
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust

To those of generous principles, and just
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away :

And therefore, sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least .

Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil ;

Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil ;

Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,

Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule ?

'Tis true perfection none must hope to find 190

In all this world, much less in woman-kind ,

But if her virtues prove the larger share,

Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.

Ah, gentle sir, take warning of a friend,

Who knows too well the state you thus commend ;

And spite of all his praises must declare,

All he can find is bondage, cost, and care

Heaven knows, I shed full many a private tear,

And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear :

While all my friends applaud my blissful life, 200

And swear no mortal's happier in a wife ,

Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,

The meekest creature that beholds the sun !

But, by the immortal powers, I feel the pain,

And he that smarts has reason to complain

Do what you list, for me , you must be sage,

And cautious sure ; for wisdom is in age .
But at these years, to venture on the fair !
By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210
Would busy the most vigorous of us all.
And trust me, sir, the chastest you can choose
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak, my noble lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end."

" 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well," the knight replies,
" Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise !
We, sirs, are fools , and must resign the cause
To heathenish authors, proverbs, and old saws
He spoke with scorn, and turned another way — 220
What does my friend, my dear Placebo say ?"

" I say," quoth he, " by heaven the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name "
At this the council rose, without delay ,
Each, in his own opinion, went his way ,
With full consent, that, all disputes appeased,
The knight should marry, when and where he pleased

Who now but January exults with joy ?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ :
Each nymph by turns his wavering mind possess, 230
And reigned the short-lived tyrant of his breast ,
While fancy pictured every lively part,
And each bright image wandered o'er his heart
Thus, in some public forum fixed on high,
A mirror shows the figures moving by ,
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polished glass.
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspersed her fame ,

That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest, 240
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fixed at last upon the youthful May
Her faults he knew not, love is always blind,
But every charm revolved within his mind :
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace

Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice, 250
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice ,
Once more in haste he summoned every friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end
“ Heaven, that ” (said he) “ inspired me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed
Let none oppose the election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss

“ A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise ,
Chaste, though not rich , and though not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn 261
Her will I wed, if gracious heaven so please ;
To pass my age in sanctity and ease :
And thank the powers, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none !
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure

“ One only doubt remains full oft I’ve heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averred ,
That ’tis too much for human race to know 270
The bliss of heaven above, and earth below.
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,

To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchanged for these,
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease "

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touched to the quick, and tickled at the soul
"Sir Knight," he cried, "if this be all your dread,
Heaven put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed,
And to my fervent prayers so far consent, 280
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves

"Then be not, sir, abandoned to despair,
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One, that may do your business to a hair,
Not even in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow! 290
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute,
Consult with those, and be of better cheer,
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear "

So said, they rose, nor more the work delayed,
The match was offered, the proposals made 300
The parents, you may think, would soon comply,
The old have interest ever in their eye
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind,
When fortune favours, still the fair are kind
I pass each previous settlement and deed,

Too long for me to write, or you to read ;
Nor will with quant impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approached, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent : 310
Forth came the priest, and bade the obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life
Then prayed the powers the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness

And now the palace gates are opened wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And placed in state, the bridegroom and the bride
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound ,
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, 320
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling
string

Not thus Amphion tuned the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So poets sing) was present on the place
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight .
And danced around, and smiled on every knight . 330
Pleased her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock, than in liberty
Full many an age old Hymen had not spied
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye bards ! renowned among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song ,
Think not your softest numbers can display

The matchless glories of this blissful day
The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age 340

The beauteous dame sate smiling at the board,
And darted amorous glances at her lord
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er looked so lovely on her Persian king .
Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May !
The joyful knight surveyed her by his side,
Nor envied Paris with the Spartan bride
Still as his mind revolved with vast delight
The entrancing raptures of the approaching night, 350
Restless he sate, invoking every power
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
With odorous spices they perfumed the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in every face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sighed for pain ,
Damian alone, the knight's obsequious squire,
Consumed at heart, and fed a secret fire 360
His lovely mistress all his soul possessed,
He looked, he languished, and could take no rest :
His task performed, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loathed the light of day.
There let him lie , till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame

The weary sun, as learned poets write,
Forsook the horizon, and rolled down the light ,
While glittering stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky. 370

Then rose the guests ; and as the time required,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retired

The foe once gone, our knight prepared to undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess .
But first thought fit the assistance to receive,
Which grave physicians scruple not to give ,
Satyrion near, with hot eringo's stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And critics learned explain to modern times 380

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undressed,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was blessed.
What next ensued beseems not me to say ;
'Tis sung, he laboured till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night ;
And sipped his cordial as he sate upright.
He kissed his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay :
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast ; 390
For every labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive squire oppressed,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast ;
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell
Yet hoping time the occasion might betray,
Composed a sonnet to the lovely May ;
Which writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapped in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run, 400
('Twas June, and Cancer had received the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride ;
The good old knight moved slowly by her side

High mass was sung ; they feasted in the hall ;
The servants round stood ready at their call.
The squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness grieved his worthy lord,
Who prayed his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
The obliging dames obeyed with one consent ; 410
They left the hall, and to his lodging went
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May .
Where, as she tried his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view !
Then gave his bill, and bribed the powers divine,
With secret vows to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May ?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay .
The lumpish husband snored away the night, 420
Till coughs awaked him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heaven or hell :
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell tolled, and all arose to pray.

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's power proceed ;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selectest influence from above ,
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame 430
Felt the first motions of an infant flame ,
Received the impressions of the love-sick squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love !
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,

The poor adorer sure had hanged, or drowned
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide

But to my tale Some sages have defined 440
Pleasure the sovereign bliss of humankind
Our knight (who studied much, we may suppose)
Derived his high philosophy from those,
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expense
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence
His house was stately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compassed round with walls of solid stone;
Priapus could not half describe the grace 450
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed romance;
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs

Full in the centre of the flowery ground,
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crowned,
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper elves their moonlight sports pursue 460
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gamboled on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair,
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that locked the garden door
To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,

He used from noise and business to retreat , 470
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May

For whate'er work was undischarged a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden sped

But ah ! what mortal lives of bliss secure,
How short a space our worldly joys endure ?
O fortune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
But faithless still, and wavering as the wind !
O painted monster, formed mankind to cheat,
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit ! 480

'This rich, this amorous, venerable knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief

The rage of jealousy then seized his mind,
For much he feared the faith of woman-kind
His wife not suffered from his side to stray,
Was captive kept, he watched her night and day,
Abridged her pleasures and confined her sway.
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain, 490

And sighed full oft , but sighed and wept in vain ,
She looked on Damian with a lover's eye ;
For oh, 'twas fixt , she must possess or die !
Nor less impatience vexed her amorous squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire
Watched as she was, yet could he not refrain,
By secret writing to disclose his pain :
The dame by signs revealed her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail, 500
Though they could see as far as ships can sail ?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceived to be,

Than be deluded when a man can see !

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watched, for all his hundred eyes ·
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procured the key her knight was wont to bear ;
She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510
And gave the impression to the trusty squire
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What sleight is that, which love will not explore ?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do :
Though watched and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray, 520
It happened, that once upon a summer's day,
Our reverend knight was urged to amorous play ·
He raised his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung :

" Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes ,
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise !
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain
The winter's past , the clouds and tempest fly ,
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky
Fair without spot, whose every charming part 531
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart ,
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age "

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,

To haste before ; the gentle squire obeyed
Secret, and undescried he took his way,
And ambushed close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame ; 540
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turned the key, and made the gate secure

“ Here let us walk,” he said, “ observed by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown .
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life ,
And rather would I choose, by heaven above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When unendowed, I took thee for my own, 550
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone
Old as I am, and now deprived of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
Nor age, nor blindness rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

“ Consider then, my lady and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life
As first, the love of Christ himself you gain ;
Next, your own honour undefiled maintain , 560
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love :
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow’s sun
Displays his light, by heaven it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind ,
’Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind

For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And joined to them my own unequal age, 570
From thy dear side I have no power to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart
For who that once possess those heavenly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?"

He ceased, and May with modest grace replied,
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cried)
"Heaven knows" (with that a tender sigh she drew)
"I have a soul to save as well as you .

And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend 580
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And joined my heart in wedlock's sacred band .
Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear

"First, may the yawning earth her bosom rend
And let me hence to hell alive descend ,
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sewed in a sack, and plunged into a well
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race. 590
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
I loathe a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect .
Else why these needless cautions sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy !
This chime still rings in every lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear "

Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian kneeling, worshipped as she past 600
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,

And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh
'Twas charged with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough
Thither the obsequious squire addressed his pace,
And climbing, in the summit took his place,
The knight and lady walked beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heavenly progress through the Twins had run, 610
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flowery fields.
Clear was the day, and Phoebus rising bright,
Had streaked the azure firmament with light,
He pierced the glittering clouds with golden streams,
And warmed the womb of earth with genial baems

It so befell, in that fair morning-tide,
The faeries sported on the garden side,
And in the midst their monarch and his bride
So featly tripped the light-foot ladies round, 620
The knights so nimbly o'er the green sward bound,
That scarce they bent the flowers, or touched the ground
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies searched the flowery plain,
While on a bank reclined of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the king bespoke his queen.

"'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt. 630

Heaven rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss was well bestowed on thee!

For sagely hast thou said Of all mankind,
One only just, and righteous, hope to find
But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found

"Thus says the king who knew your wickedness , ,
The son of Sirach testifies no less 640

So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all ,
As well you view the lecher in the tree,
And well this honourable knight you see .
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case)
His squire shall cuckold him before your face

"Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunished long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong 650
I will this instant undeceive the knight,
And, in the very act restore his sight
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true "

"And will you so," replied the queen, "indeed ?
Now, by mother's soul it is decreed, -

She shall not want an answer at her need
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age , 660
Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinioned on the place ,
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear ,
Till their wise husbands, gulled by arts like these,

Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese

“What though this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
Called women fools, and knew full many a one, 670
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are.
Witness the martyrs, who resigned their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcerned in death,
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arna, Portia, and Lucretia fell

“But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sovereign goodness dwells in him alone 680
Who only Is, and is but only One

But grant the worst, shall women then be weighed
By every word that Solomon has said?
What though this king (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of hosts,
He ceased at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol gods, or more
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank lecher and idolater,
Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ, 690
Did but for David's righteous sake permit,
David, the monarch after heaven's own mind,
Who loved our sex, and honoured all our kind

“Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak,
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break
Know, then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies
By heaven, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose”

“Nay,” (quoth the king), “dear madam, be not wroth

I yield it up, but since I gave my oath,
That this much-injured knight again should see,
It must be done—I am a king," said he,

"And one, whose faith has ever sacred been"

"And so has mine" (she said)—"I am a queen :
Her answer she shall have, I undertake,
And thus an end of all dispute I make
Try when you list ; and you shall find, my lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word "

We leave them here in this heroic strain, 710
And to the knight our story turns again,
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckoo or the jay.
This was his song, "Oh, kind and constant be,
Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee "

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew.
The longing dame looked up, and spied her love
Full fairly perched among the boughs above 719
She stopped, and sighing "oh, good gods," she cried,
"What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side?
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green,
Help, for the love of heaven's immortal queen!
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!"

Sore sighed the knight to hear his lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh
Old as he was, and void of eyesight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
"And must I languish, then," she said, "and die, 730
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At least, kind sir, for charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take,

Then from your back I might ascend the tree,
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me."

"With all my soul," he thus replied again,
"I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain"
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seized a twig, and up the tree she went

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all ! 740
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall.

'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refined,
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you,
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before

In that nice moment, lo ! the wondering knight
Looked out, and stood restored to sudden sight
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent, 750
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent,
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dressed,
His rage was such as cannot be expressed
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky
He cried, he roared, he stormed, he tore his hair,
"Death ! hell ! and furies ! what dost thou do there ?"

"What ails my lord ?" the trembling dame replied,
"I thought your patience had been better tried.
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind, 760
This my reward for having cured the blind ?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree ?
Did I for this the power of magic prove ?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love !"

"If this be struggling, by this holy light,

"Tis struggling with a vengeance," (quoth the knight),
"So heaven preserve the sight it has restored,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whored,
Whored by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell 770
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well"

"Guard me, good angels!" cried the gentle May,
"Pray heaven, this magic work the proper way!"
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had used these killing words to me
So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light"

"What I have said" (quoth he), "I must maintain,
For, by the immortal powers it seemed too plain—"

"By all those powers, some frenzy seized your mind,"
(Replied the dame,) "are these the thanks I find? 781
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!"

She said, a rising sigh expressed her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell she wiped from either eye
The drops (for women, when they list, can cry)

The knight was touched, and in his looks appeared
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheered

"Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er,
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more 790
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made.

Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
By heaven, I swore but what I thought I saw"

"Ah, my loved lord! 'twas much unkind" (she cried)
"On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride
But till your sight's established, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile
Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,

The bills are wounded with the piercing ray, 800
 And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day
 So just recovering from the shades of night,
 Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
 Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your
 sight

"Then, sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
 Heaven knows how seldom things are what they seem!
 Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
 'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind.
 Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
 None judge so wrong as those who think amiss" 810

With that she leaped into her lord's embrace,
 With well-dissembled virtue in her face
 He hugged her close, and kissed her o'er and o'er,
 Disturbed with doubts and jealousies no more:
 Both pleased and blessed, renewed their mutual vows,
 A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
 Let all wise husbands hence example take,
 And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
 'To be so well deluded by the r wives 820

THE FIRST BOOK OF STATIUS HIS THEBAIS:

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1703

The First Book of the *Thebas* of Statius was published in 1712, in *Lantol's Miscellany*. Pope had tried his hand at translating part of *Statius* before he was twelve years of age, and his efforts were revised by his early friend Henry Cromwell, so mysteriously described by Gay in *Alexander Pope his safe return from Troy* as "honest hatless Cromwell, with red breeches." Papinius Statius, born at Naples about 50 A.D. was the most popular poet

of the Flavian epoch, and besides his epics, the *Thebais* (in 12 books) and the *Achilleis* (in 2), wrote the *Sylvæ* (5 books of occasional pieces) Of his *Thebais*, said to have been founded on the Greek poem by Antimachus, a criticism will be found in Merivale's *Romans under the Empire*, chap. lxxv, where it is designated as perhaps the most perfect in form and arrangement of ancient epics, but confused in its general effect from want of breadth and largeness of treatment.

ARGUMENT

Œdipus King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons Eteocles and Polynices Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus, King of Argus Juno opposes, but to no effect, and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement Polynices, in the meantime, departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughter should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorcæbus He inquires, and is made acquainted with that descent and quality The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo

The translator hopes he needs not apologise for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood But finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
The alternate reign destroyed by impious arms
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravished breast, and all the muse inspires.
O goddess! say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sowed the soil,
And reaped an iron harvest of his toil, 10
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage the unhappy Monarch found?
The sire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plunged into the main.

But waive what'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O muse! the barrier of thy song 20
At Œdipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing,
How twice he tamed proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains streamed with barbarous blood,
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretched his empire to the frozen pole,
Oh, long before, with early valour strove
In youthful arms to assert the cause of Jove 30
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name!
Oh bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,

Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain
What though the stars contract their heavenly space,
And crowd their shining lamps to yield thee place,
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away,
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine ; 40
Though Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share his heaven with thee,
Yet stay, great Cæsar ! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main,
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heaven with Roman deities

The time will come when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame
Meanwhile permit that my preluding muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may choose · 50
Of furious hate surviving death she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And funeral flames that, parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear
Of towns dispeopled, and the wandering ghosts
Of kings unburied in the wasted coasts
When Dirce's fountain blushed with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep
In heaps his slaughtered sons into the deep 60

What hero, Clio ! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repelled the hostile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorned,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourned?

Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end

Now wretched Œdipus, deprived of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night, 70-
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul
The wretch then lifted to the unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke 80

"Ye gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain,
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are rolled
Through dreary coasts, which I though blind behold;
Tisiphone! that oft has heard my prayer,
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care
If you receive me from Jocasta's womb,
And nursed the hope of mischief yet to come,
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cirrha's temple, on that fatal day, 90
When by the son the trembling father died,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;
If I the sphinx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promised reign,
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
With monstrous mixture stained my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renewed,
Then, self-condemned, to shades of endless night,"

Forced from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight, 100
Oh hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou mightest inspire.
My sons their old, unhappy sire despise,
Spoiled of his kingdom, and deprived of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn,
These sons, ye gods! who with flagitious pride,
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above? 110
Thou fury! then some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail,
Place on their heads that crown distained with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore,
Go! and a parent's heavy curses bear,
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands, 120
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands
Couldst thou some great proportioned mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came"
The fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes, untied, sulphureous waters drink,
But at the summons rolled her eyes around,
- And snatched the starting serpents from the ground
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,
The gliding lightning, or descending star
Through crowds of airy shades she winged her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night, 131
Swift as she passed, the fitting ghosts withdrew,

And the pale spectres trembled at her view .
To the iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies,
The day beheld, and sickening at the sight,
Veiled her fair glories in the shades of night
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore
Now from beneath Malea's airy height 140
Aloft she sprung, and steered to Thebes her flight ,
With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head,
In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,
When labouring with strong charms, she shoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky
Blood stained her checks, and from her mouth there
came 150

Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame
From every blast of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by fates and furies worn alone
She tossed her meagre arms , her better hand
In waving circles whirled a funeral brand
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air

But when the fury took her stand on high, 60
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tier went round
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And through the Achaian cities send the sound

Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice,
Eurota's banks remurmured to the noise,
Again Leucothoe shook at these alarms,
And pressed Palæmon closer in her arms
Headlong from thence the glowing fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings, 170
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a vale of clouds
Straight with the rage of all their race possessed,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their furies wake within their breast
Their tortured minds repining envy tears,
And hate, engendered by suspicious fears;
And sacred thirst of sway, and all the ties
Of nature broke, and royal perjuries,
And impotent desire to reign alone, 180
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne,
Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
While discord waits upon divided power
As stubborn steers by brawny ploughmen broke,
And joined reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
The unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay.
Such was the discord of the royal pair, 190
Whom fury drove precipitate to war
In vain the chiefs contrived a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway
Unjust decree ! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir

Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were raised, 200

No fretted roofs with polished metals blazed,
No laboured columns in long order placed,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches graced,
No mighty bands in glittering armour wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate,
No chargers then were wrought in burnished gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould,
Nor gems on bowls embossed were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—

Say, wretched rivals ! what provokes your rage ? 210

Say, to what end your impious arms engage ?

Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day,
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize !

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)

Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown

What joys, oh tyrant ! swelled thy soul that day, 220

When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,
Pleased to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly fill a feared and envied throne !

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent,
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate,
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear
And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230

Of kings imposed and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite
With scandal armed, the ignoble mind's delight,)
Exclaimed—"O Thebes ! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauspicious reign ?
Must we, alas ! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom changed we still must fear ?
These now control a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state - 240
Even fortune rules no more —O servile land,
Where exiled tyrants still by turns command !
Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove !
Is this the eternal doom decreed above ?
On thy own offspring hast thou fixed this fate,
From the first birth of our unhappy state ,
When banished Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
For lost Europa searched the world in vain,
And fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250
First raised our walls on that ill-omened plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain ?
What lofty looks the unrivalled monarch bears !
How all the tyrant in his face appears !
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow !
Gods ! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow !
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again ?
Yet, who, before, more popularly bowed,
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd ? 260
Patient of right, familiar in the throne ?
What wonder then ? he was not then alone
Oh wretched we, a vile, submissive train,

Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign !

As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wavering sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw
Thus on each side, alas ! our tottering state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate, 270
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands

And now the almighty Father of the gods
Convenes a council in the blest abodes .
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,
Whence, far below, the gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all the extended space of earth, and air, and sea
Full in the midst, and on the starry throne, 280
The majesty of heaven superior shone ,
Serene he looked, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confessed the god
At Jove's assent, the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crowned.
Next a long order of inferior powers
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers ,
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow,
And those that give the wandering winds to blow
Here all their rage, and even their murmurs cease, 290
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace
A shining synod of majestic gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes ,
Heaven seems improved with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day
The monarch then his solemn silence broke, 21

The still creation listened while he spoke,
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight.
And each irrevocable word is fate

How long shall man the wrath of heaven defy, 300
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky !
Oh race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er the eluded rage of Jove !
This wearied arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain .
The o'erlaboured Cyclop from his task retires ,
The Æolian forge exhausted of its fires
For this, I suffered Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turned 310
And heaven itself the wandering chariot burned
For this, my brother of the watery reign
Released the impetuous sluices of the main :
But flames consumed, and billows raged in vain
Two races now, allied to Jove, offend ,
To punish these, see Jove himself descend
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know ?
And the long series of succeeding woe : 320
How oft the furies, from the deeps of night,
Arose, and mixed with men in mortal fight .
The exulting mother, stained with filial blood ,
The savage hunter and the haunted wood .
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name ?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
The sun would sink into the western main,
And rising gild the radiant east again

Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed) 330
The murdering son ascend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones,
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew
Thy curse, oh *Ædipus*, just heaven alarms,
And sets the avenging thunderer in arms
I from the root thy guilty race will tear, 340
And give the nations to the waste of war
Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join,
In dire alliance with the Theban line,
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed,
The guilty realms of *Tantalus* shall bleed,
Fixed is their doom, this all-remembering breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast
He said, and thus the queen of heaven returned,
(With sudden grief her labouring bosom burned),
"Must I, whose cares *Phoroneus'* towers defend, 350
Must I, oh *Jove*, in bloody wars contend?
Thou knowest those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame,
Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded *Argus* slept, and bled,
Though there the brazen tower was stormed of old,
When *Jove* descended in almighty gold,
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguised in borrowed shapes,
But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms 360
Thou camest triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,

And blazing lightnings danced around her bed ,
Cursed Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove—
Ah, why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control,
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
Go, rase my Samos, let Mycenæ fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall ,
No more let mortals Juno's power invoke, 370
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke ,
But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her ,
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renowned,
Let weeping Nilus hear the tumbrel sound
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the fathers' crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage , 380
Say, from what period then has Jove designed
To date his vengeance, to what bounds confined?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wandering stream, and through the briny tides
Unmixed to his Sicilian river glides
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder clam,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name ,
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Oenomaus, defiled with blood ,
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found, 390
And human bones yet whiten all the ground
Say, can those honours please and canst thou love
Presumptuous Crete that boasts the tomb of Jove?
And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?

Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race derived from thee ;
On impious realms and barbarous kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those "

Thus, in reproach and prayer, the queen expressed
The rage and grief contending in her breast , 401

Unmoved remained the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne returned this stern reply
" 'Twas thus I deemed thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation, thy peculiar care

No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil

Their work, and reverence our superior will 410

For by the black infernal Styx I swear

(That dreadful oath which binds the thunderer)

'Tis fixed , the irrevocable doom of Jove ,
No force can bend me, no persuasion move
Haste, then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air ,
Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair ,
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laus to the realms of day,

Whose ghost yet shivering on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the further strand 420

Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear ,
That, from his exiled brother, swelled with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promised empire, and alternate reign
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate
The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into fate "

The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies , 430
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veiled the starry glories of his head !
He seized the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye ,
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,
Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts
Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way ,
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and towers the ethereal height , 440
Then wheeling down the steep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies

Meantime the banished Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandoned) through the Aonian groves,
While future realms his wandering thoughts delight,
His daily vision and his dream by night ,
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own ,
And swells on an imaginary throne, 450
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost

The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And famed Mycenæ's lofty towers ascend,
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest, 460
And disappeared in horror of the feast)

And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enriched the rising ground
Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cuts the purple hairs .
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores, 470
And hears the murmurs of the different shores
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night
And rising Cynthia shed her silver light,
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew,
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew ,
All birds and beasts he hushed , sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air, 480
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day ,
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of night ,
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness and involve the skies
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from the Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try, 490
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,

Which the cold north congeals to haily showers.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from every cloud
Now smokes with showers the misty mountain-ground
And floated fields lie undistinguished round
The Inachian streams with headlong fury run, 00
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on :
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away ;
Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
Are whirled in the air, and on the limbs are borne,
The storm the dark Lycæan groves displayed,
And first to light exposed the sacred shade
The intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky, 510
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonished, from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the watery war,
That, driven by storms and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled
Nor knows, amazed, what doubtful path to tread,
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with
fears

So fares a sailor on the stormy main 520
When clouds conceal Bootes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps,
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies
Thus strove the chief, on every side distressed,

Thus still his courage, with his toils increased,
With his broad shield opposed, he forced his way
Through thickest woods, and roused the beasts of prey
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height 530
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light.
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies,
On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise
He passed the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way,
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Blest with calm peace in his declining days, 540
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus graced his noble line
Heaven had not crowned his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heired his state and throne
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate)
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?
Had sung—"Except thy sons on Argos' shore,
A yellow lion and a bristly boar"

This long revolved in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest, 550
This, great Amphiaræus, lay hid from thee,
Though skilled in fate, and dark futurity
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For this did the predicting god ordain

Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And seized with horror in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urged his flight,
Now by the fury of the tempest driven,

He seeks a shelter from the inclement heaven, 560
 Till led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
 And to fair Argos' open courts succeeds

When thus the chiefs from different lands resort
 To Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court,
 The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
 And views their arms and habit with surprise
 A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
 Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs,
 Such once employed Alcides' youthful toils,
 Ere yet adorned with Nemea's dreadful spoils 570
 A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
 Oenides' manly shoulders overspread
 Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
 Alive, the pride and terror of the wood

Struck with the sight, and fixed in deep amaze,
 The king the accomplished oracle surveys,
 Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
 The guiding godhead, and his future sons
 O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
 And a glad horror shoots through every vein 580
 To heaven he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
 And thus invokes the silent queen of night

"Goddess of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign
 Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train.
 You who the cares of heaven and earth allay,
 'Till nature quickened by the inspiring ray
 Wakes to new vigour with the rising day.
 Oh thou who freest me from my doubtful state,
 Long lost and wildered in the maze of fate!
 Be present still, oh goddess! in our aid, 590
 Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made
 We to thy name our annual rites will pay,

And on thy altars sacrifices lay ,
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke
Hail, faithful Tripos ! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus ! I confess the gods !”

Thus, seized with sacred fear, the monarch prayed ,
Then to his inner court the guests conveyed ,
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise, 600
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice

The king once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires,
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound
Embroidered purple clothes the golden beds ;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads ,
A third dispels the darkness of the night, 610
And fills depending lamps with beams of light ,
Here loaves in cannisters are piled on high,
And there in flames, the slaughtered victims fry
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretched on rich carpets on his ivory throne ,
A lofty couch receives each princely guest ,
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue trained,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintained 620
Then softly whispered in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear
When from the close apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright ,
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face ,

Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears,
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise, 630
Their downcast looks a decent shame confessed,
Then on their father's reverend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus used in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture graced, and rough with rising gold
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And even in gold, turns paler as she dies
There from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears 640
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars
Still as he rises in the ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight,
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fixed on the glorious scene in wild amaze,
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies

This golden bowl with generous juice was crowned,
The first libations sprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celestial power they call; 650
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crowned with chaste laurel, and with garlands dressed,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in numerous hymns of praise

Then thus the king "Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honoured altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name designed,

Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind
Great was the cause, our old solemnities 660
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise,
But saved from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the God of Day

“When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unrolled lay covering all the plain,
(Transfixed as o’er Castalia’s streams he hung,
And sucked new poisons with his triple tongue)
To Argos’ realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus’ humble courts
This rural prince one only daughter blest, 670

That all the charms of blooming youth possessed,
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness joined
Happy! and happy still she might have proved,
Were she less beautiful, or less beloved!
But Phoebus loved, and on the flowery side
Of Nemea’s stream, the yielding fair enjoyed
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
The illustrious offspring of the god was born,
The nymph, her father’s anger to evade, 680
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade,
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd’s cares

“How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine!
Ah, how unworthy those of race divine!
On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes 690
Yet even in those obscure abodes to live,

Was more, alas ! than cruel fate would give,
 For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
 And breathed the freshness of the early day,
 Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
 Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapped the gore
 The astonished mother, when the rumour came,
 Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
 With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
 And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair ; 700
 Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies :
 Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

" But touched with sorrow for the dead too late,
 The raging god prepares to avenge her fate.
 He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
 Begot by furies in the depths of hell,
 The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears ;
 High on a crown a rising snake appears,
 Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs .
 About the realm she walks her dreadful round, 710
 When night with sable wings o'er-spreads the ground,
 Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
 And feeds and thrives on public miseries

" But generous rage the bold Choroebus warms,
 Choroebus, famed for virtue, as for arms,
 Some few like him, inspired with martial flame,
 Thought a short life well lost for endless fame
 These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
 The dreadful monster from afar descried,
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side ; 720
 Where panting vitals, warm with life, she drew,
 And in their hearts embow'd her cruel claw
 The youth, who round her laid extended specter ;
 But brave Choroebus in the front appears,



"Deep in her breast he plunged his shining sword"

Deep in her breast he plunged his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restored
The Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embrued
With livid poison, and our children's blood 730
The crowd in stupid wonder fixed appear,
Pale even in joy, nor yet forget to fear
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flocked to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast,
And ravenous dogs, allured by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood

“But fired with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow, 740
And hissing flew the feathered fates below,
A night of sultry clouds involved around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground,
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led

“But Phœbus, asked why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year,
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell 750

“Blessed be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero ! who divinely brave,
In such a cause disdained thy life to save,
But viewed the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke ·

“With piety, the soul's secret guard,

And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear,
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here. 760
Thy monster's death to me was owed alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds concealed thy sullen rays,
For whom, as man no longer claimed thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if the abandoned race of human kind
From gods above no more compassion find,
If such inclemency in heaven can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel 770
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send,
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own'
"Merit distressed, impartial heaven relieves. 780
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives,
For not the vengeful power, that glowed with rage
With such amazing virtue durst engage
The clouds dispersed, Apollo's wrath expired,
And from the wondering god the unwilling youth retired
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise,
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please.
These honours, still renewed, his ancient wrath appease.

"But say, illustrious guest" (adjoined the king) 790
"What name you bear, from what high race you
spring?

The noble Tydeus stands confessed, and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite "

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confused, and sadly thus at length replies .

"Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh, generous prince) my nation or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has rolled?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold ! 801

Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own ,
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place "

To whom the king (who felt his generous breast
Touched with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies—"Ah, why forbears the son to name
His wretched father known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray, 810

Scorns not to take our Argos in her way,
E'en those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole ,
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless Syrtes and the moving sands ;
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds ,
All these the woes of Oedipus have known,
Your fates, your funes, and your haunted town
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend, 820

What prince from those his lineage can defend ?

Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine to efface
With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.
But see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day;
Now pour the wine, and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise."

"Oh, father Phoebus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast, 830
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dew thy yellow hair;
Or pleased to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore,
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures raised by labouring gods,
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne,
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn.
Skilled in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove, 840
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres, and impending woe;
When direful meteors spread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
To excel the music of thy heavenly lyre;
Thy shafts avenged lewd 'Tityus' guilty flame,
The immortal victim of thy mother's fame,
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast. 850
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemned to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldering rock that trembles from on high.

"Propitious hear our prayer, O power divine !
And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays the Achæmenes adore ,
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain ,
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows ,
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns."

860

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

I—CHAUCER

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,
Yet swinken not sans secresie.
Thilke moral shall ye understand,
From schoole-boy's tale of fayre Ireland .
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake
Right then, there passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway
Ducke in his trowses hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.

10

"But ho ! our nephew, (crieth one)
"Ho !" quoth another, "Cozen John ,"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This sely clerk full low doth lout .
They asken that, and talken this,

"Lo here is coz, and here is miss"
 But, as he glozeth with speeches soote,
 The ducke sore tickleth his erse-roote :
 Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
 Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest
 "Te-he," cried ladies ; clerke nought spake
 Miss stared , and gray ducke crieth quake.
 "O moder, möder," (quoth the daughter)
 "Be thilke same thing maids longer a'ter ?
 Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
 Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke."

II — SPENSER

THE ALLEY

I

In every town, where Thamis rolls his tyde,
 A narrow pass there is, with houses low,
 Where ever and anon, the stream is eyed,
 And many a boat soft sliding to and fro
 There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
 The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall.
 How can ye, mothers, vex your children so ?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie,
 A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by ;
 And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry
 At every door are sunburnt matrons seen,

Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between,
Scolds answer foul-mouthed scolds, bad neighbourhood
I ween.

III

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies, 20
The whimpering girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries,
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound,
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies,
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And cuis, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep bass are
drowned

IV

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch, 30
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
There learned she speech from tongues that never cease
Slander beside her, like a magpie, chatters,
With envy, (spitting cat) dread foe to peace,
Like a cursed cur, malice before her clatters,
And vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to tatters

V

Her dugs were marked by every collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall.
She scratched, bit, and spared ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all, 40
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call
Yea, when she passed by or lane or nook,

Would greet the man who turned him to the wall,
 And by his hand obscene the porter took,
 Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

VI

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
 Woolwich and Wapping smelling strong of pitch ;
 Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
 And Twickenam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
 Grots, statues, urns, and Johnston's¹ dog and bitch, 50
 Ne village is without, on either side,
 All up the silver Thames, or all adown ;
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are eyed
 Vales, spires, meandring streams, and Windsor's towery
 pride.

III — WALLER.

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE

FAIR charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize,
 A heart resigned, the conquest of your eyes :
 Well might, alas ! that threatened vessel fail,
 Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
 We were too blest with these enchanting lays,
 Which must be heavenly when an angel plays :
 But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
 Lest heavenly music should be heard alive
 Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree,
 Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he. 10
 A poet made the silent wood pursue,
 This vocal wood had drawn the poet too

¹ Old Mr Johnston, the retired Scotch Secretary of State, who lived at Twickenham — *Carruthers*

Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows :
There the green infants in their beds are laud,
The garden's hope, and its expected shade.
Here orange trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join ,
Exceed their promise in the ripened store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more. 20
There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
By laurels shielded from the piercing day ,
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
Still turns her beauties from the invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays 30

WEeping

WHILE Celia's tears make sorrow bright,
Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes ;
The sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the ocean first did rise .
And thus through mists we see the sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon
These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one cloud soft showers we view
And blasting lightnings burst away 10

Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew ;
Not that their pleasures caused her discontent,
She sighed not that they stayed, but that she went. 10

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old fashioned halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks :
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a day,
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea ;
To muse, and spill her solitary tea ;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire , 20
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heaven

Some squire, perhaps you take delight to rack ;
Whose game is whisk, whose treat a toast in sack ,
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buzz, and cries,—“ No words !”
Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table ,
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 30

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade ,
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,
See coronations rise on every green ,
Before you pass the imaginary sights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and gartered knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes ,
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls ' 40

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagued with headaches, or the want of rhyme)
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you,
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia¹ rise,
 Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight,
 Vexed to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

50

ON RECEIVING FROM THE RIGHT HON THE
 LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY A STANDISH AND
 TWO PENS²

Yes, I beheld the Athenian Queen
 Descend in all her sober charms,
 "And take," (she said, and smiled serene,)
 "Take at this hand celestial arms

"Secure the radiant weapons wield,
 This golden lance shall guard desert,

¹ In the first edition it is "the blush of Parthenissa," which was the principal designation of Martha Blount in the correspondence of the sisters with James Moore — *Carruthers*

² To enter into the spirit of this address, it is necessary to premise, that the poet was threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords, for the two poems entitled the *Epilogue to the Satires*. On which with great resentment against his enemies, for not being willing to distinguish between

"Grave epistles bringing vice to light"

and licentious libels, he began a third dialogue, more severe and sublime than the first and second, which being no secret, matters were soon compromised. His enemies agreed to drop the prosecution, and he promised to leave the third dialogue unfinished and suppressed. This affair occasioned this little beautiful poem, to which it alludes throughout, but more especially in the four last stanzas — *Warburton*.

And if a vice dares keep the field,
This steel shall stab it to the heart "

Awed, on my bended knees I fell,
Received the weapons of the sky; 10
And dipt them in the sable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

What *well*? what *weapons*? (Flavia cries,)
A standish, steel and golden pen!
It came from Bertrand's,¹ not the skies;
I gave it you to write again

But, friend, take heed whom you attack,
You'll bring a house (I mean of peers)
Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
Lambeth and all about your ears. 20

You'd write as smooth again on glass,
And run, on ivory, so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass,
Nor stop at flattery or fib

Athenian Queen¹ and sober charms!
I tell ye, fool, there's nothing m't:
'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
That dares tell neither truth nor lies, 30
I'll lift you in the harmless roll
Of those that sing of these poor eyes.

¹ A famous toy-shop at Bath — *Warburton*.

EPITAPHS

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.

Virg Æn VII vv 885, 6

I —ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,
IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM IN SUSSEX (1706)

DORSET, the grace of the courts, the muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state .
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay ;
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Blest satirist ! who touched the mean so true,
As showed, vice had his hate and pity too
Blest courtier ! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships, and his ease 10
Blest peer ! his great forefathers' every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race ,
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line

II —ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,
ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO
KING WILLIAM III

Who having resigned his place, died in his retirement at East-
hamsted in Berkshire, 1716

A PLEASING form , a firm, yet cautious mind ,
Sincere, though prudent , constant, yet resigned
Honour unchanged, a principle profest,
Fixed to one side, but moderate to the rest
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too ,
Just to his prince, and to his country true

Filled with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
 A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
 A generous faith, from superstition free
 A love to peace, and hate of tyranny, 10
 Such this man was; who now, from earth removed,
 At length enjoys that liberty he loved

III—ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,
 ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT;
 At the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720
 To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
 Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear;
 Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
 Or gave his father grief but when he died
 How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
 If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
 Oh let thy once-loved friend inscribe thy stone,
 And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV—ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ
 IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY
 JACOBUS CRAGGS,
 REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
 ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
 PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DILECTIO
 VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
 ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXX.
 OB FEB XVI MDCCXX.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear!
 Who broke no promise, served no private end,
 Who gained no title, and who lost no friend,
 Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
 Praised, wept, and honoured, by the muse he loved

V.—INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THY relics, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust .
Beneath a rude¹ and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes

VI—ON MRS CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense
No conquests she, but o'er herself, desired,
No arts essayed, but not to be admired
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own
So unaffected, so composed a mind ,
So firm, yet soft , so strong, yet so refined ,
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried ,
The saint sustained it, but the woman died 10

VII—ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HON ROBERT
DIGBY, AND OF HIS SISTER MARY,

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER, THE LORD DIGBY,

In the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727

Go ! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth .

¹ The tomb of Mr Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham , to which was originally intended this epitaph,

This Sheffield raised The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once The rest who does not know?

which the author since changed into the plain inscription now upon it, being only the name of that great poet

J DRYDEN

Natus Aug. 9, 1631 Mortuus Maj 1, 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT

Composed in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great
 Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear.
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
 Go live ! for heaven's eternal year is thine,
 Go, and exalt thy moral to divine 10

And thou, blest Maid ! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hast followed to the silent tomb,
 Steered the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more !
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known !
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief.
 These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive ;
 'Tis all a father, all a friend can give ! 20

VIII —ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1723¹

KNELLER, by heaven, and not a master, taught,
 Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought,
 Now for two ages having snatched from fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
 Lies crowned with princes' honours, poets' lays,
 Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise

Living, great nature feared he might outvie
 Her works, and dying, fears herself may die

¹ Pope had made Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his death-bed, a promise to write his epitaph, which he seems to have performed with reluctance. He thought it "the worst thing he ever wrote in his life" (*Spence*)—*Roscoe*

IX.—ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1729.

HERE, Withers, rest ! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind
Oh born to arms ! O worth in youth approved !
O soft humanity, in age beloved !
For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu ! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love !
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone

10

X —ON MR ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTEAD IN BERKS, 1730

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man .
A poet, blessed beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great .
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the value of peace
Calmly he looked on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ,
From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thanked heaven that he had lived, and that he died

XI.—ON MR GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1732

OF manners gentle, of affection mild ,
In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,

Formed to delight at once and lash the age
 Above temptation, in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted, even among the great
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end
 These are thy honours ' not that here thy bust
 Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust , 10
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

XII—INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS

Quem Immortalem

Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum
 Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur

NATURE and nature's laws lay hid in night
 God said, Let Newton be! and all was light

XIII—ON DR FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

Who died in exile at Paris, 1732, (his only daughter having expired
 in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see
 him)

DIALOGUE

SHE

YES, we have lived—one pang, and then we part!
 May Heaven, dear father! now have all thy heart
 Yef ah! how once we loved remember still,
 Till you are dust like me

HE

Dear shade! I will
 Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
 O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!

Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?

Yes—Save my country, Heaven,

He said, and died.

XIV—ON EDMUND D OF BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the nineteenth year of his age, 1735 ¹

If modest youth, with cool reflection crowned,

And every opening virtue blooming round,

Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,

Or add one patriot to a sinking state,

This weeping marble had not asked thy tear,

Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here ¹

The living virtue now had shone approved,

The senate heard him, and his country loved

Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame

Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham

10

In whom a race, for courage famed and art,

Ends in the milder merit of the heart,

And chiefs or sages long to Britain given,

Pays the last tribute of a saint to heaven

XV.—FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY ²

HEROES, and kings! your distance keep.

In peace let one poor poet sleep,

Who never flattered folks like you:

Let Horace blush, and Virgil too

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME.

UNDER this marble, or under this sill,

Or under this turf, or e'en what they will,

¹ Only son of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, by Katharine Darnley, natural daughter of James II — *Roscoe*

² These lines were placed by Warburton on the monument erected by him to Pope in Twickenham Church.

Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
 Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
 Lies one who ne'er cared, and still cares not a pin
 What they said, or may say of the mortal within.
 But, who living and dying, serene still and free,
 Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

TO THE AUTHOR OF A POEM ENTITLED
 SUCCESSIO

BEGONE, ye critics, and restrain your spite,
 Codrus writes on, and will for ever write.
 The heaviest muse the swiftest course has gone,
 As clocks run fastest when most lead is on;
 What though no bees around your cradle flew,
 Nor on your lips distilled their golden dew;
 Yet have we oft discovered in their stead
 A swarm of drones that buzzed about your head
 When you, like Orpheus, strike the warbling lyre,
 Attentive blocks stand round you and admire 10
 Wit passed through thee no longer is the same,
 As meat digested takes a different name;
 But sense must sure thy safest plunder be,
 Since no reprisals can be made on thee
 Thus thou mayst rise, and in thy daring flight
 (Though ne'er so weighty) reach a wondrous height
 So, forced from engines, lead itself can fly,
 And ponderous slugs move nimbly through the sky
 Sure Bavius copied Mævius to the full,
 And Chærilus¹ taught Codrus to be dull; 20

¹ Perhaps by Chærilus, the juvenile satirist designed Flecknoe or Shadwell, who had received their immortality of dulness from his master Catholic in poetry and opinions, Dryden — *D'Israeli*, cited by *Roscoe*

Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give o'er
 This needless labour ; and contend no more
 To prove a dull succession to be true,
 Since 'tis enough we find it so in you.

A R G U S

"Homer's account of Ulysses's dog Argus is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good-nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca when he embarked for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years (which by the way is not unnatural, as some critics have said, since I remember the dam of my dog was twenty two years old when she died May the omen of longevity prove fortunate to her successors !) You shall have it in verse"—*Pope to H Cromwell, Oct. 19, 1709*

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast
 Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tossed,
 Arrived at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
 To all his friends and even his Queen unknown,
 Changed as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
 Furrowed his reverend face, and white his hairs,
 In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
 Scorned by those slaves his former bounty fed,
 Forgot of all his own domestic crew :
 The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew ! 10
 Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay,
 Like an old servant, now cashiered, he lay,
 Touched with resentment of ungrateful man,
 And longing to behold his ancient lord again.
 Him when he saw—he rose, and crawled to meet,
 ('Twas all he could) and fawned, and kissed his feet,
 Seized with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
 Owned his returning lord, looked up, and died !

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

MUSE, 'tis enough at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends

ON MRS TOFTS,

A CELEBRATED OPERA-SINGER

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song.
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along,
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved, and the poet have
died.

EPIGRAM ON THE FEUDS ABOUT HANDEL AND
BONONCINI

STRANGE! all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

EPIGRAM

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home

EPITAPH

WELL, then, poor G—— lies under ground!
So there's an end of honest Jack
So little justice here be found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE

Now Europe's balanced, neither side prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the scales

TO A LADY WITH "THE TEMPLE OF FAME"
WHAT's fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is called in women only reputation,
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other

IMPROMPTU TO LADY WINCHILSEA

OCCASIONED BY FOUR SATIRICAL VERSES ON WOMEN-WITS, IN
THE "RAPE OF THE LOCK"

The four verses are apparently canto 11, vers 59-62
IN vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those Sapphos we admire no more
Fate doomed the fall of every female wit,
But doomed it then, when first Ardelia writ
Of all examples by the world confessed,
I knew Ardelia could not quote the best,
Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own
To write their praise you but in vain essay, 9
E'en while you write, you take that praise away
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more

EPIGRAM

ON THE TOASTS OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, ANNO 1716

WHENCE deathless Kit-Cat took its name,
Few critics can unriddle,
Some say from pastry-cook it came,
And some from cat and fiddle

From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
 Grey statesmen or green wits,
 But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
 Of old "cats" and young "kits."

A DIALOGUE

1717

Pope —SINCE my old friend is grown so great
 As to be Minister of State,
 I'm told, but 'tis not true, I hope,
 That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope

Craggs —Alas ' if I am such a creature
 To grow the worse for growing greater,
 Why, faith, in spite of all my brags,
 'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs

ON DRAWINGS OF THE STATUES OF APOLLO,
 VENUS, AND HERCULES,

MADE FOR POPE BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER

WHAT god, what genius, did the pencil move,
 When Kneller painted these?
 'Twas friendship warm as Phœbus, kind as love,
 And strong as Hercules

PROLOGUE DESIGNED FOR MR. D'URFEY'S
 LAST PLAY

FIRST PUBLISHED IN POPE AND SWIFT'S MISCELLANIES

GROWN old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
 Your persevering, unexhausted bard
 Damnation follows death in other men;
 But your damned poet lives, and writes again.
 The adventurous lover is successful still,
 Who strives to please the fair against her will

Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
 Who in your own despite has strove to please ye
 He scorned to borrow from the wits of yore ;
 But ever writ, as none e'er writ before 10
 You modern wits, should each man bring his claim,
 Have desperate debentures on your fame ,
 And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
 If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
 From his deep fund our author largely draws ,
 Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
 Though plays for honour in old time he made,
 'Tis now for better reasons—to be paid
 Believe him, he has known the world too long,
 And seen the death of much immortal song 20
 He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
 As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone
 Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
 The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
 Fame is at best an unperforming cheat ,
 But 'tis substantial happiness to eat.
 Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
 Nor force him to be damned to get his living.

A PROLOGUE BY MR. POPE,

TO A PLAY FOR MR DENNIS'S BENEFIT IN 1733, WHEN HE WAS
 OLD, BLIND, AND IN GREAT DISTRESS, A LITTLE BEFORE
 HIS DEATH.¹

As when that hero, who in each campaign,
 Had braved the Goth, and many a vandal slain,

¹ Dennis being much distressed very near the close of his life, it was proposed to act a play for his benefit and Thomson, Mallet, Benjamin Martin, and Pope took the lead upon the occasion. The play, which was the *Provoked Husband* (by Vanbrugh and Cibber), was represented at the Haymarket, Dec. 18, 1733,

Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe !
 Wept by each friend, forgiven by every foe
 Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
 But pitied Belisarius old and blind ?
 Was there a chief but melted at the sight ?
 A common soldier, but who clubbed his mite ?
 Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
 When pressed by want and weakness Dennis lies ; 10
 Dennis, who long had warred with modern Huns,
 Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns ,
 A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce
 Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse .
 How changed from him who made the boxes groan,
 And shook the stage with thunders all his own !
 Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
 Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope !
 If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
 Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn . 20
 If there's a critic of distinguished rage ,
 If there's a senior, who contemns this age ,
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend

MACER A CHARACTER.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
 First fought a poet's fortune in the town,
 'Twas all the ambition his high soul could feel,
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford,

and Pope condescended so far as to lay aside his resentment against his former antagonist as to write a prologue, which was spoken by Theophilus Cibber (the laureate's son)—Geneste, *English Stage*, vol iii, p 318

And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these he ventured on the town,
 And with a borrowed play out-did poor Crown
 There he stopped short, nor since has writ a tittle,
 But has the wit to make the most of little, 10
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot
 Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends

So some coarse country wench, almost decayed,
 Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid,
 Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay,
 She flatters her good lady twice a day,
 Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
 And strangely liked for her simplicity 20
 In a translated suit, then tries the town,
 With borrowed pins, and patches not her own
 But just endured the winter she began,
 And in four months a battered Harridan
 Now nothing left, but withered, pale, and shrunk,
 To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk

U M B R A

CLOSE to the best known author Umbra sits,
 The constant index to all Button's wits
 "Who's here?" cries Umbra "only Johnson,"—"Oh!
 Your slave," and exit; but returns with Rowe
 "Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies."
 Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies
 Then up comes Steele he turns upon his heel,
 And in a moment fastens upon Steele;
 But cries as soon, "Dear Dick, I must be gone,
 For, if I know his tread, here's Addison" 2 A 30

Says Addison to Steele, "'Tis time to go,"
Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe
Poor Umbra left in this abandoned pickle,
E'en sets him down, and writes to honest T——.
Fool ! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
Know, sense, like charity, begins at home.

TO MR JOHN MOORE,
AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM POWDER.

From the Miscellanies.

How much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceived by shows and forms !
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human-kind are worms
Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain !
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again
That woman is a worm, we find
E'er since our grandam's evil ;
She first conversed with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the devil
The learned themselves we book-worms name,
The blockhead is a slow-worm ;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly termed a glow-worm .
The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day ,
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay
The flatterer an ear-wig grows ,
Thus worms suit all conditions ,

Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaux,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen,
By all their winding play,
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day

Ah, Moore¹ thy skill were well employed,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch Lane,¹
Who settest our entrails free,
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat even thee

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Even Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before

SANDY'S GHOST, OR, A PROPER NEW BALLAD ON
THE NEW OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

AS IT WAS INTENDED TO BE TRANSLATED BY PERSONS
OF QUALITY

Sir Walter Scott, quoted by Roscoe, explains the ballad to refer to a translation of the *Metamorphoses* published by Sir Samuel Garth

YE Lords and Commons, men of wit,
And pleasure about town,
Read this ere you translate one bit
Of books of high renown

¹ Abchurch (properly Upchurch) Lane, Lombard Street

Beware of Latin authors all !
Nor think your verses sterling,
Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a Berlin

For not the desk with silver nails,
Nor bureau of expense,
Nor standish well japanned avails
To writing of good sense

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
With saucer eyes of fire,
In woeful wise did sore affright
A wit and courtly squire.

Rare Imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth
Like puppy tame that uses
To fetch and carry, in his mouth,
The works of all the muses

Ah ! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil,
And sell his soul for vanity,
To rhyming and the devil ?

A desk he had of curious work,
With glittering studs about,
Within the same did Sandys lurk,
Though Ovid lay without.

Now as he scratched to fetch up thought,
Forth popped the sprite so thin
And from the key-hole bolted out,
All upright as a pin

With whiskers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff composed most dully.

This squire he dropped his pen full soon,
While as the light burnt bluely.

"Ho ! Master Sam," quoth Sandys' sprite,
"Write on, nor let me scare ye,
Forsooth, if rhymes fall in not right,
To Budgell seek, or Carey.

"I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,
Poor Ovid finds no quarter !
See first the merry P—— comes¹
In haste, without his garter

"Then lords and lordlings, squires and knights,
Wits, withings, prigs, and peers !
Garth at St. James's, and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers

"What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom Burnett or Tom D'Urfey may,
John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

"If Justice Philips' costive head
Some frigid rhymes disburses,
They shall like Persian tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurses

"Let Warwick's muse with Ashurst join,
And Ozell's with Lord Hervey's .
Tickell and Addison combine,
And Pope translate with Jervas

"Lansdowne himself, that lively lord,
Who bows to every lady,

¹ The Earl of Pembroke, probably —*Roscoe*

Shall join with Frowde in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady

"Ye ladies too draw forth your pen,
I pray where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witness Lady Wortley

"Now, Tonson, 'list thy forces all,
Review them, and tell noses,
For to poor Ovid shall befall
A strange metamorphosis

"A metamorphosis more strange
Than all his books can vapour,"
"To what" (quoth squire) "shall Ovid change?"
Quoth Sandys "To waste paper."

THE TRANSLATOR

Egbert Sanger served his apprenticeship with Jacob Tonson, and succeeded Bernard Lintot in his shop at Middle Temple Gate, Fleet Street. Lintot printed Ozell's translation of Perrault's *Characters*, and Sanger his translation of Boileau's *Lutrin*, recommended by Rowe, in 1709 — *Varon*

OZELL, at Sanger's call, invoked his muse—
For who to sing for Sanger could refuse?
His numbers such as Sanger's self might use.
Reviving Perrault, murdering Boileau, he
Slandered the ancients first, then Wycherley;
Which yet not much that old bard's anger raised,
Since those were slandered most, whom Ozell praised
Nor had the gentle satire caused complaining,
Had not sage Rowe pronounced it entertaining:
How great must be the judgment of that writer
Who the Plain-dealer damns, and prints the Biter!

THE THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS

Of gentle Philips will I ever sing,
With gentle Philips shall the valleys ring.
My numbers too for ever will I vary,
With Gentle Budgell and with gentle Carey.
Or if in ranging of the names I judge ill,
With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell :
Oh ! may all gentle bards together place ye,
Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
May satire ne'er befool ye, or beknave ye,
And from all wits that have a knack, God save ye 10

LINES WRITTEN IN WINDSOR FOREST

ALL hail, once pleasing, once inspiring shade !
Scene of my youthful loves and happier hours !
Where the kind muses met me as I strayed,
And gently pressed my hand, and said, " Be ours !—
Take all thou e'er shalt have, a constant muse :
At court thou mayst be liked, but nothing gain
Stock thou mayst buy and sell, but always lose,
And love the brightest eyes, but love in vain."

TO MRS MARTHA BLOUNT ON HER BIRTHDAY

1723

OH ! be thou blest with all that heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend
Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire
With added years if life bring nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let every blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more ;
Is that a birth-day ? 'tis alas ! too clear,

'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

10

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspire every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come

20

THE CHALLENGE

A COURT BALLAD

To the tune of "To all you Ladies now at Land," &c. By Dorsel

Written anno 1717—Warton

I

To one fair lady out of court,
And two fair ladies in,
Who think the Turk¹ and Pope² a sport,
And wit and love no sin!
Come, these soft lines, with nothing stiff in,
To Bellenden,³ Lepell,⁴ and Griffin⁵
With a fa, la, la.

II

What passes in the dark third row,
And what behind the scene,
Couches and crippled chairs I know,

¹ Ulrick, the little Turk

² The author

³ Mary, youngest daughter of the second Lord Bellenden, afterwards married to Colonel Campbell,

⁴ Miss Mary Lepell, and afterwards married to Lord Hervey

⁵ Sister to Lady Rich

And garrets hung with green,
I know the swing of sinful hack,
Where many damsels cry alack
With a fa, la, la.

III

Then why to courts should I repair,
Where's such ado with Townshend?¹
To hear each mortal stamp and swear,
And every speech with "zounds" end,
To hear them rail at honest Sunderland,²
And rashly blame the realm of Blunderland.
With a fa, la, la.

IV.

Alas! like Schutz I cannot pun,
Like Grafton court the Germans,
Tell Pickenbourg how slim she's grown,
Like meadows run to sermons,
To court ambitious men may roam,
But I and Marlborough³ stay at home.
With a fa, la, la.

V

In truth, by what I can discern,
Of courtiers, 'twixt you three,
Some wit you have, and more may learn
From court, than Gay or me.
Perhaps, in time, you'll leave high diet,
To sup with us on milk and quiet
With a fa, la, la

¹ Lord Townshend was dismissed from office in 1716

² Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland

³ Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, is believed to be the
"Flavia" of *Moral Essays*, Ep. 11

VI

At Leicester Fields, a house full high,
 With door all painted green,
 Where ribbons wave upon the tie,
 (A milliner, I mean,)
 There may you meet us three to three,
 For Gay can well make two of me
 With a fa, la, la.

VII

But should you catch the prudish itch,
 And each become a coward,
 Bring sometimes with you Lady Rich,
 And sometimes Mrs Howard,
 For virgins, to keep chaste, must go
 Abroad with such as are not so.
 With a fa, la, la

VIII

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends,
 God send the king safe landing,
 And make all honest ladies friends
 To armies that are standing,
 Preserve the limits of those nations,
 And take off ladies' limitations.
 With a fa, la, la

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF
 MRS HOWE

WHAT is prudery?

'Tis a beldam,
 Seen with wit and beauty seldom
 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows
 'Tis (no, 'tisn't) like Miss Meadows
 'Tis a virgin hard of feature,

Old, and void of all good-nature,
Lean and fretful, would seem wise,
Yet plays the fool before she dies
'Tis an ugly envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

10

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY
WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733

I

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart,
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourned Adonis, darling youth.
Him the boar in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers,
Fair Discretion, string the lyre,
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers.
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Armed in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains

VI

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
 Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows

VII

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flowery chaplets crowned.

VIII

Thus when Philomela drooping,
 Softly seeks her silent mate,
 See the bird of Juno stooping,
 Melody resigns to fate

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT ¹

I know the thing that's most uncommon,
 (Envy, be silent, and attend!)

I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumour,
 Not grave through pride, or gay through folly,
 An equal mixture of good humour,
 And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then" (Envy says), "sir?"
 Yes, she has one, I must aver, 10
 When all the world conspires to praise her,
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear

¹ Mrs Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, and mistress of George II

THE BASSET-TABLE

AN ECLOGUE

Only this of all the town eclogues was Mr Pope's ; and is here printed from a copy corrected by his own hand.—The humour of it consists in this, that the one is in love with the game, and the other with the sharper.—*Warburton*

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA

THE basset-table spread, the tallier come ;
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room ?
Rise, pensive nymph, the tallier waits for you :

SMILINDA

Ah, madam, since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once adored Alpeu
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chan,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
And those feigned sighs which cheat the listening fair

CARDELIA

Is this the cause of your romantic strains ?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains
As you by love, so I by fortune crossed,
One, one bad deal, three Septleva's have lost.

10

SMILINDA

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine ?
With ease, the smiles of fortune I resign
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone ;
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care,
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare,
The knave of clubs thrice lost Oh ! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress ?

SMILINDA

See Betty Lovet¹ very *à propos*,
 She all the cares of love and play does know ;
 Dear Betty shall the important point decide ,
 Betty, who oft the pain of each has tried ,
 Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
 By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs , attentive will I stay,
 Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
 With fifty guineas (a great pen'worth) bought. 30
 See, on the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive ,
 And both the struggling figures seem alive.
 Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face ;
 A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case
 Jove, Jove himself, does on the scissors shme ;
 The metal, and the workmanship, divine !

SMILINDA.

This snuff-box,—once the pledge of Sharper's love,
 When rival beauties for the present strove ,
 At Corticelli's he the raffle won ,
 Then first his passion was in public shown 40
 Hazardia blushed, and turned her head aside,
 A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
 This snuff-box,—on the hinge see brilliants shine
 This snuff-box will I stake , the prize is mine

CARDELIA.

Alas ! far lesser losses 'than I bear,
 Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear
 And oh ! what makes the disappointment hard,

'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card
In complaisance, I took the queen he gave,
Though my own secret wish was for the knave. 50
The knave won Sonica, which I had chose,
And, the next pull, my Septleva I lose

SMILINDA

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
This cursed Umbrella, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear,
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing, when first she came to town,
Her shape unfashioned, and her face unknown 60
She was my friend, I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red:
I introduced her to the park and plays,
And, by my interest, Cozens made her stays
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
When Winnall talked, I would punt no more?
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
And see the folly, which I cannot shun 70

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceived?
How many cursed the moment they believed?
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be formed,

Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show.
 Their several graces in my Sharper meet;
 Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

IOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
 I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide,
 The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side: 110
 The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree,
 Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

TO LADY MARY WORFLEY MONTAGU.

I

In beauty, or wit,
 No mortal as yet
 To question your empire has dared:
 But men of discerning
 Have thought that in learning,
 To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
 With musty dull rules,
 Have reading to females denied;
 So Papists refuse
 The Bible to use,
 Lest flocks should be wise as their guide

III

'Twas a woman at first
 (Indeed she was curst)
 In knowledge that tasted delight,
 And sages agree
 The laws should decree
 To the first possessor the right

IV

Then bravely, fair dame,
 Resume the old claim,
 Which to your whole sex does belong,
 And let men receive,
 From a second bright Eve,
 The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
 Hard doom did receive,
 When only one apple had she,
 What a punishment new
 Shall be found out for you,
 Who tasting, have robbed the whole tree?

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES, ON THE PICTURE OF
 LADY MARY W MONTAGU,

BY KNELLER

Bowles, from Dallaway's Life of Lady M W M

THE playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
 That happy air of majesty and truth;
 So would I draw (but oh! 'tis vain to try,
 My narrow genius does the power deny,)
 The equal lustre of the heavenly mind,
 Where every grace with every virtue's joined,
 Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
 With greatness easy, and with wit sincere,
 With just description show the work divine,
 And the whole princess in my work should shine

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS

HERE, stopped by hasty death, Alexis lies,
 Who crossed half Europe, led by Wortley's eyes

EPITAPHS ON JOHN HUGHES AND SARAH DREW.

Pope, in a letter to Lady M W Montagu, Sept 1st, 1718, relates the anecdote of the death of two lovers "as constant as ever were found in romance," by name John Hewet and Sarah Drew, who were simultaneously struck by lightning at a harvest-home

WHEN eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile the faithful fair expire ·
Here pitying heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound
Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized

1.

Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,
A pair so faithful could expire ;
Victims so pure heaven saw well pleased,
And snatch them in celestial fire

10

II

Live well, and fear no sudden fate ;
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

ON THE COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON CUTTING PAPER.

PALLAS grew vapourish once, and odd,
She would not do the least right thing,
Either for goddess, or for god,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.
Jove frowned, and, "Use," he cried, "those eyes
So skilful, and those hands so taper ,

Do something exquisite and wise"—
 She bowed, obeyed him,—and cut paper
 This vexing him who gave her bith,
 Thought by all heaven a burning shame, 10
 What does she next, but bids, on earth,
 Her Burlington do just the same
 Pallas, you give yourself strange airs,
 But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
 The sense and taste of one that bears
 The name of Saville and of Boyle.
 Alas! one bad example shown,
 How quickly all the sex pursue!
 See, madam, see the arts o'erthrown,
 Between John Overton and you! 20

ON A PICTURE OF QUEEN CAROLINE,

DRAWN BY LADY BURLINGTON

PEACE, flattering Bishop! lying Dean!
 Thus portrait only paints the Queen!

THE LOOKING-GLASS

ON MRS PULTENEY¹

WITH scornful mien, and various toss of air,
 Fantastic, vain, and insolently fair,
 Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
 She looks ambition, and she moves disdain
 Far other carriage graced her virgin life,
 But charming Gumley's lost in Pulteney's wife
 Not greater arrogance in him we find,
 And this conjunction swells at least her mind

¹ Anna Maria Gumley, daughter of John Gumley of Isleworth, who had gained his fortune by a glass manufactory

O could the sire, renowned in glass, produce
 One faithful mirror for his daughter's use ! 10
 Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,
 And by reflection learn to mend her face :
 The wonted sweetness to her form restore,
 Be what she was, and charm mankind once more !

ON CERTAIN LADIES

WHEN other fair ones to the shades go down,
 Still Chloe, Flavia, Delia, stay in town :
 Those ghosts of beauty wandering here inside,
 And haunt the places where their honour died

C E L I A.

CELIA, we know, is sixty-five,
 Yet Celia's face is seventeen ;
 Thus winter in her breast must live,
 While summer in her face is seen.

How cruel Celia's fate, who hence
 Our heart's devotion cannot try,
 Too pretty for our reverence,
 Too ancient for our gallantry !

EPIGRAM

ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG WHICH I GAVL TO HIS
 ROYAL HIGHNESS

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew ;
 Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you ?

LINES SUNG BY DURASTANTI WHEN SHE TOOK
 LEAVE OF THE ENGLISH STAGE

THE WORDS WERE IN HASTE PUT TOGETHER BY MR POPE, AT
 THE REQUEST OF THE EARL OF PFILRBOROUGH

GENEROUS, gay, and gallant nation,
 Bold in arms, and bright in arts ;

Land secure from all invasion,
 All but Cupid's gentle darts !
 From your charms, oh who would run?
 Who would leave you for the sun?
 Happy soil, adieu, adieu !

Let old charmers yield to new ;
 In arms, in arts, be still more shining ,
 All your joys be still increasing ;
 All your tastes be still refining ;
 All your jars for ever ceasing
 But let old charmers yield to new.
 Happy soil, adieu, adieu !

ON HIS GROTTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, AND MINERALS

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave
 Shines a broad murmur through the shadowy cave ,
 Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distill,
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
 Unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow,
 And latent metals innocently glow .
 Approach ! Great Nature studiously behold,
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold
 Approach, but awful ! Lo ! the Egerian grot,
 Where, nobly-pensive, St John sate and thought, 10
 Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
 And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's
 soul

Let such, such only tread this sacred floor,
 Who dare to love their country, and be poor

VERSES TO MR C¹

ST JAMES'S PALACE, LONDON, OCT 22

Few words are best, I wish you well;
 Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here,
 Some morning walks along the Mall,
 And evening friends, will end the year.

If, in this interval, between
 The falling leaf and coming frost,
 You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
 Your friend, your poet, and your host:
 For three whole days you here may rest
 From office business, news and strife,
 And (what most folks would think a jest)
 Want nothing else, except your wife

TO MR GAY,

WHO HAD CONGRATULATED MR POPE ON FINISHING HIS HOUSE
 AND GARDENS

AH, friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
 In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
 In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
 Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens
 Joy lives not here,—to happier seats it flies,
 And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes
 What are the gay parterre, the chequered shade,
 The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
 But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
 To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds? 10
 So the struck deer in some sequestered part
 Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart,
 He, stretched unseen in coverts hid from day,
 Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away

¹ Probably Craggs

UPON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOUSE AT
WOODSTOCK.

SEE, sir, here's the grand approach;
 This way is for his Grace's coach:
 There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
 Observe the lion and the cock,
 The spacious court, the colonnade,
 And mark how wide the hall is made !
 The chimneys are so well designed,
 They never smoke in any wind
 This gallery's contrived for walking,
 The windows to retire and talk in, 10
 The council chamber for debate,
 And all the rest are rooms of state.

Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
 But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
 I find, by all you have been telling,
 That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

ON BEAUFORT HOUSE GATE AT CHISWICK.

I WAS brought from Chelsea last year,
 Battered with wind and weather,
 Inigo Jones put me together,
 Sir Hans Sloane let me alone,
 Burlington brought me hither.

LINES TO LORD BATHURST

"A WOOD!" quoth Lewis, and with that
 He laughed, and shook his sides of fat.
 His tongue, with eye that marked his cunning,
 Thus fell a-reasoning, not a-running
 "Woods are—not to be too prolix—
 Collective bodies of straight sticks

It is, my lord, a mere conundrum
 To call things wood for what grows under 'em
 For shrubs, when nothing else at top is,
 Can only constitute a coppice. 10
 But if you will not take my word,
 See anno quint. of Richard Third,
 And that's a coppice called, when docked,
 Witness an prim of Harry Oct.
 If this a wood you will maintain,
 Merely because it is no plain,
 Holland, for all that I can see,
 May e'en as well be termed the sea,
 Or Coningsby¹ be fair harangued
 An honest man, because not hanged" 20

INSCRIPTION ON A PUNCH-BOWL,
 IN THE SOUTH SEA YEAR (1720), FOR A CLUB, CHASED WITH
 JUPITER PLACING CALLISTO IN THE SKIES, AND EUROPA
 WITH THE BULL.

COME, fill the South Sea goblet full ;
 The gods shall of our stock take care ;
 Europa pleased accepts the bull,
 And Jove with joy puts off the bear

EPIGRAM

My lord² complains that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
 Has cut three trees, the value of three farthings
 "But he's my neighbour," cries the peer polite
 "And if he visit me, I'll waive the right"
 What¹ on compulsion, and against my will,
 A lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill!

¹ Thomas, first Lord Coningsby a zealous promoter of the Revolution of 1688 — *Carruthers*

² Lord Radnor — *Watton*

EPIGRAM

EXPLAINED BY CARRUTHERS TO REFER TO THE LARGE SUMS OF
MONEY GIVEN IN CHARITY ON ACCOUNT OF THE SEVERITY
OF THE WEATHER ABOUT THE YEAR 1740

YEs ! 'tis the time (I cried,) impose the chain,
Destined and due to wretches self-enslaved,
But when I saw such charity remain,
I half could wish this people should be saved
Faith lost, and hope, our charity begins,
And 'tis a wise design in pitying heaven,
If this can cover multitude of sins,
To take the only way to be forgiven.

OCCASIONED BY READING THE TRAVELS OF
CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER

I.—TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN

AN ODE BY TILLY-TIT, POET LAUREATE TO HIS MAJESTY
OF LILLIPUT. TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

IN amaze,	See ! and believe your eyes !
Lost I gaze,	See him stride
Can our eyes	Valleys wide,
Reach thy size ?	Over woods,
May my lays	Over floods !
Swell with praise,	When he treads,
Worthy thee !	Mountains' heads
Worthy me !	Groan and shake.
Muse, inspire,	Armies quake
All thy fire !	Lest his spurn
Bards of old	Overturn
Of him told,	Man and steed.
When they said	Troops, take heed !
Atlas' head	Left and right,
Propped the skies	Speed your flight !

Lest an host	When he eats,
Beneath his foot be lost.	Famine threats !
Turned aside,	When he drinks,
From his hide,	Neptune shrinks !
Safe from wound,	Nigh thy ear,
Darts rebound	In mid air,
From his nose	On thy hand
Clouds he blows :	Let me stand,
When he speaks,	So shall I,
Thunder breaks !	Lofty poet, touch the sky

II—THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH FOR THE LOSS OF GRILDRIG

A PASIORAL

SOON as Glumdalclitch missed her pleasing care,
 She wept, she blubbered, and she tore her hair
 No British miss sincerer grief has known,
 Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown
 She furl'd her sampler, and hauled in her thread,
 And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed,
 Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
 Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall
 In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
 She gently whimpers like a lowing cow
 Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears,
 Her locks dishevelled, and her flood of tears
 Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
 When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain
 In vain she searched each cranny of the house,
 Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse
 "Was it for this" (she cried) "with daily care
 Within thy reach I set the vinegar !
 And filled the cruet with the acid tide,

While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied, 25
Where twined the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook.

Sure in that lake he dropped, my Grilly's drowned "
She dragged the cruet, but no Grildrig found

"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast,
But little creatures enterprise the most.

Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children, as they played at taw,
Nor fear the marbles as they bounding flew,
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you 30

"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?

Who from a page can ever learn the truth?

Versed in court tricks, that money-loving boy

To some lord's daughter sold the living toy,

Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,

As children tear the wings of flies away

From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,

And never will return or bring thee home

But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?

How, then, thy fairy footsteps can I find? 40

Dost thou bewildered wander all alone,

In the green thicket of a mossy stone,

Or tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,

Perhaps all maimed, lie grovelling on the ground?

Dost thou, embosomed in the lovely rose,

Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?

Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,

Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head

O show me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flower

Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bower 50

"But ah! I fear thy little fancy-roves

On little females, and on little loves,

Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
 Thy baby playthings that adorn thy house,
 Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms,
 Equal in size to cells of honeycombs
 Hast thou for these now ventured from the shore,
 Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
 Or in thy box, now bounding on the main,
 Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again? 60
 And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
 To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
 My spacious palm? Of stature scarce a span,
 Mimic the actions of a real man?
 No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
 As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
 How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
 A dish of tea like milk-pail on thy head?
 How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
 And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?" 70

She said, but broken accents stopped her voice,
 Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise,
 She sobbed a storm, and wiped her flowing eyes,
 Which seemed like two broad suns in misty skies.
 O squander not thy grief, those tears command
 To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland
 The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
 And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish

III—TO MR LEMUEL GULLIVER,

THE GRATEFUL ADDRESS OF THE UNHAPPY HOUYHNHMS, NOW
 IN SLAVERY AND BONDAGE IN ENGLAND

To thee, we wretches of the Houyhnhnm band,
 Condemned to labour in a barbarous land,
 Return our thanks. Accept our humble lays,

And let each grateful Houyhnhnm neigh thy praise

O happy Yahoo, purged from human crimes,
By the sweet sojourn in those virtuous climes,
Where reign our sires, there, to thy country's shame,
Reason, you found, and virtue were the same
Their precepts razed the prejudice of youth,
And even a Yahoo learned the love of truth 10

Art thou the first who did the coast explore,
Did never Yahoo tread that ground before?
Yes, thousands! But in pity to their kind,
Or swayed by envy, or through pride of mind,
They hid their knowledge of a nobler race,
Which owned, would all their sires and sons disgrace.

You, like the Samian, visit lands unknown,
And by their wiser morals mend your own.
Thus Orpheus travelled to reform his kind,
Came back, and tamed the brutes he left behind 20

You went, you saw, you heard with virtue fought,
Then spread those morals which the Houyhnhnms
taught.

Our labours here must touch thy generous heart,
To see us strain before the coach and cart,
Compelled to run each knavish jockey's heat!
Subservient to Newmarket's annual cheat!

With what reluctance do we lawyers bear,
To fleece their country clients twice a year?
Or managed in your schools, for fops to ride,
How foam, how fret beneath a load of pride! 30
Yes, we are slaves—but yet, by reason's force,
Have learned to bear misfortune, like a horse

O would the stars, to ease my bonds, ordain,

That gentle Gulliver might guide my rein!
 Safe would I bear him to his journey's end,
 For 'tis a pleasure to support a friend
 But if my life be doomed to serve the bad,
 O! mayst thou never want an easy pad!

HOUYHNHNH.

IV—MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL
 GULLIVER,
 AN EPISTLE.
 ARGUMENT.

The captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr Simpson's in the country, Mrs Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly complaining epistle

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
 —What, touch me not? what, shun a wife's embrace?
 Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
 And waked, and wished whole nights for thy return?
 In five long years I took no second spouse,
 What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
 Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray,
 Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away
 'Tis said, that thou shouldst cleave unto thy wife,
 Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life ro
 Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan.
 Be kind at least to these they are thy own,
 Be bold, and count them all, secure to find
 The honest number that you left behind
 See how they pat thee with their pretty paws
 Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
 Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone
 Be kind at least to these, they are thy own
 Biddel, like thee, might farthest India rove,

Pray heaven, 'twas all a wanton maiden did !
 Glumdalclitch too—with thee I mourn her case .
 Heaven guard ! the gentle girl from all disgrace ! 90
 O may the king that one neglect forgive,
 And pardon her the fault by which I live !
 Was there no other way to set him free ?
 My life, alas ! I fear proved death to thee

O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame !
 Teach me to woo thee by thy best-loved name !
 Whether the style of Gildrig please the most,
 So called on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
 When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
 And hallooed in his ear intrigues of state , 100
 Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings ;
 When like a mountain you looked down on kings .
 If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
 Or Glumglum's humbler title soothe thy ear :
 Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
 To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the nose,
 I'd call thee Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding name ,
 Thy children's noses all should twang the same
 So might I find my loving spouse of course
 Endued with all the virtues of a horse 110

LINES ON SWIFT'S ANCESTORS

Swift set up a plain monument to his grandfather, and also presented a cup to the church of Goodrich, or Gotheridge (in Herefordshire) He sent a pencilled elevation of the monument (a simple tablet) to Mrs Howard, who returned it with the following lines, inscribed on the drawing by Pope. The paper is endorsed, in Swift's hand "Model of a monument for my grandfather, with Pope's roguery"—*Scott's Life of Swift*

JONATHAN SWIFT
 Had the gift,
 By fatherige, motherige

And by brotherige,
To come from Gotherige,
But now is spoiled clean,
And an Irish dean
In this church he has put
A stone of two foot,
With a cup and a can, sir,
In respect to his grandsire;
O, Ireland, change thy tone,
And cry, O hone! O hone!
For England hath its own

FROM THE GRUB STREET JOURNAL.

ESTABLISHED IN JANUARY 1730, AND CARRIED ON FOR EIGHT
YEARS BY POPL AND HIS FRIENDS

I—EPIGRAM

OCCASIONED BY SEEING SOME SHEETS OF DR BENTLEY'S
EDITION OF MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST"

DID Milton's prose, O Charles, thy death defend?
A furious foe unconscious proves a friend.
On Milton's verse does Bentley comment?—Know
A weak officious friend becomes a foe.
While he but sought his author's fame to further,
The murderous critic has avenged thy murder.

II—EPIGRAM

SHOULD Dennis print, how once you robbed your
brother,
Traduced your monarch, and debauched your mother,
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had,
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?
Of one so poor you cannot take the law,
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw,
Uncaged then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age

III—MR J M SMYTHIE.

CATFCHISED ON HIS ONE PISTLE TO MR. POPE
 WHAT makes you write at this odd rate?
 Why, sir, it is to imitate.
 What makes you steal and trifle so?
 Why, 'tis to do as others do.
 But there's no meaning to be seen.
 Why, that's the very thing I mean.

IV.—EPIGRAM

ON MR MOORE'S GOING TO LAW WITH MR. GILFILLAN INSCRIBED
 TO ATTORNEY TIBBALD

ONCE in his life Moore judges right ·
 His sword and pen not worth a straw.
 An author that could never write,
 A gentleman that dares not fight,
 Has but one way to tease—by law.
 This suit, dear Tibbald, kindly hatch,
 Thus thou mayst help the sneaking elf,
 And sure a printer is his match,
 Who's but a publisher himself

V—EPIGRAM

A GOLD watch found on cinder whore,
 Or a good verse on Jammy Moore,
 Proves but what either should conceal,
 Not that they're rich, but that they steal

VI—EPITAPH

ON JAMES MOORE-SMYTHIE.

HERE lies what had nor birth, nor shape, nor fame,
 No gentleman! no man! no-thing! no name!
 For Jamie ne'er grew James; and what they call
 More, shrunk to Smith—and Smith's no name at all
 Yet die thou canst not, phantom, oddly fated
 For how can no-thing be annihilated?

Ex nihilo nihil fit

VII — A QUESTION BY ANONYMOUS

TELL, if you can, which did the worse,
Caligula or Grafton's Grace?
That made a consul of a horse,
And this a laureate of an ass

VIII — EPIGRAM

GREAT George, such servants since thou well canst lack,
Oh! save the salary, and drink the sack.

IX — EPIGRAM

BEHOLD, ambitious of the British bays,
Cibber and Duck contend in rival lays.
But, gentle Colley, should thy verse prevail,
Thou hast no fence, alas! against his flail.
Therefore thy claim resign, allow his right
For Duck can thresh, you know, as well as write

ON SEEING THE LADIES AT CRUX-EASTON WALK
IN THE WOODS BY THE GROTTA

EXTEMPORE BY MR. POPE

AUTHORS the world and their dull brains have traced
To fix the ground where Paradise was placed;
Mind not their learned whims and idle talk,
Here, here's the place where these bright angels walk

INSCRIPTION ON A GROTTA, THE WORK OF NINE
LADIES

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise,
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul and shining as her frame,
Beauty which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate disposed them in his humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

VERSES LEFT BY MR POPE,

ON HIS LYING IN THE SAME BED WHICH WILMOT, THE CELEBRATED EARL OF ROCHESTER, SLEPT IN AT ADDERBURY, THEN BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, JULY 9TH, 1739

WITH no poetic ardour fired
 I press the bed where Wilmot lay,
 That here he loved, or here expired,
 Begets no numbers grave or gay.

Beneath thy roof, Argyle, are bred
 Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
 Stretched out in honour's nobler bed,
 Beneath a nobler roof—the sky

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
 Yet stoop to bless a child or wife, 10
 And such as wicked kings may mourn,
 When freedom is more dear than life.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF OXFORD,
 UPON A PIECE OF NEWS IN MIST (MIST'S JOURNAL), THAT THE
 REV MR W REFUSED TO WRITE AGAINST MR POPE BE-
 CAUSE HIS BEST PATRON HAD A FRIENDSHIP FOR THE
 SAID P

WESLEY, if Wesley 'tis they mean,
 They say on Pope would fall,
 Would his best patron let his pen
 Discharge his inward gall

What patron this, a doubt must be,
 Which none but you can clear,
 Or father Francis, cross the sea,
 Or else Earl Edward here

That both were good must be confessed,
 And much to both he owes, 10

But which to him will be the best
The Lord of Oxford knows

TRANSLATION OF A PRAYER OF BRUTUS

The Rev Aaron Thompson, of Queen's College, Oxon, translated the *Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth*. He submitted the translation to Pope, 1717, who gave him the following lines, being a translation of a prayer of Brutus — *Carruthers*

GODDESS of woods, tremendous in the chase,
To mountain wolves and all the savage race,
Wide o'er the aerial vault extend thy sway,
And o'er the infernal regions void of day
On thy third reign look down, disclose our fate,
In what new station shall we fix our seat?
When shall we next thy hallowed altars raise,
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise?

LINES WRITTEN IN EVELYN'S BOOK ON COINS

TOM WOOD of Chiswick, deep divine,
To painter Kent gave all this coin
'Tis the first coin, I'm bold to say,
That ever churchman gave to lay.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN,
ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 1742

RESIGNED to live, prepared to die,
With not one sin, but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table,¹ with a cloth of bays,
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp² still to his fingers

¹ He was invited to dine on his birthday with this nobleman (Lord Orrery), who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here set down — *Warburton*

² The harp is generally wove on the Irish linen, such as table-cloths, &c — *Warburton*

The feast, his towering genius marks
 In yonder wild goose and the larks ¹ 10
 The mushrooms show his wit was sudden ¹
 And for his judgment, lo, a pudden ¹
 Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
 And grace, although a bard, devout.
 May Tom, whom heaven sent down to raise
 The price of prologues and of plays,¹
 Be every birth-day more a winner,
 Digest his thirty thousandth dinner,
 Walk to his grave without reproach,
 And scorn a rascal and a coach. 20

BISHOP HOUGH

A BISHOP, by his neighbours hated,
 Has cause to wish himself translated;
 But why should Hough desire translation,
 Loved and esteemed by all the nation?
 Yet if it be the old man's case,
 I'll lay my life I know the place.
 'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
 And whither Enoch went before him

¹ This alludes to a story Mr Southern told about the same, to Mr P and Mr W of Dryden, who, when Southern first wrote for the stage, was so famous for his prologues, that the players would act nothing without that decoration. His usual price till then had been four guineas but when Southern came to him for the prologue he had bespoke, Dryden told him he must have six guineas for it, "which (said he) young man, is out of no disrespect to you, but the players have had my goods too cheap"—
Warburton

THE END.

VI

Afflicted sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppressed with argumental tyranny,
And routed reason finds a safe retreat in thee

VII

With thee in private modest dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in thought's disguise, 20
Thou vanisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise !

VIII

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest,
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that wisdom seeks for rest.

IX

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame,
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.

X

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How Church and State should be obliged to thee ! 29
At senate, and at bar, how welcome wouldst thou be !

XI

Yet speech even there, submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause.
Then pompous silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

XII

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What favourites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy of the gown,
Are best by thee expressed ; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry, 40
Lords quibble, critics jest, all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.—E. OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA

THOUGH Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits ;
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke.
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
 And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride
 Are oddly joined by fate
On her large squab you find her spread, 10
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
 That lies and stinks in state

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face ;
 All white and black beside .
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white
A prating thing, a magpie hight, 20
 Majestically stalk ,
A stately, worthless animal,
That ples the tongue, and wags the tail,
 All flutter, pride, and talk

PHRYNE

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
 Open she was, and unconfined,
 Like some free port of trade
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,
 And agents from each foreign state,
 Here first their entry made

Her learning and good breeding such,
 Whether the Italian or the Dutch,
 Spaniards or French came to her
 To all obliging she'd appear :

10

'Twas *Si Signor*, 'twas *Yaz Mynheer*,
 'Twas *S'il vous plait, Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renowned by crimes,
 Still changing names, religions, climes,
 At length she turns a bride
 In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of battered jades,
 And flutters in her pride

So have I known those insects fair
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare)

20

 Still very shapes and dyes ;
 Still gain new titles with new forms,
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies

VII—DR. SWIFT

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
 Are better than the bishop's blessing

A wife that makes conserves, a steed
That carries double when there's need
October store, and best Virginia,
Tithe-pig, and mortuary guinea ·
Gazettes sent gratis down, and franked,
or which thy patron's weekly thanked
A large Concordance, bound long since
Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince, 10
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in
The Polygot—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the squire, and kiss his wife,
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill,
And fast on Fridays—if he will, 20
Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,
Talk with church-wardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.





MISCELLANEOUS.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE

BOOK I. EPISTLE VII

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR SWIFT

'Tis true, my lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third,
Changed it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at court
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in every street,
And funerals blackening all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores
And what a dust in every place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H* both in town!

10

“The dog-days are no more the case.”
'Tis true, but winter comes apace.
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see the first warm weather,

Me and the butterflies together 20

My lord, your favours well I know,
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums
"Pray take them, sir,—enough's a feast:
Eat some, and pocket up the rest"—
What? rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
"No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs"
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye. 30

Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop,
And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or should
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat

Now this I'll say: you'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free, 40
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your honour's ear.
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
The engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laughed down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one.
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda raised my strain. 50

A weasel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft through a chink,

But having amply stuffed his skin,
 Could not get out as he got in.
 Which one belonging to the house
 ('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
 Observing, cried, "You 'scape not so,
 Lean as you came, sir, you must go"

Sir, you may spare your application,
 I'm no such beast, nor his relation; 60
 Nor one that temperance advance,
 Crammed to the throat with ortolans:
 Extremely ready to resign
 All that may make me none of mine
 South-sea subscriptions take who please,
 Leave me but liberty and ease
 'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
 Who praised my modesty, and smiled
 Give me, I cried, (enough for me)
 My bread, and independency! 70
 So bought an annual rent or two,
 And lived—just as you see I do,
 Near fifty, and without a wife,
 I trust that sinking fund, my life
 Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
 Shrink back to my paternal cell,
 A little house, with trees a-row,
 And, like its master, very low
 There died my father, no man's debtor,
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better 80

To set this matter full before ye,
 Our old friend Swift will tell his story
 "Harley, the nation's great support,"—
 But you may read it, I stop short

BOOK II SATIRE VI

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714, BY DR SWIFT,
THE LATTER PART ADDED AFTERWARDS

I've often wished that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood

Well, now I have all this and more.
I ask not to increase my store,
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die, 10
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.

If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault,
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools
As thus, "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and the other acre.
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure:" 20
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits
Preserve, Almighty Providence,
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose,
Removed from all the ambitious scene,
Nor puffed by pride, nor sunk by spleen
In short, I'm perfectly content, 21

Let me but live on this side Trent; 30
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown
"Lewis, the dean will be of use,
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the rest;
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found, 40
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er considered yet.

"Good Mr Dean go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee day,
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemmed by a triple circle round,
Chequered with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between? 50
Some wag observes me thus perplex,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To jostle here among a crowd "
Another in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke "
I own I'm pleased with this rebuke, 60
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know

I get a whisper, and withdraw,
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penned,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his case—
That, begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,

Like bees, are humming in my ears 70

"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone"—

"The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two"—

"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly signed.

Consider, 'tis my first request."—

"Be satisfied, I'll do my best"—

Then presently he falls to tease,

"You may for certain, if you please, 80

I doubt not, if his lordship knew—

And, Mr Dean, one word from you"—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)

Since Harley bid me first attend,

And chose me for an humble friend,

Would take me in his coach to chat,

And question me of this and that,

As, "What's o'clock?" and, "How's the wind?"

"Whose chariot's that we left behind?" 90

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country signs,

Or, "Have you nothing new to-day

From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"

Such tattle often entertains

My lord and me as far as Staines,
 As once a week we travel down
 To Windsor, and as un to town,
 Where all that passes, *inter res*,
 Might be proclaimed at Charing Cross 100

Yet some I know with envy swell,
 Because they see me used so well
 "How think you of our friend the Dean?
 I wonder what some people mean,
 My lord and he are grown so great,
 Always together, *l'le d' l'le*;
 What, they admire him for his jokes—
 See but the fortune of some folks!"
 There flies about a strange report
 Of some express arrived at court; 110
 I'm stopped by all the fools I meet,
 And catechised in every street
 "You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
 Inform us, will the emperor treat?
 Or do the prints and papers he?"
 "Faith, sir, you know as much as I."
 "Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!"
 'Tis now no secret—"I protest
 'Tis one to me"—"Then tell us, pray,
 When are the troops to have their pay?" 120
 And, though I solemnly declare
 I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
 They stand amazed, and think me grown
 The closest mortal ever known

Thus in a sea of folly tossed,
 My choicest hours of life are lost;
 Yet always wishing to retreat,

Oh, could I see my country seat !
 There, leaning near a gentle brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient book, 130
 And there in sweet oblivion drown
 Those cares that haunt the court and town
 O charming noons ! and nights divine !
 Or when I sup, or when I dine
 My friends above, my folks below,
 Chatting and laughing all a-row,
 The beans and bacon set before 'em,
 The grace-cup served with all decorum
 Each willing to be pleased, and please,
 And even the very dogs at ease ! 140
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the Houses
 But something much more our concern,
 And quite a scandal not to learn
 Which is the happier, or the wiser,
 A man of merit, or a miser ?
 Whether we ought to choose our friends,
 For their own worth, or our own ends ? 150
 What good, or better, we may call,
 And what, the very best of all ?
 Our friend, Dan Prior, told, (you know)
 A tale extremely *à propos*
 Name a town life, and in a trice,
 He had a story of two mice
 Once on a time (so runs the fable)
 A country mouse, right hospitable,
 Received a town mouse at his board
 Just as a farmer might a lord 160

A frugal mouse upon the whole,
 Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, *coute que coute*.
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
 Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean,
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wished it Stilton for his sake;
 Yet, to his guest though no way 'paring,
 He ate himself the rund and paring 170
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But showed his breeding and his wit;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat
 But lord, my friend, this savage scene!
 For God's sake, come, and live with men -
 Consider, mice, like men, must die,
 Both small and great, both you and I:
 Then spend your life in joy and sport,
 (Thus doctrine, friend, I learnt at court)." 180

The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they come, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn,
 ('Twas on the night of a debate,
 When all their lordships had sat late)

Behold the place, where if a poet
 Shined in description, he might show it,
 Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls, 190
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors.
 But let it (in a word) be said,

The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red .
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, *tête à tête*

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish ,
Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200

" Que ça est bon ! Ah goûtez ça !

That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain ?

He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again
" I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude

To eat so much—but all's so good.

I have a thousand thanks to give—

My lord alone knows how to live."

No sooner said, but from the hall 210

Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all .

" A rat, a rat ! clap to the door"—

The cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer's mice,

Or gods to save them in a trice !

(It was by Providence they think,

For your damned stucco has no chink)

" An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,

" This same dessert is not so pleasant .

Give me again my hollow tree, 220

A crust of bread, and liberty !"

EPISTLES

EPISTLE TO ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD, AND
EARL MORTIMER¹

SUCH were the notes thy once loved poet sung,
Till death untimely stopped his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost ! admired and mourned !
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorned !
Blessed in each science, blessed in every strain !
Dear to the muse ! to Harley dear—in vain !

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend ;
For Swift and him despised the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great , 10
Dexterous the craving, fawning crowd to quit
And pleased to escape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear) ;
Recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days ,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great ;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall 20

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine .
A soul supreme in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death

¹ This epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr Parnell's poems published by our author, after the said earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made,
The muse attends thee to thy silent shade.
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all the obliged desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell
Even now, she shades thy evening walk with bays
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise),
Even now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he. 40

EPISTLE TO JAMES CRAGGS,¹ Esq,

SECRETARY OF STATE

A SOUL as full of worth, as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide,
Which nor to guilt nor fear, its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
A face untaught to feign, a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery
All this thou wert, and being this before,
Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways, 10
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise,
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,

¹ James Craggs was made Secretary of War in 1717, when the Earl of Sunderland and Mr. Addison were appointed Secretaries of State.—*Bowles*

Proceed,—a minister, but still a man
 Be not, exalted to whate'er degree,
 Ashamed of any friend, not even of me :
 The patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue ;
 If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.

EPISTLE TO MR. JERVAS,¹

WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S ART OF
 PAINTING

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
 This, from no venal or ungrateful muse .
 Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
 Where life awakes, and dawns at every line ,
 Or blend in beauteous tints the coloured mass,
 And from the canvas call the mimic face :
 Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
 Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire :
 And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
 So mixed our studies, and so joined our name , 10
 Like them to shine through long-succeeding age,
 So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame ,
 Like friendly colours found them both unite,
 And each from each contract new strength and light
 How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
 While summer suns roll unperceived away ;
 How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
 While images reflect from art to art ; 20
 How oft review ; each finding like a friend
 Something to blame, and something to commend !

¹ This epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717

What flattering scenes our wandering fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought !
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fired with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee, on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn .

With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade .

30

While fancy brings the vanished piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew ,
Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye ,
A fading Fresco here demands a sigh .

Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy loved Guido's air,
Caracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finished with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polished gem, the work of years !

40

Yet still how faint by precept is exprest
The living image in the painter's breast !

Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow ,
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes

Muse ! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead .

Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame informed with purer fire

50

Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore ,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more !

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage ;

Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
 Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years
 Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,¹
 And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes,²
 Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
 And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow

60

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line,
 New graces yearly like thy works display,
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay,
 Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains,
 And finished more through happiness than pains
 The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre
 Yet should the graces all thy figures place,
 And breathe an air divine on every face,
 Yet should the muses bid my numbers roll
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul,
 With Zeus's Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
 And these be sung till Granville's Mira die,
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
 Thou but preservest a face, and I a name.

70

¹ Churchill's race were the four beautiful daughters of John, the great Duke of Marlborough — Henrietta, Countess of Godolphin, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough, Anne, Countess of Sunderland, Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater, and Mary, Duchess of Montagu

² Frances Lady Worsley, wife of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart, mother of Lady Carteret, wife of John Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville — *Watson* This name originally stood Wortley, but the compliment was transferred from her after her quarrel with Pope, by the alteration of a single letter — *Carruthers*

EPISTLE TO MISS BLOUNT,¹ WITH THE WORKS OF
VOITURE

IN these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,
And all the writer lives in every line ,
His easy art may happy nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleased the fair and great ,
Still with esteem no less conversed than read ,
With wit well-natured, and with books well-bred
His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share,
His time, the muse, the witty, and the fair 10
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he played the trifle, life, away,
Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest
Even rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourned who never mourned before ,
The truest hearts for Voiture heaved with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes
The smiles and loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe 20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy,
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please,

¹ Teresa Blount

Few write to those, and none can live to these 30

Too much your sex is by their forms confined,
Severe to all, but most to womankind,
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide,
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride,
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame,
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame,
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place,
Well might you wish for change by those accurst, 40
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains :
Whole years neglected, for some months adored,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord
Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife,
Nor let false shows, or empty titles please :
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease

The Gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares, 50
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing !
Pride, pomp, and state but reach her outward part,
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.

But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destined Hymen's willing victim too,
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarms : 60
Good humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past,

Love, raised on beauty, will like that decay,
 Our hearts may bear its slender charm a day,
 As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,
 A 'morning's pleasure, and at evening torn,
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long

Thus Voiture's¹ early care still shone the same,
 And Montausier² was only changed in name 70
 By this, even now they live, even now they charm,
 Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm

Now crowned with myrtle, on the Elysian coast,
 Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost.
 Pleased, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
 And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you
 The brightest eyes of France inspired his muse.
 The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse,
 And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside 80

EPISTLE TO THE SAME, ON HER LEAVING THE
 TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION³

As SOME fond virgin, whom her mother's care
 Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh,
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever
 Thus from the world fair Zephalinda⁴ flew,

¹ Mademoiselle Paulet

² The Duke of Montausier, believed to have been the original of Molière's *Misanthrope*

³ Of King George the first, 1715

⁴ The assumed name of Teresa Blount, under which she corresponded for many years with a Mr Moore, under the feigned name of Alexis — *Bowles*.